



CORONATION OF
WILLIAM and MARY,
1689

A Rare Silver Medal
commemorating the
Coronation Festivities at
Amsterdam.

The reverse shows the
Captain, Lieutenant, and
Ensign of the City Guard

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE

Martial Rose Library

From the Library
of John Carswell



dup (29)

12/1/0

WITHDRAWN FROM
THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
WINCHESTER

KA 0222557 3



THE GREAT
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH



Charles Mordaunt, Third Earl of Peterborough.

Frontispiece

THE GREAT EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

by
Brigadier-General
COLIN BALLARD
C.B., C.M.G.

*Author of "Napoleon, an Outline," and
"The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln."*

With 16 Illustrations and 8 Sketch Maps



SKEFFINGTON & SON, LIMITED
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, ST. PAUL'S E.C.4

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
AT THE ANCHOR PRESS, TIPTREE, ESSEX

My grateful acknowledgments are due to the Librarians and Assistants at the Royal United Service Institution, the British Museum, and the Public Record Office, for their very useful help in collecting information.

C. B.

June, 1929.

02225573

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MORDAUNT OF AVALON - - -	II
II. THE YOUNG POLITICIAN. 1680-1685 - -	20
III. A LEADER OF REVOLUTION. 1686-1688 - -	41
IV. EARL OF MONMOUTH. 1689-1696 - -	57
V. THE FENWICK CASE. 1696 - - -	77
VI. ALLIANCE WITH THE CHURCHILLS, 1697-1705 -	91
VII. THE SPANISH SUCCESSION - - -	102
VIII. PETERBOROUGH IN COMMAND. 1705 - -	122
IX. BARCELONA. 1705 - - -	139
X. VALENCIA. 1706 - - -	160
XI. THE RELIEF OF BARCELONA. 1706 - -	172
XII. MADRID. 1706 - - -	188
XIII. DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN. 1707 - -	204
XIV. ALMANZA AND BRIHUEGA. 1707-1710 - -	216
XV. THE QUARREL WITH GODOLPHIN. 1707 - -	229
XVI. HARLEY AND ST. JOHN. 1710 - -	242
XVII. ENVOY AND AMBASSADOR. 1711-1714 - -	251
XVIII. RESTLESS LEISURE - - -	266
XIX. HENRIETTA HOWARD - - -	273
XX. ANASTASIA ROBINSON - - -	278
INDEX - - -	285

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough	-	<i>frontispiece</i>
The first Countess of Peterborough, daughter of Sir		<i>facing page</i>
Peter Fraser	- - - - -	20
A Cartoon of the Stuarts, from an old Dutch Print in		
the British Museum	- - - - -	40
John Churchill, Duke of Monmouth	- - - - -	90
A bird's-eye view of Barcelona from a Dutch Print,		
dated 1698, in the British Museum	- - - - -	130
The Fort captured by Peterborough on September 16,		
1705, from a Print in the British Museum	- - - - -	146
Siege Operations. From an Artillery Manual	- - - - -	160
A Prospect of Barcelona	- - - - -	172
A Cartoon of 1706	- - - - -	186
A Dutch Cartoon of 1707	- - - - -	192
The Siege of Barcelona, taken by the Earl of		
Peterborough, in the year 1705	- - - - -	202
Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, Baron Harley		
of Wigmore in the County of Hereford	- - - - -	242
Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke	- - - - -	250
A Coffee House	- - - - -	266
Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk	- - - - -	272
Anastasia Robinson, second Countess of Peterborough	- - - - -	278

LIST OF MAPS

		<i>page</i>
The Spanish Dominions in 1700	- - - - -	102
Sketch Map of Flanders	- - - - -	110
The March to Blenheim	- - - - -	114
Sketch Map of Blenheim, August 13, 1704	- - - - -	116
Sketch Map of Ramillies, May 23, 1706	- - - - -	118
Sketch Map of Spain	- - - - -	121
Sketch Map of Barcelona	- - - - -	140
Sketch Map of Eastern Spain	- - - - -	160

CHAPTER I

MORDAUNT OF AVALON

CHARLES MORDAUNT, "the Great Earl of Peterborough," left three volumes of his memoirs, but they were destroyed by his widow as being too indiscreet for publication. This was a real loss to posterity, for though it is not to be supposed that they would have rivalled the works of Pepys, Evelyn, or Burnet, they might have thrown some fresh light on a very complicated period of history. Peterborough saw the Court of Charles II, he accompanied William of Orange in the Revolution of 1688, he fought in the War of the Spanish Succession—and he kept close touch with the great men of those days, princes and statesmen, sailors and soldiers, wits and poets.

"The ramblingest lying rogue on earth, a hangdog whom I love dearly"—so said Dean Swift, one of Peterborough's warmest friends. From these words we can assume that his memoirs would not have added reliable information to our store of facts. But the lovable rogue would have given us talk of the town, whispers from the galleries of Whitehall, the hum of the Royal Exchange when a French fleet was reported off Beachy Head, and endless gossip from the coffee-houses. We would see the big events of those days, not in the cold light of history, but as they appeared to men at the time—men who were plotting, wrangling, fighting, and whose nerves were strung because they knew not what the morrow might bring forth.

The task I have set before me in the following pages is to show something of those big events as Peterborough himself may have seen them.

.

The Mordaunts were a noble family who came over with the

Conqueror. They followed Richard I to the Holy Land, Henry V to Agincourt, Henry Tudor to Bosworth Field. They were king's men, fighting in the king's army and sitting in his councils—not without suitable reward for their services. In addition to this they married heiresses, whose estates added very much to the family possessions. So we find that in the sixteenth century "the riches and patrimony of this house was such as there was scarce a gentleman in England whose estate was comparable to it."

In 1532, Sir John, who had married an heiress of the De Veres, was created first Baron Mordaunt by Henry VIII. In 1605 the fourth Baron was flung into the Tower for cognisance of the Gunpowder Plot; though no evidence could be produced against him, except that he was a Roman Catholic, a heavy fine was imposed. The fifth Baron renounced Popery, and found great favour in the eyes of James I; in 1627 he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Peterborough and became Governor and Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire. He married the granddaughter and heiress of Lord Howard of Effingham, conqueror of the Spanish Armada, and this lady added another considerable fortune to the estates of the family; later on she took offence at some slight received at Court, and induced her husband to take arms for the Parliament. Under the Commonwealth he became Master-General of the Ordnance.

His two sons, however, differed from their father in politics and were entirely devoted to the House of Stuart. The elder of them, Henry, succeeded as second Earl and lived till 1697. He raised a regiment for the service of Charles I and was wounded at Newburgh. His estates were seized by Cromwell but restored by Charles II. From that time he was a servile adherent of the Court, and went so far as to revert to the Church of Rome in order to retain the favour of James II.

His younger brother, John, married Elizabeth Carey, and they had eleven children, the eldest of whom was Charles. The fair Elizabeth deserves special mention for her charms and virtues. Clarendon says she was "a young beautiful lady of a very loyal spirit and noble vivacity of wit and humour." Evelyn thought her the most virtuous lady in the world, "one that loved and feared God exemplarily, munificent and charitable."

Rhymes of the day said :

"Betty Carey's lips and eyes
Make all hearts their sacrifice."

From 1658 to 1674 she kept a diary, which lay hidden for nearly two centuries. It was discovered by Lord Roden, and in 1856 a small edition was published. In it we naturally expect to find some details of the early life of her children, but are doomed to disappointment, for her pages give very few facts of any kind—they are really notes of her religious meditations. Those were the days when spelling was an art rather than a science, and it is difficult to repress a smile over some of her attempts at verse ; but there is no mistaking the fervour of a simple and unquestioning faith.

She is constant in " prayre in Behalfe of the hole nation in Jenerall and of my famely in pertecoler." She confesses herself "proude and vane." Words such as these are all the more remarkable when it is remembered that they were written by a beautiful and vivacious girl at the Court of Charles II.

Throughout the Commonwealth her husband busied himself with the affairs of the exiled monarch ; in 1658 he was arrested as one of the conspirators in Lord Ormond's plot. On this subject we find one of the few entries of facts in the diary :

" June ye 2nd.

In the yere of our Lorde 1658, on the first of June, my Deare Husband was tried for his life by a Corte, caled the High Corte of Justis, and on the second day of June was cleerd by one voys only, 19 condemning of him and 20 saving of him . . . many other meraculus blesings wer shod in his preservation."

Further on she resolves " On ye 2nd of June every yeare to kepe a thanks geving for ye meraculus deleveranc of my deare Hosband and to give 5 pound in gould to ye use of ye poure."

There is no doubt that the acquittal, by the narrow majority of 20 voices to 19, was secured not only by " meraculus blesings," but also and chiefly by the energy of the fair Elizabeth herself. Knowing very well that her husband was guilty and in danger of losing his head, she set to work, like a good wife, to bribe the judges and witnesses. Clarendon explains that the Court as a

rule was composed of many judges—in this case forty—and no jury: “there were generally some who for bribes would be propitious to the accused.” Elizabeth procured one who was very propitious—this was Colonel Mallory, chief witness for the prosecution. When the Court was actually assembling he made his escape and disappeared. At the same time one of the judges, Colonel Pride, was conveniently taken ill and could not vote.

The same Court tried two other conspirators, Sir H. Slingsby and the Rev. Dr. Hewitt, but as no miraculous blessings were shown on their behalf they were duly condemned and executed.

Cromwell was furious at the acquittal of Mordaunt and remanded him to the Tower; soon afterwards Colonel Mallory appeared again, and there was talk of a fresh trial, but the Protector could not face the unpopularity, so the prisoner was released.

This narrow escape, however, did not frighten Mordaunt, and his activities continued. In 1659, he was declared a traitor by the Rump Parliament, and his work was rewarded by the exiled king, who created him Baron Mordaunt of Reigate and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon.

When Charles II returned to England in 1660, it was Mordaunt who introduced Monk to him at Canterbury, and from that time the young lord was in high favour at Whitehall. Before his death in 1675, he held several lucrative appointments; he also went through other adventures which created scandal, but they are not of interest here.

In Lady Mordaunt's diary I can find only three mentions of her eldest son. Undated, but apparently in 1658, she gives thanks for “hops of an ayr to my famely.” In 1667 another thanksgiving for “the recovery of my sone Charles.” On “March ye 3rd 1674 when my sone Charles went to Oxford” we find a “prayre to butyphy his soule.”

Though the Mordaunts had land in several counties, the estate of Drayton in Northamptonshire was regarded as the family seat; with most of the other properties it went with the title to the second Earl. The younger brother, John, father of Charles, spent most of his time, after the Restoration, between Parson's Green at Fulham and Windsor Castle, of which he was Constable. Parson's Green was part of the dowry of his wife; it became

the home of his children, and probably was the birthplace of his eldest son.

.

Very little is known of the boyhood of Charles Mordaunt. His uncle and others of the family were certainly educated at Eton, and very likely he went there too, though there is no record of his school life. His mother's diary shows that he went to Oxford in 1674, when he can only have been sixteen years of age. In any case his education was remarkably good ; in spelling and grammar his letters are beyond reproach, the handwriting is firm and precise ; private correspondence is lively and was considered witty, though this is not so obvious to modern readers ; in official despatches his style is strong and clear. Among peers of the realm he had a reputation for forcible eloquence. The wide circle of his friends included Locke, Dryden, Swift, Pope and other great authors of that brilliant period.

.

It is generally supposed that he went to sea at the end of 1674 in the ship of Captain Arthur Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington. This officer was a half-brother of Elizabeth Carey. He had been brought up as a sailor, and distinguished himself in the Dutch Wars, especially in 1672, when he was severely wounded and lost one eye. His ship, the *Cambridge*, was heavily battered and went to Deptford for overhaul and repair.

We can imagine young Charles taking a pair of oars at Fulham to glide down the crowded highway of the Thames. Down past the village of Chelsea, past Westminster and Whitehall stairs, along the filthy shore of the Strand to the mouth of Fleet Stream. Here the City of London is rising in magnificence from the ashes of the Great Fire, and the new St. Paul's is preparing to rear its stately fabric on the site of the old Gothic cathedral. Down through the narrow arches of the Bridge—and then the scene changes. As far as the Tower the bank is lined with a forest of tall masts tapering to the sky. Quays are piled with merchandise from strange lands : wines from Bordeaux and Oporto, oranges

from Cadiz, "coffee, currens and oyle" from the Levant. There are great ships, some of nearly 500 tons, which have rounded the Cape of Good Hope to bring silk and spices from Eastern seas. So on, round the bend of the river, to where Captain Herbert's ship would be found off the Royal Dockyard at Deptford. John Evelyn lived here at Sayes Court, where Peter the Great stayed when he came to study shipbuilding in 1698—the celebrated diary describes the horrible state in which the Czar's Muscovite followers left the house. As Evelyn was a devoted friend of Elizabeth Mordaunt her son would always find a welcome at Sayes Court. He may have met there another of his host's friends, Samuel Pepys, busy with his duties in the victualling yard. But I think the boy spent most of his time among the sailors who could tell of battles against Van Tromp and De Ruyter—no doubt they coloured their tales with all the wealth of language for which seafaring men have ever been famous. Little wonder if his imagination was fired by all he saw and heard—so to sea he must go.

.

In November 1674, Sir John Narborough took a squadron to the Mediterranean; the corsairs of Barbary infested that sea, and did serious damage to the Levant traders. He arrived off Tripoli in April 1675, and blockaded the port. Several of the pirate's vessels were chased and captured, and in January 1676, Lieutenant Cloudesly Shovel led a boat attack which destroyed many others. In March the Bey agreed to release all the English prisoners in his hands and to pay an indemnity of 80,000 dollars.

An Admiralty letter exists which orders Sir John to take with him on this expedition the *Cambridge*, Captain Herbert. She was a third rate, 72 guns, with a muster roll of 400 men. But Herbert was certainly back in England in the summer of 1675; there is no record that his ship took part in any of the fighting off Tripoli. In Teonge's diary, which will be quoted later, there are full notes of every ship he met during his cruise in the Mediterranean, and especially of the ships under Narborough. The *Cambridge* is not mentioned.

But even if the ship did join that squadron it does not follow that young Mordaunt sailed in her. A few lines in Evelyn's diary afford strong evidence that he was in England just at the time of Shovel's cutting-out expedition.

" 2 Dec. (1675). I visited Lady Mordaunt at Parson's Green, my Lord her sonn being sick. This pious woman deliver'd to me £100 to bestow as I thought fit for the release of poore prisoners and other charitable uses."

Though Evelyn does not state precisely that the young lord was actually there, his words seem to imply as much. And this deprives Charles Mordaunt of the share in Shovel's exploit with which he is usually credited.

.

On June 5, 1675, he succeeded his father as Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. In 1678, at the age of twenty, he married Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Frazer, of Durris, Kincardineshire. Very little is known about this lady. She is said to have possessed beauty; she bore two sons and one daughter; she allowed her husband full liberty—or at all events he took it. For over thirty years she endured his many absences. Even before they had been married six months the bridegroom went to sea—and this time there is no doubt about it. There is a definite record in the diary of Teonge.

.

The Rev. Henry Teonge held a living at Sperrall, in Warwickshire, but finding himself in danger of arrest for debt, he made his way to London on a "leane mare" which he sold, together with "saddle, bridle, boots and spurs for 26s." "I was entered on board, Chaplen to his Majesty in his Frigott Assistance of 56 gunns, Capt. Will. Houlding." The ship joined Narborough off Tripoli and remained cruising in the Mediterranean till the end of 1676.

As he had never been afloat before, the worthy chaplain looked on his new surroundings with the eyes of a landlubber, and gives his impressions accordingly. From them we get a

good picture of life in his Majesty's ships. Every Saturday "we conclude the day and weeke in drinking to the Kinge and all that wee love." On Sunday prayers are held at 10 a.m., followed by a sermon if the Captain is on board ; the text is carefully noted. After this the chaplain generally received an invitation to the Captain's table for dinner at noon.

" This day our noble Captain feasted the officers with 4 dishes of meate, viz., 4 excellent henns and a peice of porke boyled, in a dish : a giggett of excellent mutton and turnips ; a peice of beife of 8 ribbs, well seasoned and roasted ; a couple of very fatt greene geese ; last of all a great Chesshyre cheese. His liquors were answerable ; viz., Canary, Sherry, Renish, Clarett, white wine, syder, beare, all of the best sort ; and punch like as ditch-water."

They made a quick voyage to Tangiers in fifteen days, and went on past the very high rock of " Gibletorre, alis Guybralter," to Malta, Tripoli, Aleppo and other ports. But it is not until the chaplain's second voyage that we come across Mordaunt. This time the chaplain had managed, not without difficulty, to get appointed to the *Bristol*, 48 guns, Captain A. Langston. For five months she was in the Channel, and then got orders for Tangiers.

" Portsmouth. Sept. 29. (1678). At 7 at night the Lord Mordant and 4 servants cam on board to goe the voyage with us."

" Oct. 31. A stronge gale to day. Much raine and very tempestuous. Wee had not such a tumbling since we cam to sea."

" Nov. 1. More mild. At night wee begin Christmas drinking health to our friends in a boule of punch."

" Nov. 2. This evening I began to be very feaverish and tooke a sweate."

" Nov. 3 (Sunday). The Lord Mordant, taking occasion by my not being very well, would have preacht, and asked the Captain's leave last night, and to that intente sate up till 4 in the morning to compose his speeche, and intended to have Mr. Norwood to sing the Psalme. All this I myselfe heard in agitation and resolving to prevent him, I got up in the morning before I

should have done had I respect to my owne health, and cam into the greate cabin, where I found the zealous Lord with our Captaine, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse that he went out of the cabin in greate wrath. In the afternoone he set one of the carpentar's crewe to woorke about his cabin, and I being acquainted with it, did by my Captaine's order discharge the woorke men, and he left woorking; at which the Reverent Lord was so vexed that he borrowed a hammar, and busyed himselfe all that day in nayling up his hangings; but being done on the sabbaoth day, and also when there was no necessity, I hope the woorke will not be longe lived. From that day he loved neyther mee nor the Captaine."

On November 19 the *Bristol* put in to Cadiz, where the *Rupert*, 58 guns, Vice-Admiral Herbert, arrived a few days later.

"Nov. 26. The Lord Mordant is gon into the *Rupert* and his Sunday's worke is com to nothingse."

To finish with the Reverend Teonge—he cruised round Minorca and off the Spanish coast till April 1679, when he returned to England. He came safely to Spennall, where he died about ten years later.

Mordaunt remained in the *Rupert*—probably he had always intended to shift into his uncle's ship—but the cruise was uneventful. In the autumn of 1679 he was back in England. His mother had died during his absence.

In June 1680, he joined as a volunteer the expedition dispatched under Lord Plymouth for the relief of Tangiers, which the Sultan of Fez was besieging. With the troops of the garrison he saw some fighting, but was only there a couple of months. In November he returned once more to England.

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG POLITICIAN. 1680-1685

My lord was now of age and his own master. Descriptions of him tell us that he was short in stature and extremely thin; Pope says he had the "nobleman look," and in youth he may have been considered handsome; later his features became hard and pointed. There is ample evidence of physical activity and mental restlessness; when campaigning no exertion could be too heavy, and on his travels he "saw more capitals and tired out more postilions than any man in Europe."

We must imagine him dressed as became a man of fashion. London had thrown off the sober garments of the Commonwealth to parade in colours and silk. A long frock-coat was now the mode, fitted closely at the waist and reaching to the knees; a lace cravat; a heavy periwig surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat with drooping feather. My lord, of course, would wear a jewel-hilted sword, and from his wrist there dangled a cane and tassel.

His lady might be seen of a morning, like Mrs. Pepys, in a "flowered tabby gown, laced exceedingly pretty." Later in the day she wore the full satin skirt, with patches and a touch of colour in her cheeks.

From 1680 to 1685 the young couple spent most of their time at Parson's Green. This was a comfortable building of brick, standing in twenty acres of garden, and "large cypress shades and pleasant wildernesses, with fountains and statues, very entertaining." Swift thought the fruit garden the finest ever seen about town. The rooms, decorated by a painter called Francis Cleyne, are described as "extraordinary good."

Mordaunt lived extravagantly and was nearly always in debt, though debts never depressed his spirits. An unfortunate venture in shipbuilding caused heavy losses. He had not given



The first Countess of Peterborough, daughter of Sir Peter Fraser.

up thoughts of the sea, and probably intended to sail again as master of his own craft. A few merchants were induced to join him in building a beautiful vessel in a yard at Deptford; a model of her, made at the time, is in the collection of the training ship *Mercury*. She was named the *Mordaunt*, and the arms of the family are emblazoned at the break of the poop. But it was noticed that so powerful a craft could never be intended for purposes of peaceful commerce—in fact she had the looks of a privateer. The Spanish Ambassador lodged a complaint, and in June 1681 a warrant was issued for the arrest of the ship. Mordaunt's defence was that this "frigot-built" vessel was intended to be independent of convoy by men-of-war, and he was ready to fix her armament and crew at any figure the Court might settle. Later on he himself was arrested for non-payment of the crew's wages. On May 23, 1683, a decree was issued against him for these wages, and finally a warrant ordered the ship to be taken into His Majesty's Navy, where she figured as a fourth-rate of 48 guns. The *Mordaunt* was lost with all hands on the coast of Cuba, ten years later.

The young lord was thus condemned to life ashore. His wife gave birth to their three children and was likely to settle down in her nursery, though visitors like Evelyn might often be seen in the house. But settled is not the right word for my lord, who took no joy in domestic bliss and a country home. Whitehall lay only three miles distant, gentlemen of rank were expected to attend in time to see their Sovereign shaved and dressed. Pepys has taken us there to see the gay crowd of cavaliers who came to throng the levée and accompany the Merry Monarch in his stroll along the Mall. Probably Mordaunt did not linger, for though he found attraction in more than one of the ladies he never troubled to solicit favour from Charles or the Ministers.

There were other diversions at hand. He might often be seen on the Royal Exchange doing business with his partners in the City. Cockpits and theatres offered lighter entertainment; coffee-houses swarmed with people who loved to hear themselves talk. Above all stood the House of Lords, where, during session, peers attended with much regularity. Mordaunt took his seat at the end of 1680, but his first speech is reported in 1685.

.

From the first he showed violent enmity to the House of Stuart. This enmity appears strange in a gentleman of his rank, traditions and tastes, but undoubtedly it formed the ruling factor in his career ; so if we want to understand the man an effort must be made to account for it. Before probing into his mind we must see what outside influences were at work, what friendships he had made, and above all what was the political situation when he flung himself into it.

.

For twenty years the situation had been developing gradually. On the happy return of Charles II England had become free ; that is to say we got back our maypoles and plum-puddings, our cockfights and bull-baiting, and were free to indulge our desires to almost any extent and in almost any direction except in the one matter of religion. We were not free to be Papists—because all Papists were at heart foreigners ; we were not free to be Dissenters—because all Dissenters were at heart rebels. Such at least was the convinced belief of the Cavalier Parliament which met in 1661 and lived till 1679 ; till half its period was run no real opposition showed its head.

Political doctrines were simple and uncompromising ; the Commonwealth had tyrannised by power of the sword, therefore Cavaliers took “ No standing army ” as the first of their cries. The Commonwealth had thrown out bishops and vicars—therefore the Church must be established so firmly that it became a real part of the Constitution.

For seven years the chief minister was Hyde (better known as Earl of Clarendon), under whose wise guidance the country settled down to a state of considerable prosperity. Much abuse has been poured on Clarendon and the bishops for cruel intolerance towards Dissent, an intolerance often mentioned as the worst stain in the annals of our Church. But those who lash themselves into fury on this subject should turn again to a study of its history. There may have been—in fact, of course there were—some Churchmen who wanted revenge for wrongs inflicted on them by the Commonwealth. There were many others, bigots, who believed that no salvation could be found outside the English Book of Prayer. But the real intolerants were Cavalier nobles and

Members of Parliament who wanted revenge, not on Dissenters but on Roundheads—which is the same thing with a difference. Dissenters were hunted, not for refusing to wear surplices, but for doubtful allegiance to the throne. Twice within memory the Constitution had been upset—and this was the big fact which governed the minds of all men, affecting religion and laws, hopes, fears, and personal interests.

Thus there were two armies which might attack the State, on the one hand the French under the great Turenne, on the other the veterans of Cromwell, who had indeed been disbanded but had not forgotten their training. The only troops which Clarendon could put into the field were untrained yokels commanded by untrained squires. To avoid rebellion or invasion he must suppress Dissent and Popery. It was not mere bigotry that imposed cruel laws of intolerance, but the natural instinct of self-preservation. The stake and scaffold, so popular in the previous century, had been dropped as aids to religion, but stern laws might induce Dissenters to follow the *Mayflower* to America, where they could preach what they pleased; Papists might be driven to Spain, where they could enjoy the Inquisition to their hearts' content.

For ten years or so rebellion seemed to be the more immediate danger, and therefore the Cavalier Parliament passed various Acts against Nonconformists. Dissenting pastors must be turned out to make way for the return of Anglican divines. Those pastors had lately been preaching with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other; they had thundered in biblical terms against kings, bishops, and the observance of Christmas Day. They must either be conciliated or suppressed.

Charles, who was neither a bigot nor a tyrant, leaned towards conciliation: it was his faithful Parliament that insisted on making him a bigot and a tyrant. As the years went on, however, the Dissenters showed themselves to be unexpectedly loyal; fierce Roundheads turned their swords into ploughshares and were absorbed in the civil population. The few who nursed grievances were scattered in small communities with no central organisation to lead a revolt. Pastors still clung heroically to their faith but ceased to preach rebellion. Wealthy merchants

who hated the Church began to love the Constitution under which they were prospering.

So the Constitution took firm root in the hearts of the English ; we were no longer afraid of each other and found time to think of enemies abroad. At the same time, however, opposition began to sprout, and this for several reasons. Discontent was aroused by the Dutch Wars. In 1665 and again in 1672 we had gone to war with Holland, and in spite of some gallant fighting the peace which followed left a feeling of shame. Mismanagement was too obvious to escape notice ; the condition of the Navy drew bitter criticism ; dockyards and arsenals were in a disgraceful state owing to corruption among the officials ; ships were scarcely fit to go to sea at all, much less to fight ; crews who fought bravely were left without pay. In 1667, De Ruyter made a raid on Chatham and sailed up the Thames as far as Woolwich ; his guns could be heard in London and caused a panic in the City. Plague and the Great Fire added to the general distress, which found vent in abuse of those in power.

Clarendon fell—a victim to popular discontent. His absolute power had roused jealousy in rival statesmen who really agreed with his policy but wanted to carry it out themselves. His austere manners and strict morals were unfitted for a gay and licentious court ; his strict laws offended many reasonable people ; the Plague and the Fire increased the murmurs of the crowd ; his windows were smashed while the Dutch were in the Medway. The King let him go without regret ; he had worked hard and faithfully, but he preached long sermons—Charles could forgive anybody except a bore.

As politics were taken seriously in those days a fall from power was followed as a matter of course by impeachment. Clarendon had to take refuge in France, where he wrote many volumes of good history and died in exile.

His power was divided into the hands of five Ministers, known as the Cabal. Clifford openly avowed the doctrines of Rome. Ashley Cooper (better known as the Earl of Shaftesbury) had no religion but plenty of brains. Buckingham was a libertine who sometimes supported Dissent. Arlington inclined to Rome. Lauderdale inclined to anything if only he could cling to office.

They quarrelled among each other and all of them quarrelled with Parliament.

In 1673 the Test Act was passed, barring from employment anyone who refused to conform to Anglican rites. This led to a break-up of the Cabal. Clifford, the only honest member, had to resign because he was a Catholic. Shaftesbury saw that Parliament and public feeling were turning against the Court, so he changed over to the other side and became a violent leader of opposition. Charles had given assent to the Test Act with reluctance, but he was wise enough to understand that the Cavaliers would not permit toleration to exist; in hopes of healing the breach between himself and the Commons he appointed Thomas Osborne (better known as Earl of Danby) as successor to the Cabal. This minister was popular on account of his open hatred of France; by means of wholesale bribery the Commons were induced to support him in power till the "Popish Plot" of 1678 threw the whole country into turmoil.

For some time fear of Dissent had been giving way to fear of Popery and invasion. The current belief was that Jesuits were at the bottom of all our troubles; they had brought over the Plague, they had started the Great Fire, and the next thing would be a French army coming over to destroy our liberty.

Worse still, the rumour spread that Charles himself was an accomplice of the Jesuits and intended to restore Popery. Though he had several sons by various mistresses his own wife was childless, and the heir to the throne was his brother James, an avowed Papist. This was the point on which all opposition to the Court became centred, and for the first time in history Parliament divided itself into two distinct camps, which later received the names of Tories and Whigs.

The Tories looked with horror on anything that might disturb the direct succession; if once Parliament were allowed to displace the rightful heir it would create a precedent which might be revived at the death of each monarch; it opened up prospects of civil war or government by another Cromwell who could usurp power by force of arms. Sooner than this they said they would accept even a bad king—they had as yet little idea how bad James II would prove to be. Charles, though labelled "bad" in children's history books, was good enough for us at the time.

To the end he was beloved by the mass of his subjects ; he was tolerant, good-natured, human. Though his private life was shameless, in affairs of State he appeared to be guided by Parliament ; he wasted money on pleasure, but never attempted to collect illegal taxes. Justice was dispensed in accordance with laws ; life and property were fairly secure ; England enjoyed freedom, which was the boast of our nation and the envy of foreigners.

Among the Tories were some extremists who held that Divine Right placed the throne above the laws, but the great number of Tory gentlemen wanted a king of indisputable title who would govern in concert with the Lords and Commons.

Opposition arose not from hatred of the Constitution but from discontent and personal grievances. The Test Act threw many people into opposition on purely religious grounds ; they were joined by place hunters who had failed in the scramble for offices and power, favours and pensions. The leader of the extremists was Shaftesbury, who has been called " the first Whig." After leaving the Cabal he turned bitterly against his late master and went as far as plotting for revolution and a republic. Historians regard him as the most criminal of all the statesmen of that period.

It was mainly due to Shaftesbury's energy and skill that the Whig party became organised. Headquarters were established at the King's Head tavern, at the west corner of Chancery Lane, opposite the Inner Temple. Here the Green Ribbon Club,* founded by Shaftesbury in 1675, began its career. From this centre pamphlets and petitions were scattered in all directions, elections were arranged, and motions were drawn up for presentation to Parliament. Besides politicians from Westminster, the members included City aldermen, veteran Roundheads, budding lawyers from the Temple across the way ; there were fugitives from justice, professional plotters and spies, bullies and atheists.

But the real strength of the Whigs lay in the simplicity of their programme, which could be summed up in the words, " No Popery." This was a cry appealing to thousands who knew nothing and cared little about anything else. Memory of the

* For the details of the Green Ribbon Club, see *England under the Stuarts*, by G. M. Trevelyan.

Gunpowder Plot was kept green in every village by yearly prayers and bonfires ; its date was known to thousands who knew no other fact in history. " No Popery " could be expanded into gruesome stories of Jesuit atrocities, plots to poison the King ; no height to which imagination could soar was beyond the belief of good Protestants. The Green Ribbon Club had only to pass the word, and a mob would pour out to smash windows and burn waxen effigies of the Pope—a form of sport which was nearly as good as bull-baiting.

In this state of public feeling a rich harvest, literally of gold, lay ripe for anybody who could swear freely and unblushingly. Perjury became an easy and lucrative means of livelihood. Chief among the experts in perjury was the famous and infamous Titus Oates.

The story of this unsavoury liar is well-known. He revealed a " hellish plot " ; the Jesuits were going to fire the City, massacre Protestants, and murder the King. Some propitious events added circumstantial proof. Coleman, secretary of the Duke of York, was discovered to have been in correspondence with the confessor of Louis XIV ; a good Protestant magistrate, Sir Edmund Godfrey, was found dead in a ditch near Primrose Hill with his own sword through his heart ; Danby was proved to have been in receipt of letters and money from the Bourbon. After these revelations Oates enjoyed what can only be described as a *succès fou*. Warrants were issued. Coleman and other suspects were condemned and executed. During the first six months of 1679 a Reign of Terror cast its blood-stained curse upon the land. The list of conspirators, drawn up by Oates, went through successive editions, and the mere mention of a name in that list was enough to send its owner to the scaffold.

Danby was impeached. Charles had been receiving money from France, and the Minister had acted as an unwilling tool in the transaction ; he would probably have lost his head had not the King dissolved Parliament as the only means of blocking the impeachment.

This was the end of the Cavalier House of Commons. It was followed in quick succession by three short Parliaments, in each of which the Whigs had a strong majority.

Shaftesbury's power now seemed to be supreme. He did not

scruple to make the most of Oates, who could accuse the highest in the land and frighten the Tories into silence. Moderate Tories were indeed in a difficult position ; many believed honestly in the plot, but they shrank from the odium which the agitation threw upon the Court. The electors of England were determined to give their support to whole-hearted patriots who were ready to execute Jesuits at sight and prevent gunpowder plots.

Shaftesbury knew very well that after his attacks, direct on Papists and indirect on the Court, he could expect no mercy if ever the Duke of York became King. Therefore all energies of the Commons and all the violence of the mob were concentrated on passing the Exclusion Bill. At first this Bill merely excluded Papists from the throne without deciding on any particular person as Protestant successor. But before long everybody saw that such an arrangement did not go far enough. Suppose Charles died suddenly—who would succeed him ? The question might lead to anarchy or civil war. The Duke of York would be ready to take the field, supported by those who clung to the doctrine of Divine Right and by many others who wanted peace above all things. The Whigs must therefore select a candidate round whom they could rally, and this was the problem which divided the party and reduced its strength. Several solutions were put forward, and in the end Shaftesbury decided to support the Duke of Monmouth's claim. The young man possessed many of the qualities desirable in a popular candidate, affability, good looks, generosity ; he had won reputation as a soldier ; best of all he was likely to be a mere puppet in the hands of Shaftesbury. The only objection was the bar sinister in his birth, an objection so serious that many honest Protestants would deem it insurmountable. But Shaftesbury was not to be defeated, the bar sinister must be removed. Stories were spread all over the country about a certain " black box " which contained the marriage contract between Charles Stuart and Lucy Walters, mother of Monmouth. These stories were not new, and they had been definitely repudiated by the King himself—but that did not matter. A black box, a secret marriage, a wronged wife, added the touch of mystery and romance without which no man can be the perfect idol of the populace. Better educated Whigs knew it for a lie but could not afford to discard so valuable an appeal to the mob.

While Shaftesbury kept up the agitations in London, Monmouth, who had been exiled by his father's command, came back to win the favour of those who might one day be his subjects. He made a Royal Progress through the West, charmed everybody by graceful condescension, and was acclaimed in doggerel rhymes as champion of liberty and enemy of Popery. His popularity was a real gain to the Whigs.

In October 1680, the second Whig Parliament assembled. The Commons passed the Exclusion Bill and carried it "with a mighty shout" to the Upper Chamber. But the oratory of Halifax brought about its rejection, and once more Charles dissolved Parliament.

.

We can now get back to Lord Mordaunt, who returned to England during those wild and stormy days of 1680.

The object of the above notes on politics is not to re-write history—which would be absurd in so narrow a space—but to present the situation as it may have appeared in the eyes of the young man who now entered on his career as a politician. Be it remembered that he had no knowledge of the many important facts brought to light by modern research, and therefore those facts have been purposely omitted. No newspapers existed to give continuous reports and comments on passing events. Mordaunt picked up his knowledge and formed his opinions from pamphlets and gossip of the coffee-houses, of which there was no lack.

But with the above notes in mind we can try to account for the violent opposition which he showed to the House of Stuart, an attitude very different from what might have been expected in a man of his rank.

To begin with, he was the last person in the world to take offence at the morals of Whitehall, which were indeed very much the same as his own. Family connexions were all on the side of the Court. His father had been one of the foremost in restoring Charles II. His uncle, second Earl of Peterborough, was still a devoted courtier, a privy councillor, and a very rich man. His mother's stepbrother, Admiral Herbert, held high rank in the

Royal Navy. Evelyn, the celebrated diarist, was a trustee under his mother's will and a constant visitor at Parson's Green. With such connexions Mordaunt could surely have found favour—indeed Charles was evidently willing to grant it—for as early as 1678 he gave him a sinecure at Windsor; other offices were certainly open, the command of a frigate, a commission in the Guards, or an appointment in the Household, had he chosen to ask for them.

The young lord was not so rich that he could afford to despise prospects of this kind, and therefore the refusal of golden opportunities must be accounted as merit, perhaps not merit of a very high degree—it arose rather from carelessness than from conscience—yet it places him above the many who besieged Charles and his mistresses with importunate begging.

On the other hand he could expect nothing from the Whigs, for as yet they had nothing to give. And even if Shaftesbury and Monmouth succeeded to power, Mordaunt could not hope to share the fruits of victory. He was at sea during the worst period of the Reign of Terror, had done no conspicuous service for the Party, and did not frequent the Green Ribbon Club. If doctrines of liberty and democracy appealed to youthful enthusiasm, none the less he remained an aristocrat, even a bit of a snob; he boasted that he despised kings, but did not despise the privileges of his own rank, and remained very much aloof from the rabble. Whigish opposition to Popery and tyranny might be all very well, but the hoarse screams of Shaftesbury's mobs were more likely to evoke disgust than sympathy from the fastidious young man of fashion.

Religious feeling cannot be counted as a factor. He was a free thinker who could at the same time despise and respect the feelings of other people. Papists were hateful at the moment, as enemies of England; later on, in Spain, they were allies, and as such received tactful consideration. He had strong friends among churchmen, high and low.

Did Mordaunt believe in the Popish Plot? Perhaps he did. Though modern history throws ridicule on the inventions of Oates, they were accepted at the time by wise men as well as fools, by Tories as well as Whigs. The cleverest point, the only clever point, of the informer's declaration was that which related to a

plot against the King's person ; it was supported by less evidence than any of the other points, and yet it received readier acceptance because the loyalty of ardent Tories was raised to boiling pitch by the mere mention of poison for the King, so they did not begin to weigh the evidence till after several people had been executed. Charles could not be suspected as accessory in a plot to murder himself, and therefore, if Mordaunt accepted the plot, that was no reason for hatred of the King.

Let us turn to the associates of his youth. His favourite coffee-house was Will's, celebrated as a Temple of Literature, which stood near Covent Garden. Here, in clouds of tobacco-smoke, poets argued about Milton and Racine with nobles, clergy and students. The great Dryden was acknowledged as supreme authority, laying down the law on every subject in unmistakable terms, but as he was the fiercest of Tories, Mordaunt could scarcely have derived Whiggish doctrines in such an atmosphere. In 1680 he had not had time to become a regular attendant, so we must look further back to find what influenced his views.

Years afloat in His Majesty's ships cannot have tended to democratic principles. Narborough, Cloudesly Shovel, and the fleet might curse the Admiralty for rotten meat and arrears of pay, but they got drunk on bumpers to the health of the King. The Duke of York was a hero to our sailors ; victories at Lowestoft and Solebay had been won under his flag. Pepys quotes a glowing eulogy which came direct from a naval officer on the subject of the Duke's valour and modesty. No, Mordaunt never learnt disloyalty from messmates in the Royal Navy.

Therefore family connexions, financial interests, and personal friends would all throw their weight into the scale of the Tories. To out-balance such strong influence there must have been a heavy reason in the other scale. Five years later, when James II, in defiance of his coronation oath, was playing the tyrant, thousands of honest Tories found themselves forced to abandon their loyalty in order to embrace the cause of liberty—then indeed there were strong arguments against the House of Stuart. But we must shut our eyes to what came afterwards and look for an argument which existed in or before 1680.

Here I will hazard a conjecture of my own : that Mordaunt's opposition to the Stuarts was founded on some private knowledge

of the Treaty of Dover, the guilty secret, the unforgivable treason of Charles II.

That treaty had been signed ten years earlier, in 1670, when the Cavalier Parliament first began to evince anxiety over expenditure. About the same time the King had added another expensive item to his establishment—Louise de Querouaille, vulgarly known as Mother Carwell, and officially styled Duchess of Portsmouth. Between sailors clamouring for pay and ladies clamouring for jewels, not to mention a Parliament clamouring for economy, Charles was having an uneasy time. Having exhausted his credit in London he turned to Paris. The cunning French king was only too willing to accommodate his dear cousin—of course on his own terms; Louis had first in mind the desire to defeat Holland; at all costs he must bind England and especially the English Navy to his side. Therefore he paid down £300,000 as a subsidy to Charles on condition that England should join France in war against Holland. These conditions were duly carried out: Louis paid the money, Charles went to war, with assent of the Cabal, who formed the Ministry at the time. So far there was nothing of a treasonable nature; London had not forgotten the sound of De Ruyter's cannon, and was longing for revenge on the Dutch, also it was all for the good of England that Louis should pay part of our expenses. But unfortunately the real treaty did not end there, the guilty clauses were added in secret; Charles was to receive an additional £200,000 on condition that he declared himself publicly to be a Roman Catholic; Louis was to send a French army to assist Charles against his English subjects in the event of an insurrection. This was treason of the deepest dye against England.

As an excuse for Charles the plea has been raised that he never carried out his part of the bargain, and, more than that, he never meant to carry it out: he got a good deal of money and gave nothing in return—in fact Charles was the swindler, Louis the dupe. Let us hope the plea is true—we can forgive dishonesty towards Louis more easily than treachery to ourselves.

Negotiations were carried through on the French side by Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles. On the English side the secret could be entrusted to nobody but a Papist, so Clifford and Arlington, the Catholics of the Cabal, signed on

behalf of Charles; the Protestants, Shaftesbury, Buckingham, and Lauderdale; were only allowed to see the first innocent clauses.

Could Mordaunt have known anything definite about the Treaty of Dover? No, nothing definite, or at all events not from a true source. He had friends at Court who were far from discreet, and from them he probably heard a good deal which was not public property. Which of the ladies now held the Royal ear—Barbara Palmer? The Querouaille? What was the King thinking about Monmouth's escapade in the West? When had the French Ambassador last visited the Royal Closet? On such points Mordaunt may have had the best of information. But the gay monarch who spent his time between tennis courts and boudoirs could really keep a secret better than anyone else in Whitehall; he was open and shameless over matters which he knew could not be concealed; he whispered in the ear of a mistress the witty scandal which she would learn next day from somebody else, but there he stopped.

There were excellent reasons for maintaining absolute secrecy about the Treaty of Dover. Its disclosure would mean the end of supplies from France and might very well raise an insurrection in England; these were the two things Charles wished to avoid, and did avoid as long as he lived.

We must reject the idea that Mordaunt learnt anything from a reliable source. But it was a feature of the period that a deliberate liar, who really knew nothing, could often invent a story which came near the truth. Could Mordaunt have got the truth from a clever liar? Here is an hypothesis worth consideration, for though no evidence can be produced we see a probability and motive behind it.

The motive would come from Shaftesbury. He found no difficulty in passing the Exclusion Bill through the Commons, but the Lords would not have it, therefore he was working every conceivable plan to collect votes. At this moment Mordaunt arrives from abroad—a young man of no experience, hot-headed and full of his own importance. Family connexions and the instincts of an aristocrat would incline him towards the Court, but the Tories, secure of a majority in the Upper Chamber, would not bother themselves to enlist one extra vote. On the other hand the Whigs could not afford to despise any vote.

What argument would be strong enough to bring him over ? Bribery was out of the question. Flattery might go a long way, but not far enough. Religion ? Young men thought it fashionable to scoff at all religions, so the Protestant banner would arouse little enthusiasm. Rumours of black boxes and gunpowder plots had been worked so hard for two years that they were wearing thin.

But a very secret and circumstantial story about French troops coming over to our shores ? This would set on fire all the instincts of an Englishman, all the patriotism learnt in the Navy. The story must be authentic, and Shaftesbury could supply the authenticity. He had been a member of the Cabal, trusted with the innermost policy of the King—the fact that he had left the Cabal and gone into opposition would support the idea that he had revolted in horror from the King's treachery. The story must go no further, for if Mordaunt blurted it out Shaftesbury might lose his head ; but a very confidential communication on a weighty matter is in itself flattering to the hearer, and adds to the authenticity.

So the motive is obvious—the Whigs wanted Mordaunt. From it we can deduce the probability—which is that Shaftesbury got hold of the young man, and, meaning to lie, told the truth. If this be accepted it provides a clue to all Mordaunt's actions, and fits in with the characters of those concerned. The young peer is greeted by flatterers, introduced to the House of Lords, and entrusted with the details of a royal crime which must for ever remain secret. No wonder if, in his horror, he throws himself into the arms of the Whigs.

So my lord took his seat in the crowded Chamber which was debating the Exclusion Bill. He heard the oratory of Halifax, who opposed the Bill ; he saw the King, who stood by the fire watching his angry nobles with a mask of indifference covering his anxiety ; he voted with Shaftesbury, Essex, and Sunderland against Halifax, Hyde, and his own uncle, Peterborough. But the Tories threw out the Bill by 63 votes to 30. And that was the end of Mordaunt's first Parliament.

Charles tried the experiment of another dissolution, but the elections of February 1681 sent back a Whig majority as strong as ever. There was now a real danger that if the Bill were again

rejected the London mob would be called out for the purpose of intimidation. Parliament was therefore summoned to meet at Oxford. Mordaunt was one of the sixteen peers who petitioned against this move, but without avail, so to Oxford he must ride in a throng of Whigs, attended by armed retainers flaunting green ribbons. He could not go back to his old quarters in the House, for that was now the citadel of the Tories. Whig lords were lodged in Balliol, and the University buildings were fitted out for the use of Parliament.

The Whigs were full of hope ; whatever the Lords might do or say the Commons had one argument in their own hands, power of the purse. Charles, being in want of money as much as ever, would have to give way, so the Exclusionists did not conceal their expectation of triumph.

But they reckoned without Charles. That short Oxford Parliament was the greatest jest ever perpetrated by the witty monarch.

To begin with he made a show of concession ; as an alternative to Exclusion he solemnly proposed that James, while retaining the title of king, should be banished, and William or Mary of Orange should be appointed Regent. This was perhaps the best solution ever proposed, but the jest lay in the fact that Charles did not want it himself and had good reason to believe that it would be rejected. So he earned a little cheap sympathy from moderates by appearing conciliatory, and threw the odium of rejection on his opponents. Shaftesbury had no desire to see as Regent the shrewd Prince of Orange, who was understood to have a mind of his own ; he openly demanded the recognition of Monmouth as heir to the throne, and thereby ruined himself and his party in the eyes of many. Then, believing that the King would be forced to further concession, he hurried the Bill through the Lower House.

But Charles had never intended to make concessions of any kind. The cream of his jest was yet to come ; he had just made new and still more secret arrangements with Louis for the money he needed, and as long as he had money he had no use for his faithful Parliament. On the eighth day the Commons were summoned to the Upper Chamber : two sedan chairs had just been carried there—one containing the King, the other closely curtained.

Members hastened in, expecting to hear his Majesty acknowledge defeat.

Charles sat on the throne, in the robes of state which had been brought in the second sedan; and dissolved the Parliament.

This sudden blow left the Whigs dumbfounded. They had no idea what had led to such sudden independence in the King who had lately been offering concessions ; they had no plan ready for such an emergency. In London a mob might have started a revolution, but the Guards and loyal undergraduates overawed Oxford. The strength of the Whigs had been in the Commons, which existed no more. All executive power, all appointments to office lay in the hands of the King. They could no longer oppose or even discuss his action. So the Whigs broke up in confusion, blaming their own leaders as much as anybody, and they never met again in Parliament during the remaining four years of King Charles II.

It is not difficult to imagine the effect of the scene on Mordaunt. He had come to Oxford with a body of eager spirits, confident of victory. No doubt he enjoyed the fray and was ready to draw a sword in the excitement. But even the satisfaction of martyrdom was denied—nobody had been arrested, and they were slinking home, covered with failure and ridicule. Failure can be remedied, but ridicule hurts when one is only twenty-three years old.

.

The country breathed again and recovered some of its sanity. Election riots, mobs invading the Law Courts, threats of insurrection, all had kept the temperature at fever pitch, and now a reaction set in. The King, after all, had been quite within his rights ; he had no selfish interest in the Exclusion Bill, which would not affect anything till after his death ; he had offered concessions, only to find them flung back in his face ; he held indisputable power to dissolve Parliament ; there was nothing tyrannical or vindictive in his conduct. Better to be ruled by a good-natured king than by a factious and wrangling set of talkers. Better to have bishops who wanted peace than Dissenters who wanted another revolution. All fear of Popish plots had already been wiped out and people began to wonder whether there had ever been a plot. The gang of informers and perjurers had to

turn Tory in order to earn a living, and it must be admitted that Tory leaders showed no more scruples than their Whig rivals in making use of perjured witnesses.

Charles, whose good temper never deserted him, wanted to spare the vanquished : in his efforts towards toleration he found support from Halifax. This great statesman was dubbed the "Trimmer" because he had changed sides more than once—nevertheless, historians agree in giving him consistency, the outcome of honest and moderate convictions. He was consistently opposed to extremists of every kind, despised the doctrine of Divine Right on the one hand and the clamour of the mob on the other ; sneered at bigotry, whether of Churchmen or Puritans ; worked honestly to save victims from Whig and Tory persecutions ; and constantly joined the weaker side to fight against vindictive action of the stronger. He had proposed Exclusion because he feared the French and Jesuit influence on the Duke of York ; then he quarrelled with Shaftesbury when Monmouth became Whig candidate for the succession, therefore he opposed the Exclusion Bill in 1680 and came back to the King's side. Now, when Exclusion was defeated, he threw his weight once more into the scale of toleration and clemency.

All his efforts, however, failed to outweigh those of the Duke of York and Hyde. The Duke naturally looked on the defeat of the Bill as a triumph for himself, and determined to crush the Whigs before they could rally from the blow. Lawrence Hyde, better known as Earl of Rochester, brother of the first Duchess of York, was the second son of Clarendon. He became celebrated as a Tory of the old school, passionate, bigoted, rancorous, who swore by Divine Right and believed every Dissenter to be a rebel. These two hoisted Royal Prerogative as banner of the Tories. The King must assert his power, which the Constitution undoubtedly gave him, to appoint Tory judges, Tory magistrates, Tory officials in every shire and borough ; they would not only curb the clamour of the mob but would bring its leaders to justice.

So the Whigs and Dissenters who had lately been hunting Papists now found themselves being hunted in a new Reign of Terror. Papists were released from jail in order to make way for Dissenters.

Rochester determined to strike at Shaftesbury himself ; he

was arrested, and as far as hard swearing went he was proved guilty of treason, but the trial took place in London, where juries were still Whigs, so he escaped. Not daring to risk another trial he hid in the City for some weeks, and then fled to Holland, where he died in January 1682.

.

I can find no record of Mordaunt's doings in the next four years, so we must revert once more to probabilities based on the doings of his associates. It is impossible to imagine him as anything but busy, and his friends were very busy indeed, so he probably took a greater share in Whig conspiracies than has ever come to light. Their activities were now conducted in secrecy; no longer could they proclaim their views in Parliament, demanding terms from the King himself, and throwing charges against the highest in the land. People who had lately been proud to show themselves in the Green Ribbon Club now shunned its portals as though it were infected with the plague.

Yet in self-defence the Whigs could not sit still. Under the good-natured Charles they might hope for justice if not for mercy, but if the vindictive James became King they could hope for nothing. Their choice lay between seeking refuge abroad and raising an insurrection at home. They chose the latter; but could not agree how to carry it out or what the end of it should be.

A council was formed of six leaders—Monmouth, Essex, Russell, Sidney, Hampden and Howard. As might be expected, Monmouth wanted the Crown; he attempted another Royal Progress, which aroused enthusiasm among unfortunate yokels but was coldly greeted by the upper classes.

Judging from the fact that Mordaunt had nothing to do with Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, we may assume that no intimate dealings ever took place between them, and judging from Monmouth's exhibition of selfishness and cowardice in that rebellion we can give Mordaunt credit for good sense in avoiding the Protestant champion. If men are to be known by their friends Mordaunt must be placed in a class above Monmouth; his nearest friends seem to have been Russell and Sidney.

Like himself, these two ardent Whigs were of noble birth, with the refinements of education. Macaulay ascribes to both of them

virtue and patriotism. Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester, was a philosopher, full of ideas about liberty ; he had shown courage and zeal in opposing Charles I, and afterwards Cromwell, when they usurped power. He wanted an aristocratic republic, and was supported by Essex. Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, was another champion of liberty, but only wanted the exclusion of James and some limitations of the Royal Prerogative. Hampden, grandson of the Parliamentary leader, took the same view. Lord Howard of Escrick was chiefly interested in himself.

No doubt Mordaunt discussed ethics and constitutions with Russell and Sidney to any extent, but there is no evidence that he was admitted to confidence in the Council. Probably they admired his youthful enthusiasm, but looked upon him as too rash and too self-opinionated to make a useful conspirator. Not unlikely that they shrank from entangling their young friend in very risky proceedings.

With six leaders who did not agree the plans were naturally vague, ill-concerted, half-hearted. Suggestions were made for risings in London and other big towns ; it was hoped that the Presbyterians of Scotland would join.

While leaders were wrangling over the big plot a smaller but more definite one was hatched by subordinates. Rumbold, a veteran Roundhead, owned a farm called the Rye House, on the road to Newmarket. A cart was to be overturned to stop the King's coach on his return from the races in April. The assassins, after firing from the hedge, would escape through by-lanes and across fields. The plot failed because the King returned from Newmarket earlier than was expected.

Both plots were betrayed by informers and warrants were issued for arrests. Several of the Rye House conspirators were condemned and executed. Of the Council, Monmouth at once made his escape, the other five were caught. Howard, who had been discovered while concealing himself in a chimney, decided to turn informer and became chief witness against his friends. Essex cut his throat in the Tower, Hampden got off with a heavy fine, but Mordaunt's friends, Russell and Sidney, went to the scaffold.

Russell contented himself with protesting that he had never plotted against the King's person, but did not deny conspiring

towards insurrection. Tremendous efforts were made by his wife and father to obtain a pardon; it is said that a sum of £50,000 was offered to the Duchess of Portsmouth by the old Earl of Bedford. But Russell received no mercy, and it was remembered that he himself had shown no mercy in voting for the attainder of others in the days of the Popish plots.

Sidney, likewise, did not deny conspiracy, and on the scaffold he gloried in suffering for the cause of freedom.

Much sympathy has been poured out over these two martyrs, and much abuse over the King's refusal to pardon them; but no author has asserted that they were innocent of conspiracy. The Whigs went a good deal further, both in murder and sedition, than the shadowy Popish plot.

It has been stated that Mordaunt accompanied his friend Sidney to the scaffold, but this seems very doubtful.

.

To sum up the probabilities of this period—Mordaunt was in close touch with men who had plotted armed rebellion, and if he did not know of their plans he at least felt sympathy and enthusiasm for their principles. The death of his friends would embitter him still further against Charles and James, but, most probably, the mismanagement of the whole affair by the Council impressed on him the necessity of one strong man as leader, and he decided to leave plots alone till a strong man could be found to take the lead.

.

On February 2, 1685, Charles was seized with a sudden fit; the old Earl of Peterborough was by his side at the time. The King recovered consciousness but died on the 6th. The last acts recorded of him are very characteristic; he apologised to those who stood round for being "a most unconscionable time in dying"; he embraced his children; he received in secret the last rites from a Catholic priest who was smuggled into his chamber.

James, Duke of York, succeeded to the throne without opposition.



A cartoon of the Stuarts, from an old Dutch print in the British Museum. On the left Charles II tramples on the cornucopia of British prosperity. He wears the Scotch Thistle and his sword pierces the English rose. The Devil is playing to him on an Irish harp. His left hand holds the fleur-de-lys on which is perched an owl with the Popish tiara. On the right, James II tramples on the scales of justice, while he throws the English Prayer Book to the flames. The Crowns of England, Scotland and Ireland are falling from his head into the Orange Tree.

CHAPTER III

A LEADER OF REVOLUTION. 1686-1688

JAMES II had two objects in life—first to be an absolute monarch, with a standing army to overawe discontent, and, second, to re-establish the Church of Rome.

His brother Charles had similar views at the back of his mind, but, knowing his subjects better, he kept them at the back of his mind, and so he reigned for twenty-five years and died a King. James, less wise but more determined, did those things which Charles only thought of ; he reigned three years and died an exile. The two brothers were very unlike each other in many respects. James was really fond of business and ugly women and economy—all of which Charles regarded as abominations. On one point, however, they agreed—a thorough dislike of Parliament.

At the Restoration the Cavaliers voted a certain revenue to the King for life. Charles had eked it out by amassing debts and sponging on Louis XIV, and so, for the last four years of his life, had managed very well without calling on the Commons for money. But the grant expired with him. In order to maintain the army James needed a renewal of the grant, and though he himself was ready to collect taxes, like his father, by virtue of Divine Right, his advisers, in particular Halifax, persuaded him to issue writs for an election. Tory sheriffs, with a little help from the electors, sent to Westminster a House of Commons which was ready to give the King nearly all he could desire.

Business, however, had scarcely begun when the news arrived of Monmouth's landing in the West. The story of that ill-fated rebellion is too well-known to need repeating.

Mordaunt took no part in it, but there are deductions to be drawn from what he did not do. Monmouth's agents were busy in London and could easily get into touch with the young peer,

whose sentiments and character must have been well-known to them. A recruit of his type was certainly worth enlisting. He loved adventure, hated James, and had no scruples about insurrection ; he must be burning to avenge the martyrdom of Russell and Sidney. As he had no theoretical objection to overthrowing James it follows that he was kept aloof by some objection to the practical side, in other words, he was prepared to be a rebel but not to accept Monmouth as King. Probably the aristocrat, in whose veins ran blood of Howards and De Veres, shrank from seeing the son of Lucy Walters on the throne of England. Possibly, in addition to this he disliked the man ; Monmouth was a charlatan with the tricks which gain applause from a crowd, but he never attracted people of any consideration.

At all events Mordaunt sat in London, probably at Will's, and there heard the news as it arrived from day to day. Sedgemoor—a hunted fugitive—a terrified prisoner—the scaffold.

The rebellion was wiped out in blood, but left a marked effect on history. It had given James an excuse to enlist more troops ; the easy suppression inspired him with the happy belief that all his rebel subjects were now dead, and the remaining loyal subjects would accept whatever he liked to give them. To remove any possible danger he decided not to disband the army but to fill the higher commands, and, as far as possible, the rank and file, with trusted Catholics.

The death of Monmouth made a vast difference to the Whig Party, and to Mordaunt in particular. Hitherto they had been united only in opposition to James and the Catholics, now they could give undivided support to the next legal heir to the throne, Mary, Princess of Orange, who was a Protestant.

The opposition therefore grew stronger from day to day. An additional impulse came from Louis XIV, who revoked the Edict of Nantes, the French charter of toleration, and began a persecution of the Huguenots. Refugees brought to England piteous tales of the " dragonnades " and taught us what might be expected from a standing army commanded by a Catholic tyrant.

Before Parliament met again in November, Halifax, champion of toleration, had been dismissed, and in a speech from the throne James made no secret of his intentions. He was not going to disband his troops ; he would not part with the loyal Catholics,

on whose fidelity he could rely. In other words he intended to maintain a standing army and set aside the Test Act.

This very outspoken declaration was a distinct challenge to the Parliamentary system of Government; and Whigs hastened to marshal their forces, even Tories began to feel misgivings. Both Houses raised protests. In the long and brilliant debates which followed, the opposition view can be clearly seen in the words of Mordaunt himself. He was supporting Lord Cavendish, who had introduced a motion aimed against the standing army.

Macaulay has given us a vivid picture of the scene as the young peer rose to make his maiden speech.* The Chamber was crowded with a hundred members; foreign ambassadors were watching; James himself had come, in hopes of imposing restraint on his angry nobles; tension was high. But Mordaunt was certainly not overawed. He began by blaming the Commons for not having taken a bolder line.

"They have been afraid," he said, "to speak out. They have talked of apprehensions and jealousies. What have apprehension and jealousy to do here? Apprehension and jealousy are the feelings with which we regard future and uncertain evils. The evil which we are considering is neither future nor uncertain. A standing army exists. It is officered by Papists. We have no foreign enemy. There is no rebellion in the land. For what then is this force maintained, except for the purpose of subverting our laws, and establishing that arbitrary power which is so justly abhorred by Englishmen?"

The effect of his speech was so marked that Barillon, the French Ambassador, quoted it at length in his despatch to Paris, and said: "*Milord Mordaunt quoique jeune parla avec éloquence et force.*"

Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, lately returned from the Bloody Assize, made a savage reply, but, after a closing speech by Halifax, in support of the motion, the feeling of the House was manifestly against the King. Next day James prorogued Parliament.

Mordaunt's words were brave, but he was a man of action and meant to go further than mere words. There can be no doubt that from this time he had a definite plan of revolution in his mind,

* Macaulay says of Mordaunt: "He had already distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor." I think this is anticipation as regards the "soldier." Mordaunt had not yet fought his battles on land.

and he was the first Englishman to suggest to the Prince of Orange the revolution which was afterwards carried out.

The death of Monmouth left the House of Orange without a rival in the hearts of the English rebels. Princess Mary was the elder daughter of James, and would succeed unless a son were born to him. Next after Mary and Anne would come William himself, grandson of Charles I, so he was not altogether a foreigner. He had been accepted as champion of the Reformed Faith ; he was the bitter and lifelong enemy of Louis XIV ; a close alliance with Holland offered the best possible guarantee against French aggression and invasion, also the best prospect of commercial treaties on reasonable terms with the Dutch merchants. William's character and record marked him as a man who could face big emergencies with resolution and wisdom. Nothing was lacking in his qualifications as leader of the opposition hopes.

Many men, however, whose names are associated in history with the revolution of 1688, were not in a hurry to stake their fortunes. They recognised the desire of England for a Protestant ruler, but they did not want to share the fate of Monmouth's friends. Churchill, to whom the success of William is credited by many, waited till the last moment before declaring himself.

But not so Mordaunt. He was nothing if not whole-hearted and headlong. The gauntlet had been thrown on the floor at Westminster in the presence of English nobles and foreign ambassadors. The next step must be to get into touch with William himself. It was common enough in those days for Englishmen to seek service abroad ; some wanted to escape creditors, others sought refuge from the law, but many were attracted simply by prospects of adventure. In the spring of 1686 a Dutch fleet was fitting out for the West Indies : Mordaunt asked permission to join it as a volunteer, and doubtless the King was very willing to get rid of the impudent young orator. He never went to the Indies, but got as far as Holland, so we must follow him there.

.

In the sixteenth century Holland had been part of the great Empire of Spain. The tyranny of Alva and other viceroys drove the Dutch to revolt against their oppressors, and after heroic

struggles they finally threw off the yoke in 1609, and became free as the United Provinces. In reality they formed a confederacy of trading towns. The Government was a republic of very cumbersome type, with a Parliament, the States General, at the Hague, but all power was in the hands of an oligarchy of influential burghers. Nearly every town claimed a sort of independence under its self-elected Town Council, which sent delegates to the Provincial States, which in turn sent delegates to the States General at the Hague. The hero of the struggle for freedom was William, Prince of Orange Nassau, who was made First Magistrate, or Stadtholder. The office, though its authority was not very definite, became hereditary in his family.

The thrift and industry of the merchants in Holland, the valour and adventurous spirit of their sailors in distant oceans, soon raised the nation to wealth and power. Prince William II aroused the jealousy of the oligarchy, and when he died in 1650 there were civil troubles which brought the country to a condition bordering on anarchy. Order was only restored by a new danger from outside. This time it was Louis of France who cast envious eyes on the rich cities of the republic. Terrified burghers began to rage against their own Government. In 1672 the great De Witt was torn to pieces by a mob in front of the palace of the States General, and this left the young Prince William III without a rival as leader of the nation. Undoubtedly it was due to the concentration of directing power in the hands of one able man that the bewildered Dutchmen succeeded in rallying their forces. William would not hear of any shameful surrender of liberty. When reduced to the last stage he even proposed that the Dutch should get ready to embark in their ships and sail away to found a new republic somewhere beyond the reach of French troops. But the spirit of the people took fire at his enthusiasm, they opened their dykes, the invaders were forced to save themselves by retreat, and the struggle against Louis went on, with occasional intervals, for the next forty years.

The Prince, born in 1650, was only twenty-three when he first came to power, but he possessed qualifications which fitted him to assume leadership over more experienced and older men. He could plan big schemes without losing sight of the necessary details. He did not hesitate in action, his resolution never

flinched, and his grasp of a subject was wide and deep. To natural characteristics he added knowledge; he could speak half a dozen languages, though he preferred silence; from childhood he studied diplomacy and high finance; no man in Europe knew more of the inner policy of Vienna, Paris, Rome. His health was wretched but it did not interfere with intense application to business. The chief drawback to complete success lay in his manners, which were ungracious and churlish; he could not, or at all events did not, trouble to conceal dislikes.

In 1678 he married Princess Mary, daughter of James, by his first wife, Anne Hyde. The marriage was arranged by Danby, on political grounds, and for some time there was no pretence of affection on either side. The bridegroom had passed his twenty-eighth year, looked much older, and spent his days between hunting and serious affairs of State; the bride was only sixteen, a healthy girl of little education and no great intellect. For some time William was drawn from her side by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers. But the young Princess, though kept informed by tale-bearers, bore her injuries with a patience which in the end won gratitude if not love. Best of all she was prepared to resign her power into his hands, letting him shape the policy and decide the action for both of them. With her prospects and compliancy she made an ideal consort.

Such were the pair on whom rested the hopes of English Protestants.

Mordaunt arrived at the Hague, as already stated, in the spring of 1686, no doubt very full of his own importance, full, too, of ill-digested schemes, which must have brought William to as near a smile as he ever went. We can imagine the young hothead, fresh from the agitations of Westminster, pouring out his views and urging immediate action; William, reserved and shrewd, listening with attention, but accepting the information at a discount.

Good Bishop Burnet says that Mordaunt's plans were "too romantical to build on." The idea was not new—indeed, William had resolved to be King of England long before Mordaunt had thought of such a thing—but the hour had not yet come, and so the proposals were rejected.

At the same time I think William felt drawn to the youthful enthusiast. He had adherents in London who were better informed and better able to judge the situation, but there must have been something very attractive in the wholehearted enthusiast who was ready to burn his boats and rush into risks from which wiser men shrank. At all events, while rejecting the advice, he did not reject the giver of it. For the next two years Mordaunt hung about between the Hague and secret visits to London.

Like many great men who have achieved great things, William had one single guiding principle from which he never swerved—love of Holland. This led him to hatred of France, Holland's most powerful enemy, and to alliance with anybody and everybody who could be persuaded or forced to assist him against France. So we find the Protestant champion intriguing with the Pope of Rome and other fervent Catholics; the head of a Republic joining hands with the despot of Spain. This desire to drag all Europe into a coalition against Louis is the key to his attitude towards England. Historians give him credit for saving us from the tyranny of James; in reality he was saving Holland from the tyranny of Louis. He wanted the soldiers and sailors and money which England could provide. He had spared no trouble to keep on good terms with Charles II, though he can scarcely have felt much respect for his graceless uncle; he even sheltered Monmouth, the favourite son, during his frequent periods of exile. But as soon as Charles was dead he dismissed Monmouth and even offered to send over English regiments which were in the Dutch service to suppress the Pretender's rising.

It soon became clear that James would never throw the weight of England into the scale against Louis, but James had no son, and Princess Mary was his elder daughter, so there was always a hope that she, and William with her, would succeed to the English Crown without any resort to violence. Therefore the Prince possessed himself in watchful patience, and was very wise in rejecting Mordaunt's proposal. His obvious course was to wait until king and nation were definitely parted, and then step in on the side of the nation. Already the Tory Parliament had shown signs of restive opposition; the next session would probably be stormy, and William knew his father-in-law well enough to feel

confident that James would be at least as stormy as his subjects.

James did not disappoint his expectations. He was busy converting his Ministers, courtiers, and army to his own faith; those who refused to be moved by arguments or bribes or threats were dismissed. Next he began open attacks on the Church of England. Oxford colleges were turned into Popish seminaries. Vacant bishoprics were filled with men who were Roman Catholic in feeling. A Court of High Commission was appointed to deal with Anglicans who would not carry out the King's unlawful commands.

A Declaration of Indulgence was issued by Royal authority, and without the assent of Parliament; it repealed the Test Act and gave liberty to all sects to practise religion according to their own views. The object was really to enlist Dissenters in the attack on the Church and to open the door for admission of Catholics into every office in the State. The Declaration of Indulgence was ordered to be read from every pulpit in the kingdom.

This brought matters to a crisis. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and six other bishops, presented a humble but firm petition, protesting against such an infraction of the established laws. They were committed to the Tower and brought to trial. After scenes of the wildest excitement the jury found them not guilty—a verdict which was hailed with overwhelming evidence of the nation's love for its Church and its laws.

Before the acquittal another event took place which hastened events to a still greater degree. Mary of Modena gave birth to a son.

Historians are now agreed that this child was really the offspring of James and his wife. But at the time there were circumstances which left room for doubt in the minds of those who wanted to doubt. The usual witnesses of a royal birth, such as the archbishops, were not invited to be present, and only Catholics were in attendance. So the story of a fraudulent child, introduced in a warming-pan, was easily invented and easily spread. The unfortunate little Prince of Wales was dubbed "The Pretender," as such he is known in history, as such he lived for years in exile.

Whatever may have been the truth, this event caused an

immediate and startling change in the plans of William. His patience had been wise, but further patience would lead to nothing. He could only reach the throne of England by force of arms. Hitherto his adherents had been content to endure much rather than resort to open revolution and civil war. James himself was no longer young, and there had always been a hope that his tyranny would not last for many years. Now, however, there was an heir who would certainly be brought up by Jesuits and might be expected to continue his father's policy. Thousands who had been waiting to revolt saw that the time had now come ; thousands who had been opposed to revolution became ready, perhaps not to support it, but at least to accept it without resistance. In fact the birth of the Pretender made action imperative, and the trial of the bishops made it easy.

The first definite step was taken on the very day of the bishops' acquittal. Admiral Herbert, disguised as a common sailor, left London for the Hague ; in his pocket was hidden an invitation to William signed by English leaders, among whom were Danby, Devonshire, and Compton, Bishop of London. The cautious prince had insisted on having this invitation in writing ; he had little faith in glowing assurances and vague promises such as had lured Monmouth to his doom.

Satisfied that English support would be really accorded, William turned seriously to naval and military preparations.

Mordaunt, we may be sure, was now in his element. The Prince had not relied on him as a judge of the situation in England, and probably had not asked much of his counsel while plans were still in a stage of secrecy—not that his honour could be in doubt, but because his zeal might outrun his discretion. Now, however, when active measures were in hand, full scope could be given to tireless energy and a resourceful mind. Burnet has put it on record that Mordaunt was the “ one whom his Highness chiefly trusted and by whose advice he governed his motions.”

These words deserve very careful attention and consideration. To my mind they form the best of all clues to the character of Mordaunt.

To begin with, the tribute of the worthy bishop is certainly genuine. Like Mordaunt he did not minimise his own importance, and there was probably a touch of jealousy between the two who

were at the side of William. But favours to Mordaunt were so marked that Burnet cannot omit mention of them. So we can accept these words as trustworthy evidence.

Now let us examine their meaning. "His Highness chiefly trusted Mordaunt." William did not give his trust lightly. He had ample opportunity in the last two years to study Mordaunt and form an opinion; he had rejected his first advice, but now, when action was required, when on that action depended the fate of England and of the beloved Holland, William governed his motions by Mordaunt's advice.

Therefore those words should be underlined and kept in memory. Mordaunt has been pelted with abuse by some critics, he has been covered with praise by fervent admirers. He has been described as a knave who stole the credit due to others for success, and left to others the blame for failure; he has even been described as a coward. There are certainly deeds on record which are the reverse of creditable; on the other hand our sympathies are not attracted by the defence put forward by his own admirers; their arguments are too biased to carry weight, their praise is often too fulsome. For my part I have no intention of painting him with a halo, but I have a liking for the rogue, and it is pleasant to keep in mind that the Prince of Orange trusted him. The Prince was a wise judge of men.

.

Though William had received valid assurances of English support, he had no intention of relying on them entirely. James had a standing army now much stronger than when it had dispersed Monmouth's untrained levies. To oppose it an invader must have at least some battalions of regulars who could form the front line while English recruits were being collected and trained. Therefore it was necessary to take Dutch troops—who, however, could not be removed from Holland without permission from the States General. The cautious burghers of Amsterdam were not likely to grant permission as long as French troops lay near their border.

James, who seemed bent on doing everything to ruin himself, again made things easy. In spite of various warnings he took this moment to quarrel with his only friend, Louis XIV, and the

French king turned his army towards the Rhine in a campaign against the German Emperor.

This cleared the last obstacle out of William's path. In a secret session of the States General he unfolded his plan and obtained the necessary permission to take Dutch troops out of the country. With much skill he collected 60 ships of war and a huge fleet of transports, numbering over 500; these were to convey his army of 4,500 cavalry and 10,000 foot.

Complete secrecy, however, is out of the question when military preparations are undertaken on a large scale. The muster of troops, the fitting out of ships, were noted and reported by French and English spies. But as long as he could maintain secrecy about the time and place of landing William did not object to vague rumours being spread in England. Hopes would be roused in some doubtful adherents, fears in others, and James, who could never profit by warnings, would probably commit some further tyranny or folly.

The warnings again went to London, and the king began to make concessions; but they were obviously due to fear, and not to any sense of justice, so they excited more contempt than gratitude. Then he committed a crowning folly in bringing from Ireland the troops which his viceroy, Tyrconnel, had been using against Protestants. To many Englishmen this was the last straw. They would have answered a rousing call to repel foreign invaders, but James would not trust Englishmen, and when they saw him relying on the Irish, and Papists at that, traditional allegiance to the throne gave way to fierce personal hatred. The Irish were at least as foreign as the Dutch, and much more savage—therefore the Dutch might turn out to be the lesser evil.

Thus, as if by magic, every obstacle was removed, and the expedition set sail.

.

The fleet left Holland on October 19, but was forced back to harbour by heavy weather. A second start was made on November 1, and this time all went well. A strong wind from the east not only helped the Dutch, but also prevented English ships from getting out of the Thames—so the voyage was free from interruption. Admiral Herbert was placed in command. The Prince

himself led the way in a frigate called the *Brill*. With him were his chief adherents and advisers, including Count Schomberg, Bentinck, Admiral Russell, Burnet—and Mordaunt.

They were not a cheery crowd. William was anxious—the fate of Holland hung in the balance. The others were depressed ; they had thrown in their lot with the Prince, and kept a common object in view, but they approached it from widely different angles.

The English were thinking of the tyranny of James, who defied the Constitution, attacked the Church, and drove them to renounce old principles and support a foreign usurper. The idea of “usurper” was, of course, very carefully concealed. William’s banner bore the strange device “I will maintain the liberties of England” ; his proclamation, already published in London, only spoke of redressing grievances ; unlike Monmouth, he made no claim to the throne. Macaulay suggests that he had not yet made up his mind, and was prepared to abide by the decision of a free English Parliament.

The idea was specious. William would call a Parliament to impose conditions on James and limit the Royal Prerogative, after which he would sail away with his Dutch troops, leaving England to her liberty. Specious enough to lull the conscience of waverers and to provide admiring historians with a proof of his unselfish magnanimity. But the beautiful idea did not appeal to those on board the *Brill*, and they would not have supported William had they believed in it. Useless to talk to them of limitations—the throne was already hedged round with them ; statute laws and the coronation oath were as strong guarantees of freedom as human ingenuity could devise, on paper, but they did not limit James. To keep him within bounds the fence must be of steel bayonets. If ever the Dutch troops left our shores James would cut off the heads of all Englishmen who sailed in the *Brill*. Therefore they intended to put William on the throne and keep him there. They knew it, the shrewd Prince knew it—but nobody could yet speak of it openly. So the solemn farce was played in solemn masks, which imposed a feeling of restraint and reserve.

The Dutchmen, on the other hand, were not abandoning any cherished principles. It was not their country that would be devastated by war ; they had never sworn allegiance to James

and had no personal grievance of their own against him. They wanted to save Holland from Louis. The Prince believed that the conquest of England would be a useful step in that direction. They might pick up a little honour and glory in the fighting—they might pick up something more substantial. All the same, they were not very confident; the Dutch troops were not numerous enough to conquer England without English help; they disliked Englishmen and distrusted their promises.

Everybody kept an anxious eye on the weather. Owing to fog the pilot of the *Brill* missed his bearings and carried them past Torbay; it was necessary to go about and come back up Channel, with a prospect of meeting the English fleet. Russell exclaimed to Burnet: "You may go to your prayers, Doctor, —all is over."

No, they were not a cheery crowd. I think William must have found it a relief to turn to Mordaunt. He at least was sanguine, heavy weather did not frighten a young sailor, heavy risks were a joy to a born gambler. He was not troubled with conscience, illusions, or fears. So the Prince kept him close at hand, and it was Mordaunt who led the van of the army when they reached shore.

But all went better than might have been expected.

On November 5 the Prince and his men disembarked safely in Torbay, and due notice was taken of the fact that the Church gives thanks every year on this day for escape from the plot of Guy Fawkes. Next day the troops were started towards Exeter, Mordaunt leading. On the 8th he summoned the city to open its gates; the magistrates were for the King, but the inhabitants showed enthusiasm for the Prince, and Mordaunt entered without resort to force. William made a triumphal entry, which was followed by various receptions and ceremonies, but the expected assistance from English gentlemen arrived very slowly. William was so disgusted that he threatened to march back to Torbay and sail for Holland.

But if the country showed little enthusiasm for William it showed none at all for James. On November 3 a courier galloped to Whitehall with news that the Dutch fleet had passed Dover on a westerly course. On the 4th at three o'clock in the morning household troops were mustered by torchlight in Hyde Park. Expresses dashed off in every direction to order all available forces on Salisbury. James, after throwing reproach on everybody in London, went to join his army on the 19th.

.

By this time several influential men were joining the Prince, and some English levies had been raised. Mordaunt commanded a regiment of horse. On the 21st William left Exeter and moved slowly forward. Small skirmishes took place between foraging parties who met by chance, but he did not want to fight a battle if it could be avoided.

Round Salisbury the royal army was assembled. Feversham nominally held command, but everybody looked to Churchill. Councils of war were held, at which James argued for fighting, others for a retreat. No decision was reached because time was spent in recriminations.

On the night of November 24, Churchill deserted to the Prince—and thereby settled the fate of England without necessity for battle or argument.

James, vowing vengeance on the traitor, retired to London. In order to gain time he sent Halifax and another lord to treat with the invader. The Queen and her infant son were smuggled away to France. James then attempted to follow them, and got as far as Sheerness, where he was stopped and roughly handled by some local fishermen. He returned to Whitehall, but when the advanced troops of the Prince began to enter Westminster he fled again—and needless to say no attempt was made to interfere.

The voluntary abdication was exactly what William wanted. He had been advancing slowly by Salisbury, Hungerford and Windsor. He still maintained the attitude of his proclamation, and made no attempt to claim the Crown—indeed it would have been folly to do so, for he had only to wait, and the Crown would be thrust upon him.

On December 12 riots broke out in London. The mob smashed the windows of the French and Spanish ambassadors. Jeffreys, though disguised, was detected, and would have been torn to pieces had he not found refuge, as a prisoner, in the Tower where so many of his victims were formerly confined. Roman Catholics were hunted. Panic reigned.

It was by this time obvious that William must assume control, if only to avoid anarchy. So, with full assent of everybody, his troops marched into London.

A Parliament * was assembled, and everything was done to keep up the pretence that it had free power to decide on the future of the realm. For many days lawyers were allowed to argue; the throne was vacant, by the abdication; the throne could never be vacant; James was still king; he had ceased to be king. Orators were allowed to produce schemes of regency and limitations. Churchmen were given time to reconcile conscience with the breakdown of Divine Right. Of course Tories had to resist whatever Whigs proposed.

For many days the Prince sat still and watched with apparent indifference. In fact he rather overplayed the part, and some legislators began to think he meant it, so there was further talk of a Regency.

Thereupon William decided to waste no more time. He collected the political leaders, and, still wearing the mask of liberator, said plainly that he would neither be Regent for James, nor would he share responsibility with his own wife. Obviously the only choice now lay between King William III and anarchy. The farce was over. On February 13, 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen—the King to wield the power.

.

Throughout the active period of the revolution Mordaunt had been untiring in his work, and was constantly at the side of William. The second Earl of Clarendon, uncle of Queen Mary, says in his diary on December 29, 1688, that he could not obtain admission to the Prince, who was shut up for a long time with

* A Parliament can only be summoned by the Crown. As William was not yet king this assembly was called a "Convention"—but it was a Parliament for all practical purposes.

Mordaunt ; on February 6 he notes that Lord Lincoln came to the House of Lords expressly to do what Mordaunt and Shrewsbury would direct. This is proof that his influence was remarked by others as well as Burnet.

In January he made a tour in the North to inspect and organise—no doubt he had received the Prince's authority to do so. It was a mission of importance, for though the South had accepted the Revolution there was still much anxiety about the more Catholic population in northern shires. He went as far as Berwick. A journey from London to the Scottish border in January, on the roads of that period, was in itself a proof of energy.

But certainly he had no reason to complain that his services went without reward. On February 14 he was admitted to the Privy Council. In March he became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. In April he was nominated Lord-Lieutenant of his own County of Northamptonshire. He received the Colonelcy of a Regiment of Foot and some other minor perquisites. And on April 9 he was created Earl of Monmouth.

The selection of this name for his title did not pass without comment. It looked as if the new King had determined that descendants of the ill-fated duke should be barred from any hope of succeeding to their hereditary honours. But though this consideration may have carried some weight, the choice was not unnatural. Through his mother Mordaunt was descended from Carey, Earl of Monmouth—the title had died out and he wished to revive it.

By that name he must henceforth be known.

CHAPTER IV

EARL OF MONMOUTH. 1689-1696

UP to this point we have seen Charles Mordaunt as the young adventurer, whose doings can only be traced from occasional notes in diaries of the day. The writers look on him as an amusing young man who showed promise of making a career, but until after the Revolution he had no great influence in the bigger events of history. Now, however, the Earl of Monmouth is a man of note, a member of the Government, taking part in all its councils and all its measures ; his influence is considerable, his activity ceaseless. His name must have been heard every day in Whitehall, in Westminster, in the coffee-houses, and even farther in the country wherever men met to talk politics. We know that he was busy with many things ; he made voyages to Holland ; he could be seen everywhere ; he had several friends and more enemies.

There are many references to him in State papers, private letters and diaries, and by patching them together a fairly complete record might be compiled. It is not my intention, however, to make a list of all the minor events of his life, rather will I concentrate on his part in the bigger affairs which form pages of history.

.

It will be seen that the next few years form the least creditable period of his life. He gradually lost all his influence with William of Orange, lost all his appointments, incurred a grave suspicion, became involved in an unsavoury scandal, and, in 1697, found himself a prisoner in the Tower. The chief blame, though perhaps not all of it, lies on his own shoulders.

Yet I believe that though his actions appear inconsistent and capricious there was a thread of consistency running all through

them. Hatred of James II was the ruling factor ; this made him an honest and whole-hearted supporter of the Revolution ; honesty made him despise and dislike the cowards who had waited till success was clearly in sight. Still more did he dislike those traitors who received office and promotion from the new King and nevertheless kept up correspondence with the King over the water at St. Germain. Finally, he was furious with William himself for employing such men—he could not understand it. He plainly said that nobody who was not a Whig should be employed in the public service. William replied coolly : “ I have done as much for your friends as I can do without danger to the State, and I will do no more.”

These words were unjust. They placed Monmouth in the greedy crowd whose only motive was to secure the fruits of victory, whereas his motive was to save the King from traitors. Injustice rankled, and the harsh rejection of well-meant advice threw him into a state of obstinate ill-humour ; everybody was wrong except himself ; he would expose the traitors and force the weak monarch to save his kingdom. This idea seems to have obsessed him, and though it had honesty as well as patriotism in the background his methods of carrying it out led certainly to folly, perhaps to something worse.

William was neither so ignorant nor so weak as his young adviser supposed ; but he held a very different point of view. His ruling factor, love of Holland, left him unconcerned regarding the men he employed as long as they helped towards his main object. He distrusted all Englishmen. Whigs had risen against James, who no doubt gave them ample excuse for rebellion ; but the fact remains that it was rebellion against an anointed king. They had renounced traditional allegiance to the throne ; and constituted themselves judges of what was good for the country ; they would support the new Government only so long as they approved of it. Tories had accepted the Revolution without a struggle ; it saved their Church ; they had no personal affection for James, but they reserved to themselves the right to revert to their former allegiance.

The Revolution saved England from despotic tyranny and strengthened Parliament. Until that was accomplished no opposition raised its head. But as soon as liberty was definitely

established every politician wanted to shape that liberty according to his own ideas of the word, and the Parliaments of the reign were quite as factious and unreasonable as those which sat in the days of Popish plots. Party feeling and personal animosities formed the real topics of debate ; legislation, finance, the state of Ireland, anything served as a peg on which to hang a quarrel. The King himself was not spared ; he had given his new subjects freedom, and they used the freedom to criticise the giver.

Factions were not confined to the Houses of Parliament—they might be found in the Privy Council and in Government offices. The King chose executive Ministers for himself, without any idea of forming an homogeneous Cabinet. Each one of them was directly responsible for his own office, which sat in a water-tight compartment. Collective responsibility did not exist, and the various officials did not make even a pretence of being political colleagues or friendly fellow-workers. If any department incurred blame, the other Ministers, so far from sharing it, were the first to find fault, and they openly accused each other.

The King himself dealt with foreign affairs, and certainly nobody could be better qualified to do so. But he maintained reserve about his plans, which irritated the English advisers.

The Lord President was Danby *—a Tory hated by the Whigs : his chief qualification was strong opposition to France.

Halifax, the Trimmer, took his seat as Lord High Chancellor. But his habit of looking at both sides of a question only delayed matters when quick and resolute action was required. William soon tired of him, and in October he gave way to Lord Atkyns.

The Earl of Nottingham (Finch) was one of the Secretaries of State, a Tory, who had supported the Divine Right as long as possible, but, when forced to accept the Revolution as an accomplished fact, he said that though his own conscience would not suffer him to give way he was glad that the consciences of other men were not so squeamish. This was the feeling of many Tories with whom Nottingham had much influence, and William wanted them all.

The other Secretary was the Duke of Shrewsbury, a Whig. Young, handsome, attractive, he enjoyed immense popularity and

*Thomas Osborne, Lord Danby, was now Marquis of Caermarthen, and later Duke of Leeds. In this and other cases I use the name best known in history.

power. But though his character stood high he was one of those who corresponded with James, and William knew it.

Monmouth himself was First Lord of the Treasury—an appointment which excited general mirth. His private affairs were not a model of high finance and his reputation for levity did not accord with the traditions of a serious department of the Government. But fortunately his duties did not deal with the Exchequer, which fell to his subordinates, Delamere and Godolphin.

The first Lordship of the Treasury was not yet equivalent to the office of Prime Minister, and did not even include full control of finance. His chief business consisted in the distribution of patronage, in which Monmouth showed honesty and discrimination. While in Holland he struck up a warm friendship with John Locke, which lasted till the death of the latter in 1704. The patron gave proof of sound judgment as well as of real affection in finding appointments for a very worthy recipient of favour. Isaac Newton was another who acknowledged Monmouth's kindness, though there is no record of what this consisted in. "The worst charge alleged against him is that he sought out for places the men most noted for Republican principles." His colleagues were not so particular.

Delamere, a strong Whig, but thoroughly corrupt, sold all the patronage at his disposal: a moody and dull personality whom Monmouth detested.

Godolphin was a trimmer without the conscience of Halifax. He devoted much expert knowledge to the duty of his office. Charles II had said of him that he was never in the way and never out of the way. His leisure hours were spent at his stud, where racehorses and gamecocks were bred.

These were the men, they cannot be called colleagues, with whom Monmouth had to deal. They disliked each other and were angry with the King, Tories because he protected Dissenters, Whigs because he protected Tories. Early in 1690 William grew so tired of their squabbles and recriminations that he proposed to retire to Holland, leaving Mary to deal as best she could with her countrymen. His threat served to restore harmony for a time, for it carried them back to the alternatives which had been presented during the first days of the Revolution, King William or anarchy. Tories and Whigs joined in begging him to stay, and

instead of going to Holland he went to take command in Ireland. At the same time he dissolved Parliament, and a general election gave Tories a distinct majority. Monmouth left the Treasury—apparently without any regret—but, as will be seen, he continued to be one of the first advisers of the Throne.

.

Affairs in Ireland certainly demanded attention. The Papists had never accepted the Revolution, and they collected several regiments under command of Tyrconnel, the viceroy of James. In 1689, Louis sent a French fleet and some officers under James himself to complete the subjugation of the Protestants, who formed a small minority. The "Orangemen" were driven to bay in Londonderry. After an heroic siege of 105 days, which reduced them to starvation, a ship smashed through the boom across the River Foyle and broke the blockade. This brought succour and hope to the hungry garrison. Tyrconnel's army fell back, and little was done on either side during the winter.

In 1690, William placed himself at the head of his army to force a definite decision. On July 12 * he dealt a crushing blow at the River Boyne. James fled back to St. Germain, and though his adherents maintained the struggle for another fifteen months they never had any chance of reversing the decision.

During the absence of William in Ireland the Queen acted as Regent, but in view of her inexperience a special Council of Nine was appointed to advise her. Monmouth was one of these councillors, and as very serious work fell on their shoulders it is necessary to discuss their action at some length.

William realised the dangers. He was leaving England in a state of seething uncertainty, and yet he must take with him most of the troops, for a failure, or even partial failure in Ireland, would be fatal. It was a gamble for high stakes, and the event showed his wisdom in deciding not to seek safety in half measures. The resolute action at this moment affords the strongest proof in all his career of wisdom based on foresight.

Once this decision had been reached, the Irish problem, though difficult, became comparatively simple, because the factors were

* The date of the battle was July 1, Old Style. It is celebrated by Orangemen on July 12.

purely military. As soon as possible James must be forced to give battle. On that battle hung the fate of William and the Revolution. In England, on the other hand, a decision by battle was the one thing to be avoided, and so the problem was much more complicated.

The country was so much divided that the Council of Nine could not be selected entirely from one party for fear of stirring up too much opposition from the other. Both sides must have representatives at the side of the Queen. Of the nine there were five Tories—Danby, Pembroke, Nottingham, Marlborough and Lowther; four Whigs—Devonshire, Dorset, Admiral Russell and Monmouth.

The selection of Monmouth seemed strange. The King had offered to take him to Ireland, but he refused: his third brother Oswald went in his place and was killed at the Boyne. It is difficult to understand the refusal, for Monmouth was generally only too eager about any prospect of adventure. Perhaps he was growing jealous of the Dutch officers, and thought that he would not be given the position for which he considered himself fit. Perhaps he saw that there was more serious danger in England, and, in an excess of vanity, believed himself to be the only man capable of averting it. At all events his refusal did not annoy the King—as is clear from the fact that he took his seat in the Council of Regency.

Before leaving London, William called the councillors together and spoke with unusual emotion:

“The Queen wants experience, but I hope that by choosing you to be her councillors, I have supplied that defect. I put my kingdom into your hands. Nothing foreign or domestic shall be kept secret from you. I implore you to be diligent and to be united.”

It cannot be said that the councillors carried out William's request. They were diligent, certainly, but by no means united, and they brought more embarrassment than comfort to the unfortunate Queen. Her letters to William show constant anxiety and distress. Soon after his departure a crisis arose which would have strained even his steady nerves, and, even worse, a case of treachery was discovered in the Council itself. Suspicion fell on Monmouth; but before dealing with his case it will be as well to look at the big crisis.

.

The King of France, like William, saw that the campaign in Ireland would be decisive, and therefore sent all the troops he could spare to the assistance of James. The prospects appeared to be by no means bad ; an immense majority of the Irish were fanatical Papists and supporters of the Stuart king ; Tyrconnel had raised troops and reported them to be good. With a stiffening of the French regulars they might be expected to stand against whatever William might bring into action. An invasion of England on a large scale could not be attempted at the same time, but a threat might be sufficient to cause a panic, perhaps to force the recall of some of William's troops from Ireland. For such a threat a naval demonstration would be sufficient.

This was a sound strategical idea and the attempt was properly timed. William must first be committed to action in Ireland, so the French waited till three weeks after his departure from London. Then Tourville led his fleet into the Channel ; after crossing from Brest to Plymouth he stood along the coast to the Isle of Wight.

The English fleet was joined by the Dutch under Evertsen. Together they were slightly inferior to the French in ships and guns, so Admiral Torrington* hesitated to engage. The Council of Regency had to consider what orders should be issued.

The question of civilian interference with naval or military commanders is always difficult, even in theory ; in practice it is complicated by personal factors, solution is never satisfactory—and often leads to disaster. In theory the man in power, be he king or minister, appoints the most expert commander, and then leaves him entirely alone, trusting in his technical skill and his knowledge of the immediate situation. An excellent theory; which holds good just so long as the commander can report success. When disaster or danger is imminent what is to be done ? A change of commander in the hour of crisis may lead to disorganisation. It is difficult to send definite orders, because orders should be based on information, and the man on the spot has better information than the man sitting in office miles away. But quite impossible to do nothing, because the man in office is

* Arthur Herbert was created Earl Torrington in 1689.

is a human being. The Nine Councillors were very human.

On one point they were agreed—that Torrington, so far from being the best commander available, was about the worst. It is true that he received his training afloat and had a record of service. As Captain Herbert of the *Cambridge* he had fought under the Duke of York, and the Duke, who was no mean judge of naval matters, evidently thought highly of him. In 1687 he was Rear Admiral of England, Master of the Robes, and drew about £4,000 a year; he represented Dover in the Commons. But he firmly refused to vote for repeal of the Test Act. In the Royal Closet, James argued and threatened, but Herbert replied that his honour and conscience would not permit him to give any pledge. "Nobody doubts your honour," said the angry King, "but a man who lives as you do ought not to talk about conscience."

"I have my faults, Sire, but I could name people who talk much more about conscience than I am in the habit of doing, and yet lead lives as loose as mine."

He was dismissed from all his places, and the account of what he had disbursed and received as Master of the Robes was scrutinised with great and, as he complained, unjust severity.

From this moment he threw himself into the plots for revolution. As already mentioned he carried to Holland the invitation of the English Whigs to William, and commanded the fleet which sailed to Torbay. Such distinguished service could not go unrewarded; he became Earl Torrington and flew his flag as Admiral of the Home Fleet.

As he admitted to James he "had his faults," and they were very much the faults of Charles II. The flagship resembled Whitehall in manners and morals; the Admiral's levée was attended by all the ships' captains every morning; beautiful ladies had quarters on board, and no attempt was made to disguise the scandal. The natural result followed; discipline did not exist; officers were absent, enjoying themselves in London; sailors were drunk in the taverns of Portsmouth. Merchant ships could not obtain protection from French privateers and were boarded within sight of Plymouth.

It cannot be supposed that William remained ignorant of this state of affairs, and we can only conjecture that he allowed it to

continue because he believed that nothing better could be expected from Englishmen. But undoubtedly on him lies the responsibility for a rotten fleet, a bad admiral, and a Council of Nine who had to deal with the situation as he left it.

The situation grew hourly more serious. A French fleet had passed the Isle of Wight, sailing up Channel. Torrington showed no signs of giving battle. Whether his caution was justifiable may be left to naval experts to decide. A disaster in the Channel would have been doubly dangerous while William and his army lay in camp across the Irish Sea. One of the first maxims in the science of war is that the main operations must not be endangered by taking risks in other directions which cannot lead to anything decisive. In this case the main operations were of course in Ireland. A victory over the French fleet, though very desirable, would not entail a victory over the army of James. On the other hand a defeat in the Channel would raise a panic which might force William to send back the whole or part of his army.

But the Councillors could only see the immediate danger, and they were furious. A letter from the Queen to her husband tells the story. "Lord Nottingham says Lord Devonshire was very angry at Lord Torrington's deferring the fight." After much discussion Russell "drew up a pretty sharp letter for me to sign, but it was softened": it contained a definite order to engage the enemy. Monmouth offered to take it to Plymouth and find a ship "with which he will join Lord Torrington, and being in a great passion swears he will never come back again if they do not fight."

After obtaining the Queen's authority, Monmouth hurried off, taking with him his secretary, Major Wildman, and Admiral Russell. But before they could join the fleet Lord Torrington had fought the enemy at Beachy Head and was retreating into the Thames. So they came back in haste and the Council assembled to face the situation. By good fortune, however, further action was not called for; three days after the battle news arrived of the victory of the Boyne and all doubts and fears were forgotten in the hour of rejoicing.

.

The battle of the Boyne was not such a glorious affair as some

writers have described. William had about 35,000 troops, of various nationalities, nearly all well-trained and disciplined. Organisation and supplies were good; for those days wonderfully good.

The other side consisted of 10,000 French troops, of fair quality, and a very indefinite number of Irish, say 20,000, among whom were a few squadrons of good cavalry. The infantry were a mob, untrained, unorganised, without supplies or equipment; the necessity of looting in order to live had destroyed all ideas of discipline; they were considerably worse than useless.

Whatever James may have thought of this rabble, and however hopeless his situation appeared, he could not avoid battle, for it would be fatal to surrender Dublin without a blow. There was always a chance that the Prince of Orange might be killed by a stray shot.

The road from the north crosses the River Boyne thirty miles from Dublin, and affords a good position for defence. There James stood, and there William attacked, fording the waist-deep current.

Most of the Irish foot soldiers fled in panic without firing a shot. The cavalry put up a gallant fight till overpowered by numbers. French troops, who had been held in reserve, saw the battle was lost beyond repair, so contented themselves with covering the retreat. Next day they marched into Dublin in good order. Much has been written about the desperate nature of the hand to hand struggle, but James lost only 1,500 men, nearly all cavalry, and William's casualties were under 500, so there was evidently more noise than blood.

Nevertheless the battle of the Boyne, July 12, 1690 was one of the most decisive in English history. The brain staggers in trying to think what might have been the results of a victory for James.

In one respect, however, victory or defeat made little difference. James ruined himself finally and irretrievably in the eyes of England by relying on French troops and a French fleet. It identified the House of Stuart with the House of Bourbon. A victory, so far from securing supporters in England, as James fondly expected, would only have roused the country to a paroxysm of rage. In fact the futile attempt was another, though not

the last, of the many follies of James, which gave William popularity he would never have won for himself.

The news reached London while Tourville was still in the Channel ; instead of pressing his advantage he turned back along the coast and landed some troops who burnt the little village of Teignmouth. Then, seeing English forces gathering against him, he re-embarked his raiding-party and sailed away.

The danger was over. Again we can leave it to naval experts to decide whether Torrington might have done more than he did. At Beachy Head the Dutch fleet suffered heavily in comparison with ours, and, though this may have resulted from accidents of wind and weather, they threw the blame on the English Admiral and accused him of having sacrificed their ships to save his own. The undeniable fact was that the English fleet had withdrawn into the Thames. This left a feeling of shame in the nation which naturally found vent in abuse of Torrington.

An Admiral who spends his time between women and claret cannot expect sympathy after a failure. Indignation blazed so high that it was evident he must be brought to trial. Fortunately for him some months were spent in discussing legal formalities, and when he was taken from the Tower and sent before a court-martial the indignation had fizzled out and was warming up again on the other side. The Dutch had been expressing their views too freely ; we might blame Torrington ourselves, but no British Court would shoot a British Admiral to gratify the spite of the Dutch. The Court assembled at Sheerness in December. A Dutch Rear-Admiral undertook the prosecution but spoilt his case by accusing the judges of partiality, in which he was probably quite correct but certainly very foolish. Torrington was found not guilty, but William dismissed him from the service.

.

As we have seen, there was plenty to be done in the Council while news was coming in from Ireland, Dover, and Teignmouth, and another matter had been before it which concerned Monmouth more closely. This was the mysterious case of the "lemon letters" which has never been cleared up. Letters were intercepted, written in lemon juice, which only becomes visible under the application of heat. They were addressed to

M. Coutenay at Amsterdam, and gave details which could only be known to one of the Nine. The first was discovered just before the King's departure, and after that several followed.

Suspicion fell upon Monmouth, though no evidence has ever been produced in support of it. But the Queen evidently shared it, as may be seen from her letters to William. She says she had consented to the mission to the fleet partly in order to get rid of his embarrassing presence at Whitehall. And her suspicions received confirmation from the fact that during his absence the letters stopped, or at least escaped detection. No doubt she took her views from Danby, who was more intimate with her than the others. There is a letter from him to William in which he expresses suspicion, but suggests that Monmouth concocted the correspondence with the design that it should be detected and attributed to one or another of the Councillors whom the Earl believed to be in communication with St. Germain.

Danby was not a fool ; he knew his colleagues, he knew what was going on in the Council, and therefore his opinion cannot be lightly dismissed. All the same it is difficult to believe that Monmouth could have been guilty of so very foolish a crime. He believed that treachery existed, and he was persistent in efforts to expose the traitors, but that can be no excuse for the crime of concocting false evidence ; and the folly would lie in rousing suspicions which were almost certain to fall on himself.

A more plausible theory is that the author was Wildman, the secretary. Again there is no evidence, but the motive and probability are much stronger. Wildman was a veteran plotter, without scruples. He of course knew the hours at which Monmouth attended the Council. Some of the decisions, though not yet published, would soon be public property ; quite possibly the Earl may have said something about them without meaning to betray important or confidential information. For instance, a secret meeting decided that he should go to the fleet ; in a few days everybody would know that he had gone somewhere, there could be little harm in telling his secretary to make arrangements for the journey. By patching together such fragments Wildman would be able to produce a letter which to all appearances must have been written by one of the Nine. This letter, though really harmless, would be sufficiently interesting to command a price

from the agents of Louis and James ; it would also raise his own importance in their eyes.

But if Monmouth knew that Wildman was doing anything of this sort it was a foul crime to suggest to the Queen suspicions against innocent people. After his return to London the Queen wrote to William :

“ I had a conversation with Lord Monmouth the other morning in which he said : ‘ What a misfortune it was that things went thus ill, which was certainly the fault of those that were in trust. And to speak plain,’ said he, ‘ do you not see how all you do is known ; that what is said one day in the Cabinet Council is wrote next day to France ? For my part,’ added he, ‘ I must speak plainly. I have a great deal of reason to esteem Lord Nottingham. I don’t believe ’tis he, but ’tis someone in his office; and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwith.”

The attempt to throw suspicion on Blaithwith was infamous if Monmouth knew him to be innocent.

In weighing the probabilities it would be very helpful to know what William himself thought : he had a closer acquaintance with the unruly Councillor than either Danby or the Queen : he also had better information about correspondence which was going on with France. But unfortunately no trace can be found of any opinion on the lemon letters in anything that William wrote. Monmouth’s admirers have made much of the fact that the King continued to show trust, and took him as companion on a journey to Holland. Much weight cannot be laid on this, for William showed confidence in several of his Ministers, knowing very well that it was not deserved. It is even possible that he knew who was the real author of the letters, but preferred not to say anything.

To sum up—the charge is that Monmouth wrote the letters or knew about them ; he lied in denying knowledge ; he threw out false suggestions against others in order to screen his crime. He is either guilty, terribly guilty, or entirely innocent. There is no direct evidence and our verdict must be based on probabilities. I pin my faith to Burnet’s words, already quoted : “ Monmouth was the man chiefly trusted.” Whatever William’s opinion may have been later on that was his opinion in 1688. And I find it impossible to believe that a man of whom these words were

spoken could have sunk so low as a verdict of guilty would imply.

At the same time it must be admitted that the suspicions were not altogether unnatural. The Queen's letters show that he was cantankerous, excitable, and suspicious of other people ; he was not helpful. The justification of his conduct is that he had taken alarm at the state of the nation. A general election in March 1690 had sent a Tory majority to the Commons, and evidently Monmouth regarded this as a potential danger. While there were French ships in the Channel and conspiracies at home, and while William himself was in Ireland, there might be danger of a *coup d'état*. Probably this accounts for the following letter from the Queen to William :

" I had yesterday an offer made me of £200,000 to be lent upon a note under my hand, that it should be paid as soon as the Parliament gave the money, but it was only on this condition, that the Parliament should be dissolved. I told Lord Monmouth, who made the proposition, that it was a thing I could not promise, it being of that consequence, that though all the lords of the Great Council should unanimously agree to it, yet I would not venture upon it without knowing your pleasure. He said many extraordinary things in his discourse which I reserve to tell you."

Nobody has attempted to account for this letter, which stands by itself. Monmouth could not have been representing the Nine, for five of them were Tories who would certainly have objected to a dissolution. I suggest that he was the mouthpiece of some City merchants ; they were nearly all staunch Whigs and, like him, dreaded the Tory majority. They hoped that the unpopularity of James, in allying himself with France, would inflame the patriotism of England, and a fresh election would give the Whigs a sweeping majority. This would consolidate the Revolution, which seemed to be tottering. The merchants could provide the money and thus insure themselves. Monmouth, who had friends in the City, was asked to approach the Queen. But nothing came of it.

There is another justification. If he gave the perplexed lady little peace, he was at least outspoken and concealed nothing. He constantly demanded audience, warned her of dangers, proposed expedients and safeguards. Perhaps William, who realised the danger better than she did, was glad to feel that she

had at her side at least one whole-hearted opponent of James.

.

Late in 1690, William came back from Ireland and the Council of Nine was dissolved. In January, Monmouth accompanied him on a short visit to Holland, and then spent some weeks in Jersey and Guernsey, arranging the defences of those islands. Again he went to Holland in the summer, and no doubt passed some time in William's camp.

The campaign of 1691 in Flanders was indecisive. William commanded the Allied Forces which faced the French under Marshal Luxemburg. No important action took place. The armies marched and counter-marched within striking distance of each other, but neither commander would fight except at an advantage—and no advantage presented itself to either. Luxemburg took Mons, one of the many fortresses on the frontier; both sides then went into winter quarters, and William returned to London.

Next summer and every summer up to the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, the campaign in Flanders dragged out its weary course in much the same way without any definite decision. In 1692 William lost Namur and sustained a heavy defeat at Steinkirk. In 1693, Luxemburg drove him out of a strong position at Landen. Namur was retaken in 1695.

William was the general of whom it has been said that "he never won a battle, except the Boyne, and never lost an army." His inflexible determination sustained him through many hours of defeat.

But though the war on land brought no satisfactory results, the battle of La Hogue wiped out unpleasant memories of Beachy Head and gave us command of the sea. The victory was all the more acceptable because in many quarters it had not been expected. Admiral Russell was in command of the Home Fleet, having succeeded Torrington. There was a strong suspicion that he was in correspondence with St. Germain, and the King had been implored to remove him from so important a post. History has since proved that Russell had actually given pledges to a Jacobite agent. In addition to the Admiral the loyalty of the whole fleet could not be regarded as altogether reliable. The

battle of Beachy Head left feelings of bitterness against our Dutch allies, which were carefully fomented by the adherents of the Stuarts ; James himself believed that Russell, with his captains and sailors, would desert the usurper and declare for their former King. But hatred for the French kept them true to William, and a special appeal from Queen Mary spurred them to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm and valour.

Tourville, though weaker in numbers, trusted to the assurances of James, and on sighting the English fleet near Cape La Hogue he at once attacked. After five hours hard fighting the French tried to haul off and take refuge in their harbours. But even in shallow water and under protection of their shore batteries they could not shake off the pursuers, who for four days persisted in hunting them. Boat parties boarded ships and burnt them under the eyes of James himself, who sat on the hills above La Hogue with a large French army, and watched the destruction of his hopes. The French lost sixteen battleships of the line, and Louis gave up any further ideas of invasion.

.

Monmouth took no part in the operations either on land or sea. The statement that he commanded the Horse Guards at Steinkirk has been proved to be incorrect. There can be little doubt that he might have seen service had he wished to do so, for when William took him to Holland it was probably with the intention of employing him in the field. Since the days of Henry VIII no English army had been in camp on the Continent, but the opportunities presented by the war against France attracted many of the young nobles to the colours. As the movements of troops were confined to a very small area the usual difficulties of transport gave little trouble, and even junior officers travelled with a retinue of servants and a large amount of baggage.

It is strange that Monmouth refused the chance which the campaign seemed to offer. Perhaps he was not given the position to which he considered his services entitled him.

There is just a possibility that his motive may have been a higher one, and that, as before, he saw the danger in England. If so, he must be given credit for very considerable knowledge and

shrewdness, because the danger did actually exist, though much of it remained unsuspected.

.

The battles of the Boyne and La Hogue dispelled all fears of an immediate invasion. And so, as is the habit of Englishmen when foreign politics appear calm, we turned to domestic grievances. The big grievance was now against the Dutch.

Macaulay has shown, at great length, the benefits which William of Orange conferred on England—liberty, toleration, a constitution ; history shows those benefits in their true light. But at the time, while accepting the gifts, we did not love the giver. We had greeted him as a deliverer, and yet, though gratitude was due for the deliverance, it was felt that our debts had been very fully repaid.

William received the crowns of three kingdoms ; money was voted for his wars ; English troops crossed the Channel to defend Holland—what more could the hook-nosed little Dutchman want ? Surely some gratitude might have been expected from him ; he might at least have made a pretence of affection for his English home and his English subjects. But this he could not or would not do. His home was in Holland. Whenever an excuse could be found for going there he rushed off with unconcealed joy ; when a return to London became necessary he regarded it as a return to prison, with unconcealed disgust.

Though he could not avoid employing English officials, the secrets of the Royal Closet went no further than the inner circle of Dutch friends. He brought Dutch troops to form his body-guard. When he got drunk his boon companions were Dutchmen. Even his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, had come over from Holland to receive a Scotch title and be enriched with Irish estates. Other estates, titles, and pensions were showered on the foreign Ministers and officers who swarmed in the palaces of Whitehall and Kensington. To give the devil his due, William was a Protestant and enjoyed hunting, but if he did not mend his manners we would have to see about it.

Such was the opinion of the coffee-houses. And even now it seems surprising that the brilliant diplomat, who could cajole envoys from Rome, or Vienna, or Madrid, into his alliance, never

even made an attempt to win the hearts of subjects who had once flocked so willingly to greet him. For thirteen years he reigned, but if James had possessed one spark of the common sense and graciousness of his brother Charles a second restoration of the Stuarts would have been as easy as the first.

Many shrewd observers expected that restoration, and began to prepare themselves for it. Historians have proved that Marlborough, Shrewsbury, Godolphin and Admiral Russell all offered their services to St. Germain.

But after the battle of La Hogue the plotters had to be cautious, and they confined themselves to a political intrigue on strictly constitutional lines. The plan was to induce Parliament to present an address requesting that all foreigners should be dismissed from the service of Their Majesties. The idea was distinctly clever, for without implying any sympathy for the Stuarts it appealed to national pride and dislike of the Dutch. A vote for such a motion would not amount to anything like treason, in fact every member of both Houses could support it without any qualms of conscience. And yet such a motion, if carried, would be more fatal to William than any number of French troops in England. He could not dismiss his Dutchmen, first, because he trusted nobody else, and second, because it would be too humiliating to give way to a blow obviously aimed at himself. But if he did not yield it would be open war between King and Parliament, with all the feelings of the nation against the King. And, in the event of civil war, Marlborough, who had once carried the army over to William's side, would be able to carry it away again.

The plot was betrayed by some of the Jacobites themselves. Marlborough was in their eyes the blackest of traitors, and though he had made humble protestations of repentance and declared his willingness to serve James, no confidence was felt in his promises. He might dethrone William, but would he restore James?

His wife had complete influence over the Princess Anne, also over her own husband, so the ambitious Countess might decide the destiny of England and place the Princess on the throne.

For the Jacobites and Jesuits this solution would be the worst of all, and sooner than trust Marlborough they betrayed him.

On this occasion William could not afford to ignore the treason. Marlborough was not a timid waverer like some of the others who

merely wanted to secure themselves in the event of a return of James; he was a bold and active plotter, too powerful to be despised. In spite of tearful appeals from the Princess Anne he was deprived of all his offices.

The reason for Marlborough's disgrace was not made public, though rumour of course gave many reasons. Very likely Monmouth never knew any details. But the plot is worth noting because much has been revealed, by the research of historians, about this and other plots against William, yet Monmouth's name never appears in connexion with any of them. From this fact it is fair to assume that he remained consistent, and even in his bitterest humours he was not tempted to join William's enemies.

At the same time he shared the general dissatisfaction, and took up an attitude in Parliament which finally estranged him from the Court. In December 1692 a motion was brought forward for a committee to inquire into the management of public affairs; this meant an attack on the military administration, which William regarded as an attack on himself. The motion was rejected, but eighteen peers, among them Monmouth, signed a protest.

The King showed no open resentment, and during the next few years he seems to have treated the perverse young man with extraordinary forbearance. Several times Monmouth appeared bent on a quarrel, and took in Parliament a line which he knew would be most distasteful to William.

In 1692 a Bill had been passed to limit the life of any Parliament to three years. William exercised his right of veto. In December 1693, Monmouth introduced the same Bill again. This was open defiance to the royal wishes, so much so that the King could not ignore it. Monmouth was suspended from duty in the Bedchamber and the Privy Council, and was deprived of his regiment. But even in this case William softened the blow, for the colonelcy was handed on to a younger brother, Captain Henry Mordaunt, who afterwards rose to be a Lieutenant-General and Treasurer of the Ordnance.

This clemency shows that while the King felt bound to administer an official reprimand he did not mean to convey any personal ill-feeling. Further proofs of goodwill are seen in the fact that during 1695 Monmouth attended the Bedchamber on at

least a few occasions, and accompanied his Majesty on a royal progress in the northern counties.

But throughout these years Monmouth never lost sight of the one object on which he had set his heart, to unmask the traitors. In 1696 an opportunity seemed to present itself for complete triumph : this arose from the celebrated Fenwick case.

CHAPTER V

THE FENWICK CASE. 1696

THE Jacobites continued their plots. The death of Queen Mary in 1694 left William on the throne by himself, and many Englishmen who had restrained their ill-humour out of respect for the young Queen began to show opposition to the Court. James still believed the nation to be ready to welcome his return, and his agents displayed much activity.

The conspiracy which now came to light bears resemblance in many respects to the Rye House plot of 1683, that is to say there was a wide scheme for a general rising and at the same time a smaller but more definite plot for assassination. Both attempts were betrayed by informers and were followed by numerous trials and executions.

The larger scheme was in the hands of the Duke of Berwick. This son of James II and Arabella Churchill is generally regarded as the most capable of all those who inherited blood from the Stuarts. As a commander in the field he gave many proofs of cool determination and courage. He had too much sense to be carried away by noisy protestations and vague promises. He was too wise to share the optimism of his father, too honest to make false reports. He came over to England, and after visiting leading Jacobites in various shires, found a number of people ready for revolt; these were of course mostly Papists, but there were others who from hatred of the Dutch or from personal grievances were prepared to throw over William of Orange. Berwick was authorised to assure them that a force was being collected at Calais, and, as soon as rebellion broke out in England, James would appear at the head of 12,000 French troops. This promise, however, was not sufficient. The Jacobites were wise enough to see that without support of even a single disciplined

regiment they would certainly share the fate of the Duke of Monmouth's untrained levies. Louis, on the other hand, was not willing to risk his army until the English were fully committed to rebellion. Promises of ready support had been given in 1690, but when Tourville raided Devonshire not one rebel joined him; promises had been made again in 1692, but the battle of La Hogue had shown them to be worthless. Troops were collected at Calais to await the report of Berwick, and James had left St. Germain's to take command. But the Duke arrived with the depressing news that his mission had failed and there would be no rising in England till the invaders had actually crossed the Channel.

One hope still remained. The plot for assassination was ripe. Though Berwick took no part in arranging the details he kept in touch with the leaders. If William could be killed the throne would be vacant, the army would be left without a head; amid the inevitable excitement and confusion the Jacobites might take heart and raise a standard for King James. Everything therefore depended on the result of the assassination plot.

The details were arranged by Sir George Barclay, a Scotch Jacobite. He received from James a large sum of money and a commission to do "such acts against the Prince of Orange as should most conduce to the service of the King." Whether he actually discussed assassination before starting remains obscure, but he thoroughly understood that his mission was to make an attempt on the life of William.

With the utmost secrecy Barclay arrived in London and talked over his plans with Sir William Parkyns, Sir John Friend and Sir John Fenwick. A band was enlisted of about forty desperadoes, of whom the leaders were Charnock, Porter, and Goodman. The design was to lay an ambush for King William as he returned from hunting in Richmond Park. The actual spot was carefully chosen in a lane near Turnham Green, on the way from Kingston ferry to Kensington Palace. As a rule twenty-five troopers of the Blues escorted the royal coach. Trusting to the advantages of a sudden and unexpected assault Charnock's men would rush the Guards and murder William. February 15 was selected for the deed.

On the evening of the 14th, the plot was disclosed to Portland by

a Roman Catholic called Prendergast. This gentleman was a well-known Jacobite, and had been called up by Porter as a likely recruit, but when the plot was revealed he was horrified at the idea of assassination and decided to save the King.

The hunting expedition was postponed. The conspirators waited in hopes of carrying out their scheme a week later. Then they were arrested.

As usually happens in such cases, several of the worst characters offered to give evidence against their comrades, in the hope of saving their own necks. Porter and Goodman, though most guilty, were also the best informed, so the Government decided to make use of them. Their evidence, together with that of Prendergast, quite sufficed to establish all the details of the plot. First Charnock and some of the band were tried and executed, then Friend and Parkyns.

At the same time as this disclosure there sprang up rumours about the wider conspiracy; reports came in of troops and transports at Calais. Once more the two words "invasion" and "assassination" rang through the country and roused Englishmen to frenzy. From all sides expressions of loyalty poured in. The Houses voted a joint address, and in the Commons an association was formed for defence of King and Country. This association soon spread, and thousands in every shire signed themselves as members. It recognised William as "rightful and lawful King."

In the Upper Chamber, however, some peers at first demurred. Nottingham, conscientious as ever, declared that he could not assent to those words "rightful and lawful"; he held that a Prince who received the crown not by birthright but by gift could not properly be so described.

"No man," he said, "has served or will serve his Majesty more faithfully than I, but to this document I cannot set my hand."

Monmouth was foremost among those who took the other side. It is said that his speech lasted for two hours and showed much earnestness. After a furious debate the matter was compromised by declaring that William had the right by law to the English Crown, and this seems to have satisfied everybody.

The attitude of Monmouth affords another proof of his loyalty

to the throne while he continued his attempts to force the hand of William. These attempts now took a form with serious results to himself.

For several months Sir John Fenwick evaded arrest. He was the most highly-placed of all the conspirators, of good family, and his wife was an aunt of the Earl of Carlisle. In the late reign Fenwick had been a favourite at Whitehall, and he still had a reputation as the most violent and daring of Jacobites. There was no concealment of his antagonism to William, and on one occasion it gained for him notoriety. When the news of the fall of Mons reached London in 1691 the Jacobites hailed it as the first step in the victory of Louis and were loud in their joy ; Fenwick deliberately put himself in the way of the Queen while she walked in the Park, and, when others uncovered and bowed low, he gave her a rude stare and cocked his hat in her face. The incident was duly reported to William, who could not take action against the offender, but did not forget the offence.

Statements by Porter and Goodman showed Fenwick to have been in close touch with their plot, and there could be little doubt that he knew all about the wider conspiracy. Consequently he was the one man whose arrest appeared necessary.

His guilt was so obvious that his friends decided to resort to the old device of getting rid of witnesses ; they offered a large bribe to Porter on condition that he left the country, but after pocketing the first instalment of £300 he gave information and remained in England. Fenwick then made desperate efforts to escape to France, and for some time was hidden in the Romney Marshes. At last, in October 1696, he was arrested and brought to London.

His one remaining chance was to make a confession, and yet he did not want to betray his friends. So he drew up a statement which implicated only those whom he regarded as false Jacobites ; Marlborough had promised to carry over the army to James, and Russell to carry over the fleet ; Godolphin and Shrewsbury had been in correspondence with St. Germain. As none of these men had carried out their promises, Fenwick,

who at least remained true to his colours, regarded them as false Jacobites and believed their ruin would be a real advantage to the cause of James.

This statement was sent to the King, who had reason to know that it contained a good deal of truth ; he was determined, however, to shut his eyes. The traitors were false to him, false to James, but would remain true to their own interests. In the present state of public feeling in England they would not give up good positions for the very shadowy promises held out from St. Germain's ; they were useful and carried weight, therefore they could not be disgraced.

Fenwick was told by William himself that the statement was a contrivance intended to screen the real conspirators and to raise suspicions which were supported by no evidence. He must reveal the names of the actual plotters or stand his trial. But Fenwick remained firm. His wife had succeeded in bribing Goodman, who was now safely out of the country. Relying on this, Fenwick refused to make any further confession, and was taken back to prison.

The disappearance of Goodman raised a sensation. There could be no doubt about the law that two witnesses are necessary to prove high treason, and the law would have to let Fenwick go free. Yet, as a leading Jacobite, he was the most guilty of all the conspirators ; the case against him could not be clearer ; he had aggravated it by throwing charges against men in high places, and finally he had committed a fresh crime, bribery of a witness, in order to evade punishment for the original crime. Such guilt must not be allowed to go unpunished.

The Whigs resolved to have a discussion in the Commons, and it is amusing to note that Russell was the member selected to introduce the motion. Since his victory at La Hogue the Admiral had realised that the cause of James was hopeless, and that he had in any case nothing to expect but enmity from the Jacobites ; he had therefore become a firm adherent of William. He knew as well as anyone could know that some of Fenwick's accusations were perfectly true, but if the King meant to reject them Russell could help the King, and incidentally himself, by putting on a bold face. He even had the face to demand justice.

Fenwick was brought to the bar of the House and solemnly

adjured to make a true confession. He refused, and again went back to prison.

Finally the Commons decided to proceed against him by Bill of Attainder. This raised another point of law—was it just, was it prudent for Parliament to condemn a man whom the Law Courts of England would acquit? This question was furiously debated for many days, and several members who had no doubt about Fenwick's guilt voted against a Bill which they considered unconstitutional. In the end it was passed and carried up to the Lords.

This was Monmouth's opportunity. For some years he had been collecting information which led him to believe that Fenwick's accusations were true. As early as 1690 a zealous young Jacobite, by name Crone, had been convicted of bringing papers over from France to the malcontents. By making a confession he had saved his life, but the confession could not be supported by other evidence, so no further action was taken at the time. Again, after Fenwick's arrest a youth called Matthew Smith brought some rather vague information, which helped to confirm the suspicions that Monmouth had been forming. Fenwick's accusations were likewise unsupported by evidence, but Monmouth thought he saw a way in which proofs might be extracted from the most unwilling witnesses.

Through very secret channels papers were conveyed to the prisoner containing suggestions for his defence. First, to call as witnesses Portland and Romney, the two most confidential advisers of the King. Then to ask them to declare on oath whether they had any information on the subject of Fenwick's accusations; why had Marlborough been disgraced so suddenly in 1692? Had any letters been intercepted between Godolphin and St. Germain's? As the Peers had decided to try a man for his life they must allow him the usual rights, which every prisoner owns, to produce what evidence he can in self-defence.

If Fenwick had adopted this line with any success it would have brought disgrace on leading men of both parties. Further than that, it would have shown that for some years William and Portland had been shielding and employing men whom they knew to be traitors—in fact the whole political situation would have been thrown into hopeless confusion.

It would be very interesting to know what lay at the depths of Monmouth's mind at this moment : perhaps he scarcely knew himself. Sheer love of truth was of course the ostensible motive—and certainly the Revolution, however well meant, had resulted in a state of affairs which could only be regarded with disgust by any man of ordinary honesty. From top to bottom the political fabric was a hollow mockery, propped up by high-flown sentiments. The King and Portland employed and shielded traitors. The Whigs talked loud about the Constitution, but their leaders were prepared to revert to the tyranny of James. Tories talked big about Divine Right, but wanted to establish it by force of French arms. Every Minister was enriching himself by the sale of patronage. Nearly every member of Parliament had paid a price for his seat. Monmouth may have persuaded himself that his only motive was sheer love of truth. But people often persuade themselves in this way when they want to air their own grievances—and for years he had been nursing grievances. He had been the first to suggest the Revolution ; he had led the van from Torbay to Salisbury, ready to stake his life for William ; he had never swerved from loyalty to the Prince of Orange, but traitors and deserters like Marlborough and Godolphin got the big rewards, while foreigners like Portland and Keppel were the trusted friends. He must have known, however, that his present design would not mend matters for himself ; he might pull down the rotten house on the heads of the Philistines, but could hardly escape from the ruin. King William, King James, Whigs, Tories, Jacobites—all would resent the exposure of truth, and no one would be left to pay homage to the incorruptible hero who had brought it to light.

Sheer love of truth, hatred of traitors, resentment at ingratitude—all very possible factors. And there is yet another which cannot be left out of account—sheer love of notoriety and sensation. The suggestions to Fenwick had been conveyed with the utmost secrecy, and it must for ever remain doubtful whether Monmouth intended to reveal himself as the instigator. There is no doubt, however, that he loved sensation and notoriety and if his plan had been carried through there would have been plenty of both. Such a scandal would have provided the coffee-houses with a mixture of fact and fiction almost inexhaustible in

quantity and of the choicest flavour. The Courts of Europe would swallow every detail. Historians of the future would chew and digest it.

Love of notoriety is a very human temptation, and if that was what Monmouth wanted he got his desire—though not in the way he expected it.

For my own part I am inclined to think that what really spurred him to action was Russell's demand for justice. Russell, of all people. Russell, who had played the traitor himself, and now played the hypocrite and liar. Well, if he demanded justice Monmouth would see that he got it. And so without further thought about the consequences, the hotheaded reformer rushed on Fate.

The suggestions to Fenwick were distinctly ingenious, but the prisoner was wise enough to see that they would be of little use to him in the present circumstances. In a Court of Law certainly their value would be great; the truth would be carefully sifted; he might get off on some legal quibble; it was even possible that the Government, sooner than face exposure, would find some excuse to hush up the proceedings and connive at his escape. But a Bill of Attainder is a very different thing, in which politics as well as evidence must be taken into account. Extreme Whigs were determined to convict—which was in itself a good reason for extreme Tories to vote for an acquittal. Between the extremes were several who still wanted to keep on terms with St. Germain's—they also would vote for acquittal, giving as reason that they objected on principle to a Bill of Attainder. Besides which, every man has a natural repugnance to pronouncing a death sentence, and some lords would grasp at any excuse to vote against the Bill. Much would depend on the temper of the House, and Fenwick saw that his best chance lay in conciliating his judges. Accusations against some of themselves would not be conciliatory, and if the accusations were proved they might even make matters worse.

The prisoner was brought before the House and asked again whether he had any further confession to make. Monmouth could not believe that his suggestions had been rejected; in a friendly manner he put several questions intended to bring out the answers he expected, but, to his disgust and surprise, Fenwick refused to say a word.

After this it appears that Monmouth saw no further reason to help him ; he was undoubtedly guilty of treason, and if he would not save himself he must suffer the penalty. The rejection of well-meant advice threw the adviser into a state of disappointment and indignation. From this moment he turned completely round and in several speeches supported the Bill.

The debates lasted for many days and severely taxed the strength of some elderly peers who were obliged to sit through them. The attendance was greater than had ever been seen before in the Upper Chamber ; out of 140 Lords no fewer than 129 were in their places. Rochester, Nottingham, Danby and other Tories led the opposition, and the moderates were inclined to reduce the penalty from death to imprisonment. But Whigs were firm ; the Bill passed its final reading by 68 votes to 61 ; the Royal Assent was pronounced, though desperate efforts were made by Lady Mary Fenwick and others to secure a pardon.

On January 28, 1697, Fenwick was executed on Tower Hill. No person since that day has suffered death in England by Act of Attainder.

.

For Monmouth the consequences were yet to come. In assuming that Fenwick would adopt his suggestions he made his first mistake, and the second was in turning round to speak in favour of the Bill—for he forgot or disregarded the channel through which the suggestions were conveyed to Fenwick's cell. Direct communication with the prisoner was impossible, and the papers had to be sent through more than one agent.

The first agent was the Duchess of Norfolk, a daughter of the second Earl of Peterborough, and first cousin to Monmouth. Her gallantries were notorious ; she was separated from her husband and lived with Sir John Germaine, whom she afterwards married. Some years earlier the Duke had tried to persuade his brother nobles to pass a Bill for dissolving his marriage, but the attempt had been defeated, chiefly by the zeal of Monmouth in defending his cousin. The Duchess maintained friendship with Lady Mary Fenwick, also with a Mrs. Elizabeth Lawson, a relation of Lady Mary. The papers had been handed to the Duchess, then on to

Lady Mary, who passed them to her husband. All three of them took it for granted that Monmouth was friendly to the prisoner and would do everything to secure an acquittal.

But when Monmouth turned round and spoke in favour of the Bill the unhappy wife naturally looked on his conduct as cruel perfidy, and resolved to expose and ruin the traitor. Revenge is sweet, and the means of revenge lay in her hands. Before the final condemnation of Fenwick, the papers received from Monmouth were handed to the Earl of Carlisle, who produced them in the House of Lords.

An outburst of rage broke forth from every side. Whigs were furious that Monmouth had secretly worked to expose Shrewsbury and Russell, two of their most powerful leaders. Tories cried out on the treachery to Fenwick and his wife.

The papers were not in Monmouth's own handwriting, but a certain Mrs. Symons gave evidence that she had been employed to make the copy. Lady Mary declared on oath that she received them from the Duchess, who declared she received them from Monmouth. Their evidence was confirmed by Mrs. Lawson, who said she heard, from an adjoining room, a conversation between these two ladies and Monmouth. All three added remarks which Monmouth had made in their hearing, disrespectful remarks about the King's baseness in pretending not to believe the accusations against Shrewsbury and Russell.

Lord Wharton's diary has a note that "the Duchess seemed to turn the matter as much to the advantage of my Lord Monmouth as she well could"—but her evidence clearly showed that the papers had come from him. Further on Wharton says: "Monmouth behaved with more disturbance of mind than it was thought he could be capable of."

On January 9, Monmouth was heard in his defence. According to the official journals of the House of Lords the line he took was not convincing, though his speech lasted three hours. He boasted of services and sacrifices, of the great part he had borne in the Revolution; he had refused high places and held lucre in contempt.

"I have bought no estate, I have built no palace. I am twenty thousand pounds poorer than when I entered public life. My old hereditary mansion is ready to fall about my ears. Who that

remembers what I have done and suffered for his Majesty will believe that I would speak disrespectfully of him ? ”

So far there may have been truth, though it was not calculated to appease those Lords against whom it conveyed insinuations of corruption.

But Monmouth went much further. He solemnly declared that he had nothing to do with the papers ; the Papists hated him and had laid a scheme against him ; his ungrateful kinswoman had consented to be their implement and had requited the strenuous efforts he had made in her defence by trying to blast his life.

He ended by offering to withdraw from the House while his case was under consideration.

After some moments of silence Danby rose. “ It is quite unnecessary that the noble Earl should withdraw at present. The question which we now have to decide is merely whether those papers do or do not deserve our censure. Who wrote them is a question which may be considered hereafter.”

This was a clever tactical move on the party of Danby. The papers did not contain anything really criminal or anything that tended to pervert the course of justice, but there was by implication a charge against persons in high places—a charge unsupported by evidence ; also there was an attempt to defend Fenwick, about whose guilt no doubts existed. Therefore Danby saw that the Lords could not refuse to convey censure. Even Monmouth himself, after denying authorship, dare not suggest that they were entirely harmless.

It was moved that the papers were scandalous, and that the author had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour. Monmouth, by these dexterous tactics, was forced to join in condemning his own compositions. The motion passed without dissent.

Then the House proceeded to consider whether he was actually the author.

The character of the Duchess did not stand high, but her husband said with obvious sarcasm that he believed her evidence :

“ My Lord Monmouth thought her good enough to be wife to me ; and, if she is good enough to be wife to me, I am sure she is good enough to be a witness against him,”

The circumstantial evidence supported her, and out of eighty Peers in the House only about ten were inclined to show any favour to Monmouth. He was pronounced guilty and committed to the Tower; as a consequence his name was struck out of the Privy Council and he forfeited all his appointments.

He had disclaimed all knowledge of the papers, but there can be little doubt of his guilt. An overwhelming majority of the Lords condemned him, and whatever their political feelings or private animosities might have suggested, it is inconceivable that they would have cast such a slur on one of their own order unless they felt quite convinced. As Mr. Stebbings points out, the strongest corroboration of the story lies in Monmouth's own character and methods of action; the scheme is precisely such as his inventive brain would be likely to devise; its lineaments prove its paternity.

.

There remains to be considered what degree of stain is left on his memory.

Macaulay evidently thinks he was much to blame. "He had stooped to tricks worthy of the pillory." This censure seems unduly hard. The "high crime and misdemeanour" alleged by Danby appears very much exaggerated. There had been a plot against the King; presumably the interests of justice demanded a full investigation of the whole truth. Monmouth's papers were intended to elicit the truth; he made suggestions, just as an advocate suggests to his client a certain line of defence. In this there was no crime, because there was no attempt to pervert justice. In fact, if Monmouth had from the first admitted authorship it is difficult to see what further steps could have been taken against him.

The serious offence lies in his denial of all knowledge of the papers. In an ordinary case a plea of "Not Guilty" leaves no stain on the character of the accused person, however much proof may be found against him. Perhaps Monmouth had this in mind. He felt fully justified in using against his opponents the tactics which they were using against him. The whole proceedings in the House of Lords amounted to a conspiracy to screen

traitors, and having succeeded in this, they drew off attention from the main issue by making a counter-attack on his innocent self. Therefore, in an atmosphere of falsehood, he felt justified in using falsehood in his own defence.

A very clear line can be drawn between his conduct in the Fenwick case and that in the affair of the lemon letters. If he had any knowledge of the lemon letters the crime was serious; not only had he betrayed the trust of the Council of Nine, but in a confidential interview with Queen Mary he had tried to turn her suspicions against an innocent man. In the present case he made no accusations; it was Fenwick who accused Marlborough and the others; the accusation had been laid before the House, and Monmouth only wanted to test the truth of it.

I suggest that in the case of the lemon letters Monmouth was not guilty of a very serious crime; in the present case he was guilty of a mild crime.

To sum up. First: the papers contained nothing criminal, and were intended to extract the truth. Second: it was ungenerous of Monmouth to turn against Fenwick. Third: in denying knowledge of the papers he went beyond the justifiable plea of Not Guilty.

But a little sympathy can be felt for the offender, for while he was exposed and imprisoned there were others far more guilty who got off scot free.

This sympathy seems to have been felt by William himself. Burnet insinuates that the House would have shown greater severity if he had not received instructions from the King to intervene in Monmouth's favour. After the decision Burnet carried from his Majesty a kind message to the Tower—a mission which he fulfilled all the more readily because he was afraid Monmouth might break out with fresh schemes or revelations. But he adds that it was believed that compensation was given for the loss of appointments in the form of a very liberal pension from the Privy Purse.

Burnet was not favourable to Monmouth, and his evidence is therefore all the more worthy of credit. It shows that William realised the honesty of the agitator's motives, though he objected very much to the agitation. Perhaps he felt comfort in the

reflection that among the many who were unreliable there was one, eccentric and unmanageable, who remained devoted to the cause of the Revolution.

.

In the eyes of his contemporaries Monmouth's offence was small, though it roused an outcry for the moment. It must be remembered that a period of imprisonment in the Tower did not of necessity imply anything disgraceful on the part of the prisoner—in fact it was almost the natural sequence of Parliamentary failure. Danby, the accuser, had spent no less than four years inside those walls. Monmouth's grandfather, father, and uncle had all been inmates, so it was almost part of the family traditions. The coffee-houses considered that he had interfered in an affair which could bring no profit to himself or to anybody else, and, worse than that, he had been found out; like a naughty boy he deserved a rap over the knuckles—and he got it. But there the matter ended.

It is very remarkable that in his later adventures when further attacks were brought against him, no attempt was ever made to rake up the "high crime and misdemeanour" of the Fenwick papers. And while he continued to consider himself an aggrieved innocent there were no signs that any personal ill-feeling rankled in his mind. In fact, he himself, and his friends, and his foes, gave the incident just about the weight which it merits.

.

Macaulay, who has dealt very fully with the whole case, says that "in his prison he was as violent as a falcon just caged, and would, if he had been long detained, have died of mere impatience." But other authors do not agree. Somers, the Whig politician, wrote to Shrewsbury that accounts differed—some said he bore it beyond measure impatiently, some qualified it.

After petitioning the House of Lords for release, he was discharged on March 30, 1697.



John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

CHAPTER VI

ALLIANCE WITH THE CHURCHILLS. 1697-1705

IN June 1697 the second Earl of Peterborough died, and Monmouth succeeded to the title as third Earl. From this date he must be known under that name, though he himself spelt it Peterbrow. He did not, however, succeed to all the family possessions, the greater portion of which went to his cousin, the Duchess of Norfolk, daughter of the second Earl.

This lady was divorced from the Duke in 1700, and married her lover, Sir John Germaine, a notorious and disreputable gambler. The new Earl raised a lawsuit against his cousin to recover the estates, including the family home at Drayton in Northamptonshire ; the proceedings dragged out for many years and were eventually decided in her favour. At her death she left Drayton to Germaine, who in turn left it to his second wife, Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley ; from her it passed into possession of the Sackville family.

On release from the Tower the prisoner returned to his house at Parson's Green, and seems to have been there for the next few years. Until the death of William in 1702, he could scarcely expect any appointment in the service of the Crown, but from 1698 onwards the Journals of the House of Lords show that his attendance was regular, and he took part in many debates.

The Fenwick case had not left him under a cloud, and Macaulay has exaggerated the effects of it :

" When Monmouth regained his liberty, he stood alone in the world, a dishonoured man, more hated by the Whigs than any Tory, and by the Tories than any Whig, and reduced to such poverty that he talked of retiring to the country, living like a farmer, and putting his Countess into the dairy to churn and make cheeses."

It would be absurd to take the cry of poverty as serious. He

often made light-hearted complaints in letters to friends, and in this case there may have been an attempt to claim martyrdom. But though he did not succeed his uncle till a couple of months later he certainly continued to live in luxury and extravagance. If Burnet's allusion to the pension be true he was very comfortably off.

As regards the universal hatred—it did not last long, and therefore cannot have been very deep. So far from being hated by Tories and Whigs he had intimate friends in both parties. Among the Whigs he retained the friendship of Locke. Among Tories it is only necessary to mention Dryden. Scarcely had he left the Tower when Dryden added to the celebrated translation of the *Æneid* a postscript in eulogy of his noble friend.

It is true that in politics "he stood alone," but surely this had always been his attitude and was very much his own choice. At the outset of his career, in the Oxford Parliament, he was numbered among the Whigs because of his very outspoken opposition to Charles II; throughout his life he remained staunch to the principles of the Revolution, and in that sense he was distinctly a Whig. But he retained the liberty of a free-lance and never acknowledged any of the party leaders as his political chief. After the Revolution he often criticised Whigs; the probability is that he had less respect for them than for honest and whole-hearted Tories.

After the Fenwick case he continued his attacks to such an extent that he must be definitely ruled out from the Whig Party, and by degrees we find him more and more in association with their rivals. Even here, however, a measure of consistency can be traced in his conduct if we remember the fluctuations of the two great parties.

The original Whigs had come into existence as opponents of Charles II and the Royal Prerogative. The tyranny of James II threw enormous reinforcements into their ranks. In 1688 they triumphed, and a king of their own choosing sat on the throne at Westminster, and naturally the Whigs became the party of the Court. Under their Ministers the nation prospered, especially during the Parliament which lived from 1695 to 1698. The brilliant young leaders, Somers and Montague, carried through some very necessary reforms: the re-minting of coinage, though it

started a momentary panic, had proved a big success; trade was good, and promised to be still better after the Peace of Ryswick. In fact the Whigs, priding themselves on their achievements, expected the next Parliament to give them another increase of power.

The Tories were political descendants of the Cavaliers, and inherited the doctrines of Divine Right and Royal Prerogative. But James II dealt staggering blows at the cherished feelings of his own supporters, and the Revolution split the party from top to bottom. Catholics and some stout adherents of Divine Right clung to a hope of restoring the Stuarts—and became Jacobites. Many others accepted the Revolution more or less unwillingly at first, but as years passed the unwillingness died out. They were still suspected of animosity towards the new Constitution, and had many supporters among High Churchmen and country squires, but there was no definite policy which they could put before the country. They did not want to recall James because he had estranged the Church and all Protestants by keeping only Catholic adherents in attendance at St. Germain's, relying altogether on Jesuit advisers. They did not love William and his Dutch friends. They hated the French, but objected to the war which the Allies were dragging out with little success against Louis. It is difficult to imagine what positive proposals the leaders would have put forward had they found themselves in power.

Gradually their hopes revived and centred on the Princess Anne. Both parties had accepted her as the heir to William; Whigs had voted for the Bill which recognised her claim, and Tories could comfort themselves with the thought that she was a grand-daughter of Charles the Martyr. She had been born and brought up in England and was devoted to the Church. In addition there was every reason to suppose that she would accept the guidance of Tory advisers; her uncles, Clarendon and Rochester, were leaders of the party, and everybody knew that she was completely dominated by the powerful personality of Marlborough's ambitious wife. Therefore Tories, who had lately thought of restoring James, now began to rally to William; they liked him no better than before, but they wanted him to leave a firm and well protected throne for Anne to sit on. They could

criticise the action of Whig Ministers, gain popularity in the country by grumbling against the war, against taxation, against Dutchmen, but they no longer had any desire to dethrone the Dutch King.

The country was coming round to the same point of view. It was seen that the Tory party had shaken itself free from any taint of alliance with Jacobites or Papists. Country squires could vote for a Tory candidate without fear that he might be favouring a French invasion ; High Church parsons could preach against Whigs without incurring suspicion of being Jesuits in disguise. All those who hated Dutchmen and hated the war could vote Tory without feeling that they were disloyal to the spirit of the Revolution.

Consequently, to the surprise of Somers and Montague, the general election of 1698 sent up an unmistakable though rather indefinite majority of Tories. And the result was political chaos.

Of course in the present century Ministers who cannot command a majority in the Commons are expected to hand in their resignations. But in the seventeenth century that very logical arrangement had not been thought of. Ministers clung to office until dismissed by the King or impeached and committed to the Tower. The whole proceedings of the Parliament which lived from 1698 to 1701 consisted in attacks, first on Montague, the Treasurer, then on Somers, Lord Keeper, and finally on the King. The object was to force Ministers to make way for their greedy rivals and to strengthen the Tory Party by throwing accusations of extravagance and corruption against the Whigs.

The sport resembled bear-baiting, and was conducted with all the cruelty and malice which clever and factious politicians could invent.

In the first attack the good old prejudice against a standing army was worked up once more. Peace had been signed at Ryswick ; regular forces were no longer necessary to fight foreign enemies, therefore they could only be intended to restrain liberty at home. They cost money, and taxation was already high ; let the lot be disbanded. William knew how little faith could be based on any treaty signed by Louis XIV, and very wisely wanted to keep at least 20,000 of the veteran troops who had gained experience on the plains of Flanders, but Somers

had to warn him that the Commons would not grant money for anything like that number, and by asking for too much he might lose all. After a heated debate the Tories had their way to the extent of reducing the forces to 7,000 men.

Montague was the victim of the first onslaught. He had risen from the ranks of those who sat at the feet of Isaac Newton in Trinity College, Cambridge. His ability attracted notice and earned him a seat in Parliament; oratory held the attention of the House, successful finance won power in the City; promotion came quickly, till in 1698 he was Whig leader of the Commons, Lord Treasurer, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very wealthy man; all this before he reached forty years of age. Such power and wealth naturally excited jealousy, and made him a fair target for Tory arrows. He was an easy target to hit because prosperity had swollen his opinion of himself; as a leader of society he revelled in extravagance, and his banquets were ostentatious in luxury; as leader of the House he demanded homage; as orator he expected applause. When, in the new assembly, proposals were rejected, and speeches coldly received, his vanity could not support the blows; the shafts of ridicule were most fatal of all. He hastened to provide himself with a rich sinecure and retired wounded, leaving Somers to continue the defence.

Somers was more difficult to hit because his common sense and good temper were proof against pinpricks. Like Montague he had risen quickly from the ranks; fame crowned him in 1688 as junior counsel for the Seven Bishops; honours followed fast; a seat in the first Parliament after the Revolution, office as Solicitor-General; in 1693 a peerage and the Great Seal. From 1696 he was Lord Chancellor, and the most intimate of William's English advisers. Unlike Montague he kept his head and his office.

He had written and spoken strongly against disbanding the forces, but recognised that anything would be better than a conflict on the subject between Lords and Commons. He therefore pressed the Upper House to accept the Bill for reduction of the army.

The King was moved to an unusual extent. The whole object to which he had devoted his life, and which had appeared within reach at Ryswick, now lay at the mercy of Louis. The French

King could assemble in a couple of weeks an army that would overpower Holland, and the Dutch could not withstand him unless reinforced from England ; the miserable English Parliament had reduced the possible reinforcements to a negligible number.

The Tories had not only reduced the army to a dangerous extent, they added a personal injury to William by demanding the dismissal of his Dutch Guards. These veterans had fought with him at the Boyne and in Flanders. Unlike many other regiments they maintained a reputation for decency and sobriety ; probably they were at that time the best disciplined soldiers in Europe. William valued them as soldiers and loved them as friends and fellow countrymen. He sent a message to the Commons in his own handwriting asking that they might be spared out of consideration for himself. But the appeal was of no avail, and the Dutch Guards had to be transported to Holland.

Once more William of Orange resolved to abandon the country which had treated him with such ingratitude and showed so little knowledge of the common danger. But in the end his own knowledge of that danger decided him to remain at his post, where evidently a strong mind was more than ever necessary. He knew how Louis would welcome the reduction of the army and prepare to take advantage of it ; he saw that in the question of the Spanish Succession (which will be discussed in the next chapter) Louis could find a pretext to reopen hostilities, and Holland would again be in danger. He therefore put aside all personal resentment, gave assent to the Bill and forced himself to address the Houses in dignified and gracious language from the throne, adding, however, a distinct warning that he considered the nation too exposed.

This was a triumph for the Tories, but so far from satisfying them it only added to their lust for blood. Attacks on the Dutch offered the easiest means of gaining cheap applause from the mob. The Guards had gone, there still remained Court favourites. Unfortunately William had given critics a fair object for the next attack.

The Revolution had left in the hands of the Crown all the possessions of the Stuarts and of Irish rebels, and William believed he had the right to bestow them as seemed fit. The right of a

monarch to dispose of forfeited estates had never been questioned, and so many Tories owed their wealth to gifts of this kind that it seemed impossible for them, of all people, to raise objections. But the greater part of William's gifts had gone to the Dutchmen who served him well; another part, much exaggerated by popular report, had gone to Elizabeth Villiers. This was too good an opportunity for critics to miss. They argued that the gifts of Charles to his lady friends had been made in time of peace, and were therefore legitimate; William's generosity was bestowed in time of war when taxes were high and the Treasury was raising loans; accordingly, a scrutiny could be demanded. In 1699 a Committee was appointed to draw up a report. The difficulty of calculating values of Irish land left room for wide margins in the estimates: the Tory Committee put the total at over £2,000,000, though probably it was not more than a quarter of that sum. The huge amount tended to inflame the anger of the House, and a Bill was quickly passed demanding that all property of James II, and all that had since been forfeited to the Crown, should be applied to service of the public. The Lords made a strong resistance to this iniquitous measure and adopted several amendments to modify its severity: they had of course the obvious argument that ten years had passed since most of the grants were made and that no one had previously raised any objection. After a prolonged struggle between the two Houses the Bill was passed without amendment in the spring of 1700.

This Bill amounted to a deliberate insult to his Majesty. He gave his assent and prorogued the session without making any speech from the throne. It was probably the greatest of all William's efforts of self-control, and constitutes the highest proof of his unselfishness. Very possibly that self-control might have given way if the state of foreign affairs had not made the renewal of war inevitable. He knew that he was a dying man, and determined to establish, before his death, a Government that would carry on his lifelong policy.

It was necessary to enlist the aid of the Churchills. For many years they had been noted as the dominating factor in the household of the Princess Anne. The Earl had been disgraced in 1692 and certainly was in no favour with William up to some time in 1696. But the situation had now changed, and the King, so far

from wishing to drive him out, had marked him as the chief of the Alliance which would carry on the struggle against Louis XIV. The Princess was an amiable nonentity ; while she held the sceptre Marlborough would wield the power, and he would be the one man, the single one, who could hold together the Alliance and rule its armies : more brilliant as a commander than William himself, scarcely inferior as a diplomatist ; endowed with tireless patience and inflexible strength masked by natural charm of manner. No fear remained that he would prove untrue when the prospects offered such prizes to his boundless ambition.

Many years absence from Court and office now turned out to be a distinct advantage to Marlborough. He was not one of the favourites at whom Tories were shrieking abuse ; he did not share with Somers and Montague responsibility for the actions which aroused animosity ; if he had few supporters in either party he had escaped the attacks of both. William could bring him back, step by step, to power. First as Governor to the Duke of Gloucester, the young son of Princess Anne. This was a very natural appointment and led to a seat in the Privy Council. Then in 1698 he was named as one of the Council of Regency which held authority during his Majesty's absence in Holland. Thus he was again a member of the inner council.

Wise men had noted his return to power, and began to gather round him. Godolphin, whose son was married to one of Marlborough's daughters, had for long been on intimate terms. And among others was our Earl of Peterborough.

.

It certainly makes us rub our eyes to see the hot-headed reformer in the company of two men whom he had tried to unmask, and at first sight this almost unholy alliance appears to be thoroughly inconsistent with all his former actions and principles. But apart from personalities there was nothing inconsistent. He had supported William chiefly in order to block the way to a return of James ; in a short time Queen Anne would be the only safeguard against that return, therefore no principles need be abandoned in joining those who supported her. In fact, he was adopting exactly the views of William himself.

When we come to the personal side his action is more difficult to explain away. There was of course nothing surprising in his departure from the Whigs : they had put him in prison and he had attacked them at every opportunity. On one occasion in 1699 the Lords had to interfere to prevent an open quarrel in the House between him and Russell (now Lord Orford), and in 1701 he supported Tories in one of their attempts to impeach Somers. He could not support Anne without joining those on whom she must rely, and if the injured King could forgive treachery and make friends with the traitors there remained no reason for Peterborough to keep up the feud.

Like the King, he could appreciate Marlborough's consummate ability ; like hundreds of others he may have been drawn by the irresistible magnetism of that wonderful personality. And when scores of other politicians were seeking favour at the hands of the Churchills it seems to have aroused no surprise that Peterborough was doing the same.

But I am afraid that self-interest came into the account, though it is the first instance in which this charge can be laid against him. In former eccentricities he no doubt sought notoriety, distinction ; he was vain and full of self-importance, yet he had always gone against his own interests at Court and had lost many chances of favour both from Charles II and William. In this case however there can be little doubt that in seeking the favour of Sarah Churchill he was looking out for himself. His own circle thought the new attitude was very wise—and only stern moralists will disagree.

It is much more surprising to find that the Churchills were ready to admit to friendship the man who had lately been a bitter enemy. Though scandal never hinted that Peterborough's admiration was anything but platonic he certainly exerted himself to please, and his letters to the Countess are full of extravagant adulation ; perhaps she could not resist being flattered by attentions from one who had gained a reputation for being irresistible. And yet there must have been something more than this. While Sarah Churchill was not averse to homage she valued her admirers not so much for their personal charms as for what she could get out of them. Neither she nor her husband were in the habit of bestowing favours unless they saw some prospect of material advantage

to themselves. Therefore the shower of favours that fell on Peterborough is one of the strongest possible proofs that he was regarded as a man of real importance.

Till the death of William nothing could be done, but as soon as Anne was on the throne the friend of the Churchills was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and was nominated Governor of Jamaica. This was in conjunction with an expedition which he was to command against the Spanish West Indies. The expedition fell through because the Dutch, who had promised a contingent of ships and troops, suddenly withdrew. Godolphin seems to have been anxious that the English ships should sail alone, but Peterborough, on whom the responsibility for failure would have fallen, was more cautious. In a letter to Locke he said he was no worker of miracles and that he refused to go to the other world loaded with empty titles. He remained at home to pursue his activities in the House of Lords, till in 1705 he was appointed to command an army in Spain.

This appointment was the most amazing of all those he ever received. He had seen a skirmish against barbarians at Tangiers ; he had led a regiment of cavalry from Exeter to London, no doubt looking for somebody to fight, but without any luck. He had no theoretical knowledge, no practical training. There must have been many candidates for so high an honour, and among them officers who had won experience and distinction in Flanders and Ireland. A suggestion has been put forward that Marlborough was afraid to appoint anybody who would do the work too well and thus become a rival in military glory. But this is incredible. Even Macaulay, who can never mention Marlborough's name without reminding us what a bad man he was, gives him credit for wisdom as a strategist. In 1705 he planned to invade France ; the expedition to Spain was mainly intended to draw French troops to that country and so weaken their frontier in Flanders. The greater the success in Spain the easier would be Marlborough's task, and he was not so foolish as to throw away his own chances of glory by sending an incompetent man on such very important work.

Of course military training was not considered an indispensable qualification for high command. Rank and political interest held

better claims and the world expressed less surprise than when Peterborough became a Lord of the Treasury. But Marlborough was a soldier and knew the value of experience ; he was personally interested in the success of the Spanish campaign. So I fail entirely to understand the appointment.

CHAPTER VII

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION



THE SPANISH DOMINIONS IN 1700

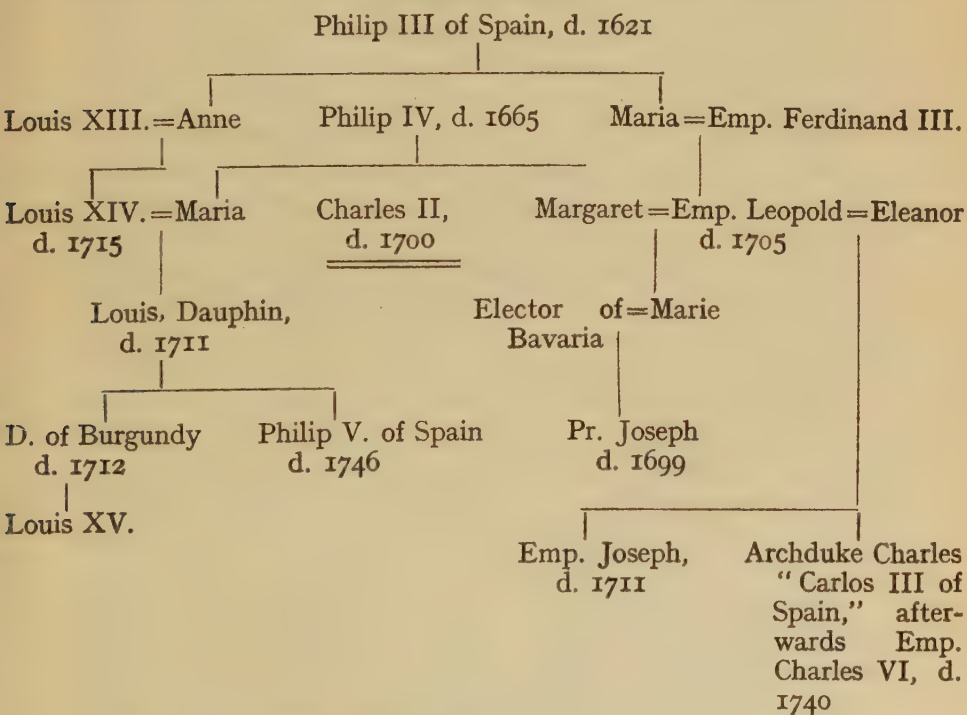
WE now come to the most important period of Peterborough's life, when he commanded the Allied army in Spain. But in order to put a proper value on his work it is necessary first to take a broad view of the great war which for eleven years absorbed the energies and attention of Europe.

In 1700, Charles II was monarch of all the Spanish dominions,

which, besides Spain itself, included the Netherlands, the northern part of Italy known as the Milanese, the southern part known as the Two Sicilies, also the New World on both sides of the equator. But such a scattered dominion requires an able ruler as central authority and capable viceroys in the outlying districts. Philip II, husband of Mary of England, was the last Spanish monarch of any ability. His successors, Philip III, Philip IV, and Charles II were weak and incapable, so the great Empire of Spain became unwieldy and unmanageable to such an extent that by 1700 it was no longer regarded as a first-rate power.

Charles II, who had come to the throne as an infant in 1665, was hopelessly infirm in body and mind : he received no education

GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION



NOTE.—Claimants after death of Charles II:

1. Joseph of Bavaria, who died.
2. Archduke Charles of Austria.
3. Philip, grandson of Louis XIV., who founded the line of Spanish Bourbons,

and had not the faintest idea of the geography of his own possessions. He lived at Madrid, spending his time between childish amusements and gruesome religious exercises founded on superstitious beliefs. His councillors were arrogant and corrupt ; his army was small, unpaid, unorganised, and badly commanded ; the navy had scarcely one seaworthy ship ; arsenals and fortresses were empty ; the people were reduced to desperate misery.

The weak young King was twice married, but it was evident that he would have no children, and that his wretched life would soon be over. The great question then arose about his successor, and this question was furiously debated in Madrid, Paris, Vienna, London, Amsterdam, and wherever men met together.

A glance at the genealogical table (page 103) shows that the nearest blood relation was his sister, Maria Theresa ; she had been married to Louis XIV of France. But at the time of the marriage Louis had formally renounced for himself, his wife, and his children any rights to the Spanish throne, and had sworn by the Holy Gospels and the Cross that he would put forward no claim.

After the Bourbons the next of kin was the younger sister of Charles II ; she had been the first wife of the Emperor Leopold of Austria. Their only child, Marie Antoinette, was the wife of the Elector of Bavaria, and the young Prince Joseph of Bavaria was thus the next male heir of Charles II. Like Louis XIV the Emperor had renounced any rights to the Spanish throne which might come through his wife, but without quite so much hard swearing.

By a strange combination of circumstances the natural successor of Prince Joseph would be his own grandfather, the Emperor Leopold. This monarch had renounced any claims through his wife, but his mother was a daughter of Philip III, so if the Bourbons and Bavarian claims were set aside he was undoubtedly the heir.

The Austrians therefore based their claim on the solemn renunciations of the Bourbons, and declared that if these were repudiated it would be a foul wrong.

The French, not without reason, pointed out that Louis XIV could renounce anything for himself, but that he had no power to swear away the inheritance of his unborn children. A King of France cannot prevent his first-born from succeeding to the throne

of France, however much he may dislike him ; still less therefore could he prevent his son from succeeding to some other throne, more especially in this case, where the most interested party, the Spaniards, had never been consulted about the renunciation. Therefore that part of his oath, being outside his power, was null and void.

Verbal arguments, however, had little to do with the matter, for the one thing certain was that neither side would see the other take possession of Spain without resorting to the argument of war.

.

William III had no desire to see a renewal of hostilities, and set himself to find a solution. At first he seemed to have succeeded, for after long discussions with French diplomatists they signed what is known as the first Partition Treaty. By this the young Prince of Bavaria was to receive Spain, the Netherlands, and the Indies ; Austria would be compensated with the Milanese ; France would get the Two Sicilies. The English and Dutch were to receive valuable privileges with regard to trade in the Indies.

The Treaty did not give anybody all he wanted, but each of them could console himself with the thought that his rivals got little. The real strength of Prince Joseph's claim lay in the weakness of Bavaria, for the addition of Spain to that Electorate would not upset the balance of power. Peace was therefore a possibility.

But unfortunately, in 1699, Prince Joseph died, at the age of six, and this event reopened the whole question and led to another treaty.

The Second Partition Treaty gave Spain, the Netherlands, and the Indies to the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor Leopold, while France was to receive the Italian possessions.*

Historians are of opinion that Louis never intended to carry out this division and only signed in order to allay the suspicions of William III and the Emperor. In order to evade it he turned his attention to Madrid. Strange as it may seem, the Spaniards had never been consulted while other monarchs were preparing to carve up their dominions, and the Treaties were supposed to be secret. Louis made full use of this point. He sent as his

* In both the Treaties there were other details which are not of importance here.

ambassador to Madrid the Marquis of Harcourt, a brilliant and popular diplomatist, who set to work to enlist the Spanish sympathies for the Bourbons. The Emperor's ambassador, on the other hand, was an arrogant and niggardly German, by name Count Harrach, who seems to have done all there was to be done to injure the cause of his own master.

Charles II was naturally inclined to the Hapsburgs ; he himself belonged to that family, which had fought many wars against the Bourbons. But he had always been under the influence of his councillors and had no will of his own. The leading figure in Spain was Cardinal Porto Carrero. Opinions differ as to his ability, but there is no doubt he was crafty, powerful and corrupt. Harcourt divulged the provisions of the Treaties and aroused the indignant pride of Spaniards by showing how foreign powers were proposing to break up their Empire ; at the same time he artfully turned their anger against the English and Dutch, whom he denounced as the real authors of these iniquities. By these and perhaps other means Porto Carrero was won over and in turn won over the dying King ; he threatened Charles with eternal damnation unless he made a will appointing as his successor Philip of Anjou, younger grandson of Louis XIV. The will was signed, and on November 1, 1700, the miserable life of Charles II came to an end.

A deputation set out at once for Paris with the original copy of the will to offer the throne to Philip.

Louis had probably known beforehand the contents of that document, but he went through the farce of referring it to his Council, and affected to show hesitation before he dispatched his grandson to take possession of the new inheritance.

Philip of Anjou had just reached his seventeenth birthday. He had pleasant but quiet manners, no particular virtues or vices, and, as might be expected in a youth of that age, little knowledge or experience of government. He arrived in Madrid and was duly proclaimed King Philip V. Soon afterwards he married Marie Louise, daughter of the Duke of Savoy. The bride had not yet celebrated her fourteenth birthday ; she was beautiful, charming, and for her age showed very remarkable ability and strength of mind, so Philip became her devoted and submissive slave,

Louis, seeing that Philip would be governed by his wife, decided that he must have a representative of his own to govern the wife, and for this post, on the advice of Madame de Maintenon, he selected Princess Orsini, who became chief lady-in-waiting. The Princess was clever, ambitious, and though over fifty years of age, still had considerable attractions ; she entirely won over the young Queen and thus became the leading power at Madrid. Needless to say her power was exercised in accordance with the instructions of Louis.

So for a few months the Kingdom appeared to be settled and on the way to some increase of prosperity. But the Spaniards had expected too much, and when their extravagant hopes were unfulfilled the popularity of Philip waned. At the same time big events were happening elsewhere which threw the whole kingdom into turmoil.

.

William III was thunderstruck at the new developments. All his diplomacy, his wars, his whole life had been devoted to the one object of preventing the French king from encroaching on the Netherlands, and so getting within striking distance of the beloved Holland. A Bourbon king in Madrid meant that the Bourbons would possess those Netherlands, and the French had already seized some important fortresses on the frontier, such as Namur.

As he had been thoroughly duped by Louis it was obviously useless to attempt any further argument or remonstrance—war could be the only means of arguing against such perfidy. So William set himself to work up a fresh alliance against Louis.

There was no difficulty about enlisting the Dutch, who were terribly alarmed at the approach of the French ; the Emperor Leopold was ready to fight for his rights, and with him were his German States, except Bavaria and Cologne. So the Grand Alliance was signed in September 1701. William, in spite of his infirmity, wanted to take the field at once, but, as already explained, the English army had been reduced and the Tory Parliament had shown clearly that another campaign could not be thought of. There was no declaration of war, and the claim of Philip to the throne of Spain received acknowledgment ; the Grand Alliance

could only be a defensive measure, intended to check any further aggression on the part of Louis.

But while William sat at the Hague, fuming with rage; and cursing now the duplicity of Louis, now the pig-headed ingratitude and folly of England, he received from Louis himself an unexpected solution of all his difficulties.

On September 6, 1701, James II died, and in defiance of the Treaty of Ryswick, Louis recognised James Edward ("the Old Pretender") as monarch of England, Scotland and Ireland. Royal heralds were sent to St. Germain's to proclaim the young King.

It was a bad blunder on the part of Louis, perhaps the most expensive blunder in all the history of Europe. Various reasons have been suggested. It was a bit of chivalrous generosity towards the unhappy exiles who for a dozen years had been his guests; it was Madame de Maintenon, a bigoted Papist, who had urged Louis to acknowledge a king of the Roman Faith; it was mere vanity on the part of the Bourbon, who, having put a king on the throne of Spain, now wanted to show his power to appoint a king of England. He may have seen that William was determined to have a war, so took this opportunity to defy the Grand Alliance in unmistakable terms.

Be that as it may, the proclamation of the Pretender was exactly what William needed to arouse England. Whigs were of course furious; Tories had been grumbling at our Dutch King, but were not prepared to accept anybody else at the bidding of an insolent Frenchman; even Jacobites and Papists, who longed for the return of the Stuarts, were wise enough to see the folly of Louis, and did not dare to raise their voices. A few fanatics who tried to echo the proclamation in London were forced to fly for their lives.

William rushed back from Holland to find that Louis had made him the most popular man in England. He was greeted with guns, bonfires, and addresses of welcome which severely tried his failing health. Parliament was dissolved and the new House of Commons assembled at once, ready to vote everything which had been lately refused. England prepared for war.

But the great man who was the soul and brains of the Grand Alliance, who had foreseen and prepared for the war, was not destined to see even the first shot fired. On February 21, 1702, William had a fall from his horse in the park of Kensington, and the shock was too much for his feeble body. He died on March 8.

.

Preparations for war were so far advanced that even the death of William did not dismay the Allies. The foresight of the late King in re-instating Marlborough became at once apparent, for the Churchills had brains enough to govern England and conduct a war.

Therefore in May 1702, war upon France was declared by England, Holland, and the German Empire.

To understand the shuffle which afterwards took place in politics it is necessary to bear in mind that this was essentially a Whig war. That is to say it was undertaken to maintain the principles of the Revolution and to prevent a return of The Pretender; the Grand Alliance was the work of William and his Whig Ministers. But on the King's death there took place a complete change of Government. Queen Anne was in the hands of the Churchills, and appointed her Ministers in accordance with their advice. While Marlborough took command of the army, Godolphin became Lord Treasurer, and the two Secretaries were the Earl of Nottingham and Sir Charles Hedges. These four were at that time professed Tories; they had criticised the Partition Treaties, they had supported the attempt to impeach Somers, and in various ways they had shown hostility to the Whigs. Yet they inherited the policy of William with regard to the war, and needless to say, with Marlborough at the head of the army, all their efforts were bent to support him. At first there was practically no opposition as the two parties were almost fused together in the melting pot of war enthusiasm. By degrees, however, the white heat cooled down and the parties emerged again on opposite sides. Country squires who had always formed the main body of the Tories began to complain of heavy taxation, and the Government was criticised for extravagance and mismanagement. This forced Godolphin to rely more and more upon the Whigs; they represented business and financial interests,

and found the war distinctly profitable. Thus it came about that the Ministers who had taken office under the Tory flag became a War Government, identified with Whigs.

The main theatre was in Flanders, but there were also operations in the Danube valley, in Italy, in Spain. It is in Spain that we come back to Peterborough. As that campaign, however, was a subsidiary one no true value can be put upon it until a glance has been taken at the bigger field.



SKETCH MAP OF FLANDERS

The Spanish Netherlands, modern Belgium, formed one of the richest parts of Europe. The inhabitants were Flemings,

who had increased the natural wealth by industry and commerce : numerous cities were well built and in many respects highly civilised. Already Flanders had gained unenviable notoriety as the "Cockpit of Europe" : on each side of the frontier, which ran along the same line as in the present day, there lay a row of fortresses* and behind these every city had raised defences for its own protection. This system, which studded the whole country with strong posts, cramped the strategy of both sides. A great army must be followed by a train of supply working back to its base : no force of any size can advance leaving behind it strong towns in the hands of the enemy. Every fortress must be reduced in turn, and consequently the war consisted, for the greater part, of a succession of sieges. The Allies would sit down round one of the towns and summon it to surrender : if this failed they dug entrenchments, emplaced batteries, and went through the recognised and pedantic procedure of a regular siege. Meanwhile a French army advanced to relieve the beleaguered city, and the Allied army threw forward a covering force to protect the besiegers. But the French were cautious about fighting in the open, and Marlborough's allies, especially the Dutch, were still more averse to taking risks. The result was that in the whole twelve years only four big battles were fought in the open. None the less the fighting was continuous and bloody, except in winter. Assaults on fortresses are inevitably expensive.

As Commander-in-Chief, Marlborough had at his disposal a force of various nationalities. The English contingent was 40,000, of whom 18,000 were British and the others mercenaries in our pay : Holland provided 10,000 Dutch and paid for 12,000 Danes : Prussia 15,000. Most of the men were seasoned troops who had been engaged in the last war on the same ground.

The French were formed in three groups, in Flanders, the Rhine valley, and northern Italy. They had the advantage of interior lines and the greater advantage of a single supreme authority for direction of the general strategy. In 1702 their army in Flanders, nominally under the Duke of Burgundy, was

* On the Spanish side the main fortresses were Nieuport, Ypres, Menin, Tournai, Mons, Charleroi, Namur. On the French side Dunkirk, Lille, Condé, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, in the front line, supported by Bethune, Arras, Douai, Bouchain.

really controlled by Boufflers. He had about 40,000 against 70,000 of the Allies.

Though Marlborough was given the command his powers were really very limited and from the first he found himself thwarted in every way. The disadvantages to which all alliances are prone have never been more clearly illustrated than in this war. Again and again opportunities lay before him, but on each occasion the Dutch deputies either refused to act or delayed action until the opportunity had passed away.

.

1702. The Allies invested Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, and took it by assault after two months siege, at a cost of 5,000 men.

Marlborough then collected about 70,000 troops, and advanced southwards along the Meuse, Boufflers retiring before him. Venlo and Roermonde were taken, and Liège was stormed on Oct. 23. Both sides then went into winter quarters. Marlborough returned to London and was rewarded with a dukedom.

It must be remembered that a suspension of hostilities was necessary every winter throughout the war because the roads in Flanders became impassable and the canals were frozen.

.

1703. The Duke resumed command in March. He advanced up the Rhine and took Bonn. Afterwards he manœuvred towards Antwerp. But the French had been strongly re-inforced and the Dutch were more obstinate than ever, so nothing was done except that two unimportant places, Huy and Limburg were taken.

Meanwhile a French army under Villars had been moving steadily eastwards from the Rhine, and it became clear that Louis meditated a campaign against Vienna in the following year. The Emperor had been obliged to send troops to subdue a rebellion in Hungary. This reduced his army, which, though still strong in numbers, was wretchedly equipped owing to the chronic emptiness of the Imperial treasury.

If the French could force the Empire to conclude peace

by seizing the Capital, the remaining Allies would be too weak for a continuance of the struggle. The centre of gravity had thus been transferred to the banks of the Danube. Marlborough saw the danger and prepared his plans to defeat it. The brilliant campaign of the next year was entirely due to his strategical foresight and tactical skill.

He saw little hope of decisive results in the cramped terrain of Flanders, and was weary of continual obstruction from the Dutch deputies. He therefore conceived the idea of stealing an army for operations elsewhere. Such a design could not be openly avowed, first because neither the English nor the Dutch Governments would have consented, and, second, because the French would have taken advantage of his absence to invade Holland. At the same time the plan must be imparted to a few responsible persons, or it would be checked at the outset. Fortunately he was able to convince one or two leading men. The Pensionary Heinsius was virtual ruler of Holland: he had been one of William's most intimate friends and councillors, and no doubt had discussed with him the broad lines of strategy in general, and the ability of Marlborough in particular. Though unable to remove the obstruction of Dutch generals he gave such aid as he could to the Duke's plans. Another useful and helpful leader was Prince Eugene of Savoy, who commanded the Imperial forces on the Danube.

During the winter plans were matured, and everything was secretly prepared for the great march to save Vienna.

.

1704. A Dutch army was left near Mons to watch the French under Villeroy.

In the middle of May the Allied force concentrated on the Meuse and marched to Bonn, on the Rhine. Marlborough now had with him about 50,000, of whom 16,000 were British. It was believed that he meant to move up the Moselle towards Metz. Instead of that he turned south-eastwards, and by a rapid and well organised march entered the Danube valley near Ulm on June 22.



THE MARCH TO BLENHEIM

Here an Austrian army joined him under Louis, Margrave of Baden. This officer was one of the typical German princelings of the time, personally brave, fairly capable, but entirely obsessed by his own rank and importance. He laid claim to command of the Allied armies, and the best Marlborough could do was to persuade him to share the command on alternate days. With

this undesirable and ridiculous arrangement the Allies moved on and took Donauworth.

The Elector of Bavaria had an army on the south bank of the Danube. The Duke wanted him to abandon his alliance with the French, and, when he refused, spent a month in spreading havoc through Bavaria. The Elector sent urgent appeals for succour, and Marshal Tallard with 40,000 French hurried from the Rhine to his assistance. At the same time Prince Eugene, who had been watching Tallard, made a forced march to join Marlborough.

Both sides now concentrated for battle on the north bank of the river, between Ulm and Donauworth.

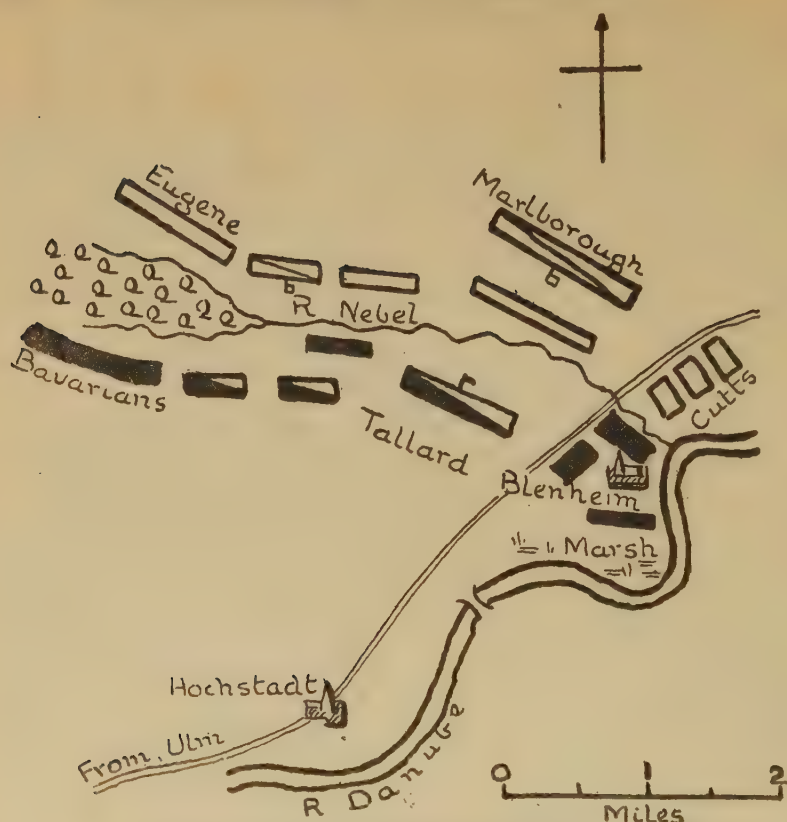
At this moment we come to one of the most amazing facts in the whole history of war, a fact which has scarcely received the attention it deserves. The Margrave was induced to leave the Allied camp and go off, taking 16,000 men with him, to besiege Ingolstadt, forty miles down the Danube. That is to say the Duke and Eugene, on the eve of a decisive battle, actually dispensed with a quarter of their strength sooner than endure the presence of the Margrave. This was of course in direct defiance of the most elementary law of strategy. It shows that they put a higher value on quick resolute action than on mere numbers. It also shows the extent to which the punctilious and obstructive German had been interfering with their plans.

Though the incident has no direct bearing upon Peterborough, it is worth remembering, because it throws a light on some of the troubles which beset him in Spain.

The French and Bavarians had a total of about 54,000 men. Tallard took position thirty miles east of Ulm, behind a small stream called the Nebel, with his right on the Danube near Blenheim.

Marlborough and Eugene collected a mixed force of 52,000, and attacked on August 13.

Tallard's dispositions were bad. Nearly 10,000 men were crowded into the village of Blenheim, and the bulk of his reserves were close behind it. Some villages on the left were occupied by Bavarians under their Elector. The open ground in the centre was held chiefly by the cavalry mass. The whole line was out of musket range from the stream.



SKETCH MAP OF BLENHEIM. AUGUST 13, 1704

Marlborough sent Eugene to hold the Bavarrians. His plan was to carry Blenheim by assault and then roll up the French line from its right. British infantry crossed the stream led by Lord Cutts, the famous "Salamander"; so far they had only suffered from gun fire, but successive assaults on the village were repulsed by the brave French with terrible slaughter. The Duke now changed his plan. Seeing that Tallard's reserves were committed to the two flanks he decided to put in his main attack against the weakly held centre. With difficulty the Allied cavalry crossed the stream and formed up on the west bank. Then Marlborough himself led the charge of 8,000 sabres which broke the enemy's line and determined the fate of the day.

After piercing the centre the Duke swung his squadrons right

and left. The Bavarians had maintained a grim fight against Eugene, but when they saw the centre broken they retired in good order. On the other flank the rout was complete. Allied infantry had followed the cavalry to surround Blenheim, and though over ten thousand of the enemy still remained in the village their retreat was cut off and they had to surrender. Fugitives were driven into the marshes on the river bank and perished there. Tallard himself was taken prisoner with several of his generals: his losses amounted to 40,000: nearly all the guns and baggage fell into the hands of the Allies.

The victory appeared to be decisive, and it would have been so if proper advantage had been taken of the demoralisation of the French. But while the German States went into raptures of exaltation they saw themselves freed from the menace of invasion and obstinately refused to support Marlborough in his plans for entering France next year. At the same time the French redoubled their efforts in order to repair the disaster. Consequently the following year was full of disappointment.

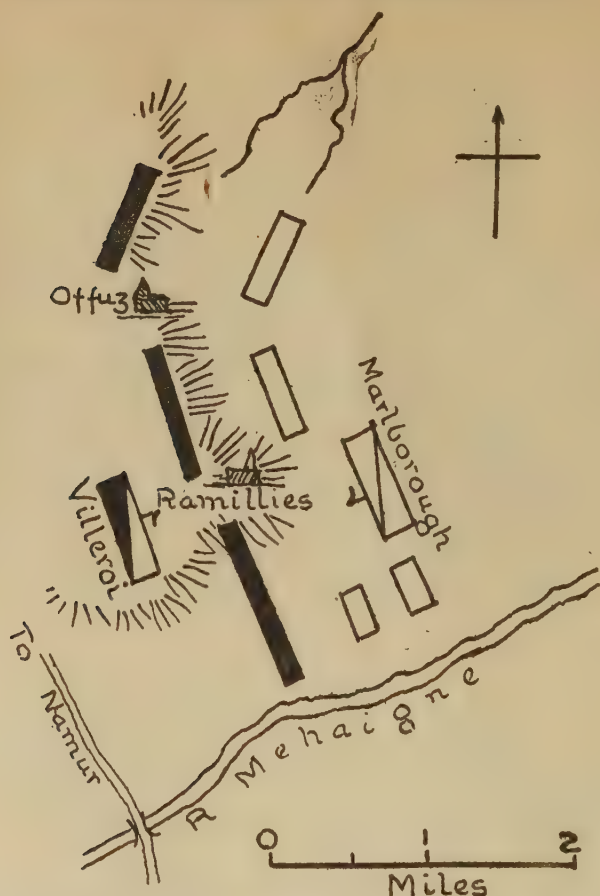
.

1705. Marlborough wanted to push up the Moselle and invade France by way of Metz and Verdun. But after waiting in vain for the promised German contingents he found himself too weak. Bitterly mortified he returned to Liège and nothing was done throughout the summer.

The Emperor Leopold died in May and was succeeded by his son Joseph.

.

1706. During the winter Marlborough visited Vienna, Berlin and Hanover in hopes of getting the Allies to agree to a definite plan for united action—but without success. After returning to London for a short time he rejoined his army near Liège, “with a heavy heart and no prospect of doing anything considerable”—as he himself put it. But a mistake on the part of his opponent gave him the chance which his Allies refused to allow him.



SKETCH MAP OF RAMILLIES. MAY 23, 1706

Villeroi, with 60,000 men, was moving northwards from Namur. On Whit Sunday, May 23rd, he reached the neighbourhood of Ramillies.

Marlborough, marching south-west from Maestricht, had also intended to pitch camp at Ramillies, but at 10 a.m. he was informed by his vanguard that the French were already in position there. He at once resolved to attack, and the result was an "encounter battle," in which neither side had time for entrenching or other preparations. The opponents were roughly equal in numbers.

The Allies, after a tiring march, formed up by 2 p.m. and

launched their attack. As at Blenheim the Duke sent a containing force to watch the enemy's left wing, and the threat was sufficient to draw French reserves to that side of the field. Then he thrust a main attack on the right and right centre. After give and take fighting on the southern flank, during which the Allies fell into confusion, Marlborough by personal exertion collected some squadrons and drove in the French line on the south side of Ramillies. This enabled the infantry, whose assaults had been so far repelled, to take the village. By 6 p.m. the French right had fallen into hopeless disorder. The Duke succeeded in reforming his cavalry and led a final and irresistible charge. Panic seized the enemy, who fled in confusion, abandoning guns and baggage.

This sweeping victory cost the Allies only 1,100 killed and 2,500 wounded. The French lost 8,000. It was a personal triumph for Marlborough, who handled his cavalry as a mobile reserve, bringing it into action at the right time and place.

In quick succession Brussels, Ghent, Bruges opened their gates to the Allies. Then the great fortress of Antwerp and all the other towns of Flanders. The French retired to their own side of the frontier near Lille.

The success in Flanders drew the enemy's troops away from other fronts. Villars, who had intended to lead another French advance across the Rhine, was obliged to abandon his plan and send reinforcements to Villeroy. Other troops were recalled from Italy, leaving the army there so weak that Eugene was able to drive it back over the Alps.

Altogether this was the most glorious year for the Grand Alliance.

.

1707. During the winter Louis made overtures for peace. But the Allies, confident that their victory was complete, refused his terms, and began prematurely to quarrel over division of the spoil. This brought the Grand Alliance to a state of chaos. After the victory of Blenheim there had followed a year of disappointment—and now after the victory of Ramillies came a year of disaster.

A violent quarrel broke out between the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy, both of whom claimed possession of the territory abandoned by the French in northern Italy. Another dispute arose between the Emperor and Holland, both of whom wanted the fortresses which Marlborough had taken.

At the same time Charles XII of Sweden arrived at Dresden with his army. Though he had not declared himself for either side, the appearance of such a force on its borders threw Vienna into a panic.

The Bourbon watched with joy the dissensions among his enemies and did all he could to ferment them. He tried to persuade the King of Sweden to take the field as an ally of France ; he also offered secret terms to the Empire and to Holland. There seemed to be every possibility that the Alliance would fall to pieces if the French could hold out for a year or two.

Louis failed, to a certain extent, owing to the skill of Marlborough. And Marlborough failed owing to the folly of the Allies ; bitterly disappointed at the wasted opportunities, he exerted all his powers to maintain a united front. Twice he visited the Swedish camp and with rare diplomacy persuaded Charles XII to remain neutral. With infinite patience he held the Dutch in line, but his utmost efforts failed to spur them into action, and the summer passed away without a battle.

.

1708—1711. The remaining years of the war do not need special attention.

The Duke won a battle at Oudenarde in 1708 and took Lille at very heavy cost. In 1709 he captured Tournai and fought a bloody but indecisive battle at Malplaquet ; afterwards Mons surrendered. The remaining operations consisted in pressing the French back through their fortified lines at La Bassée and Arras.

.

There can be no doubt that Flanders had always been the main theatre of operations : the army under Marlborough was the only one that threatened a serious invasion of France, the main body

of the French was always facing him. But at the same time the campaign in the Spanish Peninsula had a very important bearing, political and military, on the course of the war.



SKETCH MAP OF SPAIN

CHAPTER VIII

PETERBOROUGH IN COMMAND. 1705

To begin at the beginning we must go back to 1702, when Marlborough was thinking out plans for the Grand Alliance. There were reasons to believe that a comparatively small force of British in Spain would draw a comparatively large force of French in that direction.

Louis, having placed his grandson on the throne of Madrid, could not afford to have him driven out of it. One of the peculiarities of the Spaniards was that though they objected passionately to any division of their Empire they themselves were easily stirred to rebel against Madrid. Catalonia, the big province in the north-east corner of the Peninsula, had risen on several occasions, and was always seething with discontent. The Succession naturally divided public opinion into rival parties—adherents of the Bourbons on one side, of Hapsburgs on the other.

Therefore if a small stiffening of British troops were sent to provide a rallying point for rebellious Spaniards, Louis might be forced to dispatch a very much larger army in order to save his grandson and his own pride.

Geographically the advantages were on the side of the Allies. The coast of Spain is indented with fair harbours where a base can be established and an army put ashore. British and Dutch navies had virtual command of the sea, and could be given full scope for useful employment. When necessary the base could be shifted from one port to another, while the enemy could only move from point to point over the very barren country of the interior.

The objects of the expedition are therefore clear. First to assist the malcontents of Spain and drive Philip from the throne.

This would oblige Louis to send large reinforcements from Flanders, thus weakening his main body: this would lighten the task of Marlborough.

The idea which William of Orange had thought out was strategically sound. Unfortunately the execution of it was bad in every way. The Duke naturally wanted as many men as he could get for his own army, and the men, guns and equipment were doled out for expeditions in Spain only after demands from Flanders had been settled. And all the troubles arising from divided command, which were so vexatious to Marlborough, cropped up in Spain on every occasion.

.

Cadiz offered an attractive object for attack. Tangiers had been abandoned, Gibraltar was not yet ours, Portugal had not yet joined the Alliance, so a good and well-defended harbour near the gate of the Mediterranean was needed.

The first expedition consisted of 30 British and 20 Dutch ships of war, with 14,000 troops in a large number of transports. It arrived off Cadiz on August 23, 1702. The Duke of Ormond, who commanded the whole force, had not sufficient authority to overcome the dissensions among his subordinates, and much time was wasted in wrangling over plans of attack.

Colonel James Stanhope was on board the flagship, and wrote his impressions to a friend:

“We are not only divided sea against land, but land against land and sea against sea. Now, if it be true that a house divided against itself cannot stand, I am afraid it is still more true that an army and fleet, each divided against itself, and each against the other, can make no conquests.”

Stanhope was a good judge. A month went by, first in putting troops ashore—where they committed every sort of excess, not even sparing churches and convents—and then putting them back on board the transports. They had never been within gun-range of the town, but looted the outlying villages. Then they sailed away “laden with a great deal of plunder and infamy.” So far from rousing any adherents they had done much harm to the Allied cause.

But fortune and the Spanish Government gave them a

chance to retrieve the disgrace. A Spanish treasure fleet was arriving from the West Indies; finding itself cut off from Cadiz, it ran for Vigo, 200 miles up the coast. Ample time remained, after anchoring, to unload the treasure and cart it to safety inland. Such an obvious precaution, however, was beyond the red tape of Spanish officials. The citizens of Cadiz had a royal grant of a percentage on the gold landed at their port: they sent to Madrid a remonstrance against any treasure being landed elsewhere. And so the treasure remained for a month in the ships at Vigo while the matter was "under consideration" in the offices at Madrid. In the end orders were dispatched for unloading—but arrived too late.

The Allied fleet was slowly moving northwards from Cadiz: admirals and generals were exchanging recriminations over their failure, when suddenly news reached them of the rich prize at Vigo. Honour and loot lay in front of them, enthusiasm rose afresh. Vigo was in sight on October 22; sailors broke through the boom at the entrance of the harbour; soldiers stormed the forts; everybody displayed much valour. The Spaniards threw some of their cargoes overboard and set their ships on fire; their total loss has been estimated at 8,000,000 dollars and a couple of thousand men. Perhaps half the treasure was recovered by the Allies, but the exact amount has never been calculated because admirals and generals helped themselves on the spot to a very liberal share of it.

So the first expedition to Spain returned home in a blaze of glory.

.

In July next year, 1703, Portugal joined the Grand Alliance. This gave further promise of success in Spain. The Portuguese army was as yet of doubtful value—later on it turned out to be practically useless—but the harbour of Lisbon formed a splendid base.

The plan of campaign was that the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Leopold, should land with an Allied force and fight his Bourbon rival for the throne of Spain.

The youthful prince, just eighteen years of age, was crowned at Vienna as Charles III of Spain and the Indies, but as he never ruled anything in Spain outside his own camp it will save

confusion if he continues to be known as the Archduke. After the coronation, which was carried out with all the ceremony dear to German hearts, he set out for England, by way of Holland, and arrived in January 1704. He paid a short visit to Queen Anne at Windsor and then joined the fleet which had been prepared at Portsmouth for the second expedition.

The Archduke brought with him from Austria no troops and no money ; it is said he had to pawn jewels in Holland in order to pay his way. He had, however, a glittering staff of German officials, including a Prime Minister, Lichtenstein, and several Secretaries of State. The leading personage in his party was Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, who had made a reputation for himself as an expert in Spanish affairs. Darmstadt had served for some years as Governor of Catalonia while Charles II was still alive. When the Bourbon King came to take possession the Prince left Spain, in much disgust, promising to come back, bringing another King with him. From that time he worked for the Austrian cause : he accompanied Ormond's expedition to Cadiz, then went to Lisbon, where he did much to persuade King Pedro into the Alliance. Being a Catholic he could not be given an English commission, so he was made Commander-in-Chief to the Archduke. Having no troops to command he seems to have spent his time in giving advice to the English, Dutch, and Portuguese commanders.

On March 7, 1704, the Archduke arrived at Lisbon, and after he had been received with great pomp the inevitable Council of War was held. It then appeared that our new ally of Portugal had only a few badly-equipped troops who were sure to desert before long ; she could provide neither horses nor transport. In fact, the prospects were such that for once in a way the Council of War agreed, without wrangling, that nothing could be done in Portugal. Some troops were distributed among the fortresses which guarded the frontier.

The Duke of Berwick brought a Spanish army to attack Lisbon, but, after taking some towns which were surrendered very tamely by the Portuguese, he went back to Madrid. The fighting in 1704 does not demand notice.

.

The British fleet took some troops on board and started on a cruise round the coast. The Admiral, Sir George Rooke, had been given vague instructions : there was a hope that he might take Cadiz or Barcelona : he might find it advisable to go to Italy, where another ally, the Duke of Savoy, was expecting to be attacked by the French.

Prince George of Darmstadt accompanied Rooke, and believing that Catalonia would welcome his return, he persuaded the Admiral to disembark a small force outside Barcelona. But finding that no Catalans came to his assistance and that the Governor refused to hand over the town, Rooke put the troops on board again. After cruising rather aimlessly for some time, he determined to attack Gibraltar.

The Rock was at that time considered as a fortress of small value : less than a hundred Spanish regulars formed the garrison, to which the citizens added a local militia of about five hundred. After a short bombardment and an assault by a mixed force of marines and sailors, the place surrendered on August 3 (ten days before the battle of Blenheim.)

Rooke left a garrison of 2,000 men with Darmstadt, and proceeded on his cruise. Three weeks later he met and fought a French fleet off Malaga, 70 miles north-east of Gibraltar. The battle lasted all day, but no ships were taken or sunk on either side. Victory was celebrated at the same time in London, Paris, and Madrid, so apparently the result had been satisfactory to everybody. The French retired towards Toulon, and Rooke sailed for England.

.

The authorities at Madrid, having lost Gibraltar, suddenly realised its value and made strenuous efforts to recover it. Louis sent to Spain, Marshall Tessé, in the place of Berwick who had fallen out of favour at Madrid. During the winter a combined French and Spanish army occupied the isthmus which joins the Rock to the mainland : siege works were thrown up : a breach was opened and several assaults were delivered. A French fleet from Toulon appeared in the bay. For eight months Darmstadt and his little garrison held the enemy off. From time to time

the gallant Leake brought his squadron to chase away the French ships and to throw a dribblet of reinforcements into the place. But though Marshal Tessé himself came to take command, and though 18,000 troops were sent to assist him, Darmstadt maintained the defence to the end of April, when the enemy retired.

The defence of Gibraltar was the brightest achievement of British arms in the campaign on the Peninsula. Chief honours must be awarded to Darmstadt and Leake.

.

The battle of Malaga and the defence of the Rock were the last naval operations on a big scale. But even the shortest sketch of the war would be misleading if no notice were taken of the value of sea power. In every campaign in history the safety of our armies across the sea has always been dependent on the Royal Navy, and never more so than in the present case. Malaga has been called an indecisive battle—we can leave it to experts to argue that point—but even a landsman can see that the after results were decisive : the French fleet never risked another battle, and the British fleet ruled the waves. There was no spectacular triumph for Addison to write a poem about, but Blenheim could never have been fought unless we held command of the sea. Despatch vessels, army transports, supply ships could roam about wherever they pleased. And in sieges at Barcelona, Alicante, Port Mahon, the ships' guns and ships' crews played the big part.

.

Peterborough's admirers claim for him unbounded merit in the Spanish War. His detractors declare that he was useless as a soldier, faithless as an ally, entirely governed by his own ambition. Before going into the story it is as well to consider the evidence on which the allegations are based.

There is no difficulty in arriving at the main facts of the campaign. That is to say, we know on good evidence where the main body of each army was on any particular date ; what towns were taken and when ; what battles were fought. Details, such as the strength of the opposing armies, are of course less accurate, but on the whole may be taken as fairly correct. The big

difficulty arises when we try to fix the credit for success and the blame for failure. Five officers who actually served under Peterborough have left records which have come down to us, and naturally such evidence is of the greatest importance.

.

First. Dr. Freind was an eminent scientist who accompanied the British forces as medical adviser. When Peterborough returned to England he made over his papers to the Doctor, who published in 1707 an account of the campaign. At the time when this work appeared the Earl had just been recalled from his command and was under a cloud. The book represents his defence ; very likely he suggested it and paid for the publication. It cannot therefore be regarded as impartial. Nevertheless Dr. Freind was much respected as a scholar and logician, and it seems improbable that a man of his position would lend himself to anything like deliberately misleading statements. His main facts have been checked and found correct. His opinions must be accepted with reserve.

.

Second. Colonel John Richards served for a few months as Director of Artillery. The value of his evidence lies in the fact that he was not a friendly witness, so we get from him the reverse side of the story. He finds fault with Peterborough, and most probably Peterborough found fault with him. I can imagine the impatient commander demanding impossibilities from his gunners, and Richards, who knew much more about guns than he did, pointing out that a half-starved Spanish mule could not be expected to drag a heavy piece of ordnance over the roads of Spain. So the two of them were on bad terms with each other. But Richards is not wilfully unfair, and in some cases gives his Chief very generous praise.

His papers were in the Stowe Collection of MSS., and are now in the British Museum.

.

Third. Colonel de St. Pierre commanded the Royal Dragoons. His journal, which was evidently not meant for publication, is very disconnected. As a regimental officer he had little knowledge of the big situation and therefore does not discuss it to any great extent. Like a good cavalry officer he kept notes about his horses—the number in each squadron, their condition, their forage. But occasionally he launches into accounts of engagements, and his remarks are shrewd and much to the point.

Fourth. Captain George Carleton is of quite another type. He describes himself as a volunteer, a very valuable and accomplished volunteer. His version is more highly coloured than the others, and in fact his adventures are not unlike those of the immortal Baron Marbot. According to him, Peterborough was the hero of the campaign and the idol of his army.

But doubts have been expressed whether Carleton wrote the book himself, and, if he did, whether there is a word of truth in his story. Literary critics are divided on the point, and the mystery has never been solved, though some facts are established.

War Office records prove that Carleton did exist. In 1700 he was an officer in Tiffin's (27th) Regiment at Dublin: he was cashiered by General Court Martial for brawling and provoking an ensign to fight a duel, but by the clemency of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Lord Galway, he was placed on half-pay. In 1705 he went to Spain "as a volunteer without a particular post." He was employed in restoring fortifications at Alicante and Denia; at the latter place he was taken prisoner with the rest of the garrison in 1709. He remained as a prisoner in Spain till the peace of 1713, when he returned to England. Records show that a pension was paid to him for some years afterwards, and he died in 1730.

It is therefore clear that Carleton served under Peterborough and saw something of the operations which he describes. For more than a century his story was regarded as genuine. The great Samuel Johnson sat up half the night devouring it: he accepted it simply as that it pretended to be, finding in it, as he said, such an air of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity. Sir Walter Scott evidently believed in Carleton, for he wrote a

very delightful preface to a later edition of the book which appeared in 1809.

Then the sceptics arose. First Walter Wilson claimed it for De Foe, on the evidence of style, and Lockhart, in his life of Scott, agreed. Colonel Parnell, whose book will be discussed later, devotes ten pages to proving that Carleton's volume owed its existence to Peterborough himself, and that the actual writer was Dean Swift. He claims to show that many incidents described in it could never have taken place; also that much of it is plagiarism from Dr. Freind and other authors. "As to Peterborough being the person who conceived the production and paid for its publication and inspired its central portion, there can be little reasonable doubt."

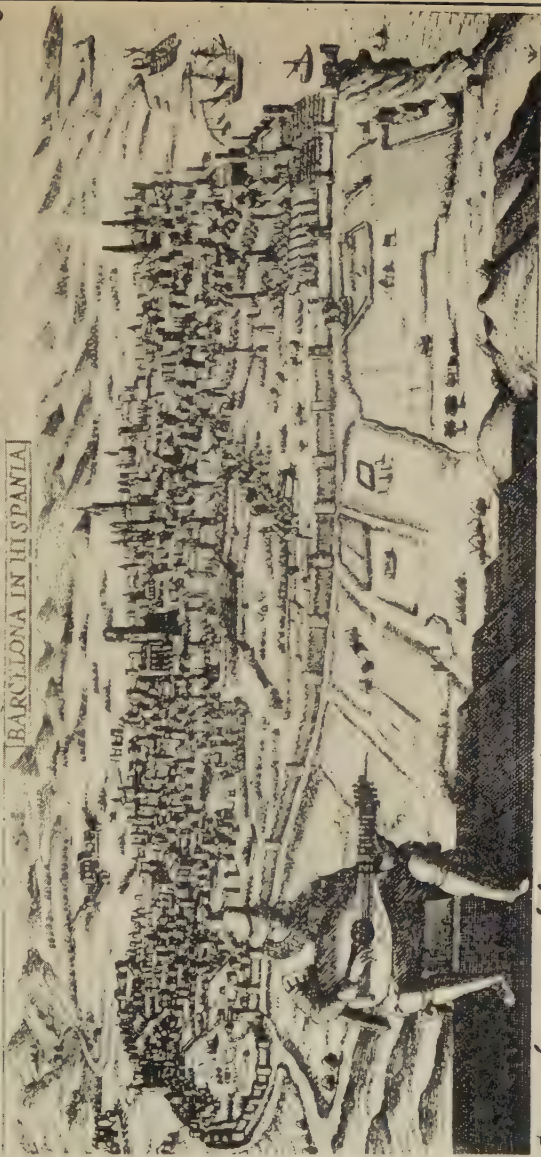
There is some possibility in this theory, but it does not follow, as Parnell suggests, that there was any infamy in the production or that the book is a "mendacious concoction." It is well known that Peterborough, like other great men of his day, enjoyed playing patron to literature. About the time the book first appeared, in 1728, he had gathered round him a circle of wits and authors: an impecunious officer submits a manuscript to the beneficent patron. It recalls the days when they were brothers-in-arms: it tickles his vanity and amuses his friends, who find in it some good stories. Very naturally the patron hands it over to Dean Swift, who makes a few additions with the help of Dr. Freind, and the patron then pays for publication. The result is a very readable book; perhaps it is not good history, but it takes us over to Spain, which is where we want to go.

Fifth. Colonel James Stanhope served throughout the whole of the Spanish Campaign except for three periods when he was sent to England with despatches. He left no journal and no continuous account of the war. But he wrote many letters, which have been carefully preserved: they form the very best of evidence, and will be often quoted.

In 1836, Lord Mahon published the first English book which dealt exclusively with the war in Spain. He was a descendant

IN FOLTERA QVALFAM NOSTROKIM TEMPORIM . GG

[BARCELONA IN HISPANIA]



Cur mihi rauca Creliis sonitu discordat inerti? Nuncq ligata male Est et chordis saucia ruptis

Fals hab ein gutes Saiten spiel,
Wie komts daß es nicht lauten will?

Du darfft dich nicht verwundern daß
Die Dummheit und falsch die sagten boß.

A bird's-eye view of Barcelona from a German print dated 1698, in the British Museum.

of Colonel Stanhope and had access to all his papers, which form the basis of his book. He rightly accepts the views of his ancestor : he also accepts Carleton's narrative as " the most valuable because the most undoubtedly faithful and impartial of all our materials for this war." Consequently he gives Peterborough a high place in the roll of honour—" His chivalrous turn of mind seemed to soar above the low and selfish level of modern times, but whenever shut out from any adequate employment would waste itself and degrade him by freaks and eccentricities." . . . " His courage was carried to the verge of rashness, his generosity to the verge of profusion. He was rapid in decision and fertile in expedients ; but all his qualities were often counterbalanced by the high opinion he himself entertained of them." " The high tribunal of history, while it admires Peterborough's genius and praises his disinterestedness, must lament his conduct was so frequently guided by wounded vanity and personal resentment."

.

In 1887, Colonel F. Russell published a life of Peterborough. Like Mahon he accepts Carleton, and makes much use of St. Pierre and Richards. He is the Earl's most fervent admirer and makes no pretence at partiality.

.

Next we come to the reverse side of the picture. In 1888, Colonel Parnell published his *War of the Succession in Spain*. This author leaves us in no doubt whatever about his opinions and constitutes himself the final authority. He frankly states that " particular efforts have been made to describe the prominent parts taken in this struggle by the Germans and Huguenots." Particular efforts can also be seen to describe the ignominious part played by Englishmen. The German hero is Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt. The Huguenot hero is Henri de Ruigny, Earl of Galway. The English villain is Peterborough—" contemptible impostor"—" notorious for foul living"—" his motive appeared to have been a mixture of cowardice, disaffection and jealousy"—" distinctly averse from fighting."

In pursuing his design Parnell not only rejects English soldiers but also English writers. In a long list of 110 " authors

consulted " the names of Carleton, Stanhope, Richards, and others appear. Carleton's book is a " malignant invention " by Dean Swift. Richards is only reliable when he criticises Peterborough. Stanhope appears to be rejected entirely. Historians like Scott, Mahon, and Macaulay are " very wide of the truth."

Needless to say, Parnell proves his case to his own satisfaction. The book was written in 1888, a time when the British army was worshipping Von Moltke and trying to model itself on Prussian lines—so perhaps officers of that day saw its good points.

In 1890, Mr. W. Stebbings contributed a volume on Peterborough to the series, *Men of Action*. He is far more critical than Mahon and Russell, and very impartial. Unfortunately he has been too modest to commit himself to judgement ; this is to be regretted, for though he may not have read as widely as Parnell he certainly thought more deeply. His book gives both sides of the story and then leaves the reader, as he himself puts it, to pick and choose from the conflicting accounts. After the careful study which he gave to the subject I am sorry he did not express his conclusions more emphatically.

In compiling my narrative of the operations I have followed the guidance of Stebbings and must acknowledge indebtedness to him. Much reliance is placed on the Stanhope papers. With regret I discard the Dublin Captain Carleton as an authority. St. Pierre and Richards appear reliable as far as they go. The memoirs of the Duke of Berwick, Marshal Tessé and the Earl of Galway, describe the campaign, but throw no light on Peterborough. *The Life of Sir John Leake*, by Stephen Martin-Leake, with an introduction by Geoffrey Callender, gives a clear account of the very important part played by the Royal Navy.

Blenheim had been fought and won in 1704, and, as already mentioned, Marlborough planned an invasion of France in 1705. But our Allies in Portugal and Italy were calling loudly for assistance, and it seemed advisable to send another expedition in their

direction, for if anything could be effected Louis was in no condition to send help or French troops to Spain. Again the idea was sound, again bad execution spoilt it.

My Lord of Peterborough was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces,* and Joint Admiral, with Sir Cloudesly Shovel, of the Fleet. As already explained, his commission to command on shore was not based on any previous experience. For a few months he had sailed in the *Bristol* and *Rupert* as a volunteer, with a retinue of four servants. Being a man of energy he may have learnt the points of the compass and the names of a few of the spars, but for his own sake and that of the fleet we can be thankful that he was not called upon to exercise his functions as an admiral in any engagement. Presumably the idea was that Shovel would handle the ships and be responsible for all technical details, while Peterborough had authority to call for assistance when ships were required.

Still further to obscure the question of authority and responsibility, the Government issued an instruction that the Commander was "to be guided by Councils of War and to act in accordance with H.M. King Charles III of Spain and the other Allies."

The troops consisted of 6,500 men, of whom 2,000 were Dutch; "the English and Irish were principally raw recruits, with a plentiful proportion of jail-birds," they were poorly equipped and very deficient of stores. The fleet was under Sir Cloudesly Shovel, with Sir John Leake as Rear-Admiral. It numbered 52 British and 14 Dutch ships.

The expedition sailed from Portsmouth at the end of May and reached Lisbon on June 20.

Peterborough received a rapturous welcome from the Captains and the Kings; after which a great Council of War assembled. There were present the Archduke and staff, especially Darmstadt, who had been summoned from Gibraltar: Earl Galway, commanding the British forces in Portugal: Mr. John Methuen, English Envoy at Lisbon, and his son, Paul Methuen, who was now appointed Envoy to the Archduke: General Scratenbach, commanding the Dutch: various Portuguese officials, and some

* The staff consisted of Major-General Conyngham, Brigadiers Lord Charlemont, Gorges, Stanhope, Lord Shannon, Adjutant-General Colonel Wills, Quarter-Master-General, Colonel Hamilton; Chief Engineer Lieutenant-Colonel Petit; Director of Art, Colonel J. Richards.

General Scratenbach commanded the Dutch, with Brigadier St. Amant.

self-appointed representatives of the Spanish rebels. The Council proceeded to discuss future action.

Peterborough's original instructions came from Godolphin. They show that the Government first intended the expedition to go to the aid of the Duke of Savoy, and throughout the next two years Godolphin appears to have clung to this idea and to have been continually aggrieved at the deviation from it. At the same time the instructions recognised that Peterborough might find an opportunity for more effective work somewhere on the coast of Spain, in which case he had freedom of action.

So far the instructions were quite sound : news travelled slowly, and the Commander-in-Chief, on arrival at Lisbon, might get some useful information. After consulting with the English officers there he could take stock of the situation and decide on future plans. But in leaving the decision to a Council of War the Government made a fatal mistake which was at the root of all the evils which followed. Marlborough ought to have known, from bitter experience, the vexations which arise from many councillors ; we have seen how he had to shake off a German ally before he could engage the French in decisive battle. In the present case a German Prince had no troops to command, but was, by force of circumstances, the central figure. He had been crowned monarch of Spain and was setting out to take possession of his kingdom. He could only do so with the help of Peterborough's army. It was therefore inconceivable that the Germans would allow the expedition to go on to Italy without a very strong protest.

A serious divergence of opinion between the German Court and the British Commander-in-Chief would not only spoil the value of the expedition itself, but might endanger the Grand Alliance. At this moment it was imperative to keep on good terms with Vienna in order to drive home the great success which Marlborough had won in 1704. If the Archduke were not humoured his complaints would soon reach the Emperor and provide him with an excuse for delaying assistance in the main theatre of war. The Court at Vienna was only too ready to accept complaints about the British.

If Godolphin really intended to help the Duke of Savoy he could have made Peterborough's task easy by issuing explicit

orders. Coming from the Government which organised and paid for both land and sea forces the orders would have enabled the Commander-in-Chief to wave aside proposals or objections from anybody. At the same time secret instructions could have been given that he might turn aside to Cadiz or Barcelona if, on arrival at Lisbon, he found reliable information that an attempt on either of those places showed promise of success.

Such a simple procedure does not seem to have suggested itself to anybody. Councils of War were regarded as inevitable evils, and perhaps the Generals of other nationalities would have refused to accept orders unless they had first been allowed to have their say. Perhaps there was a lingering suspicion in Godolphin's mind that Peterborough would be all the better for a little steadying advice. Perhaps the wily Treasurer had even a more sinister object in mind. He was besieged by appeals from Savoy and Portugal, so he told each of them that Peterborough was intended to go to his aid, and afterwards laid the blame for failure to comply on the shoulders of the Commander. It is certain that he sent assurances to the Duke of Savoy that the expedition would soon arrive at Nice.

The troubles which afterwards arose had their origin in the absence of any single controlling authority, and must therefore be put down, not to Peterborough, but to the Government which gave him command without authority.

So the Council assembled. There were good officers there, and if the object of the expedition had been indisputably fixed they would have devoted their energies to attaining it. But each of them was allowed to submit his own proposals; when he found them rejected he had a grievance, and instead of working together they all started with faintly disguised objections to each other's plans.

The two most sensible members were Galway and Methuen; they had only been in Portugal a few months, but that was long enough to give them full knowledge of our Portuguese Allies, whose promises never meant anything. The country between Lisbon and Madrid had been devastated by two years of warfare which consisted chiefly in wholesale plunder: any movement based on Lisbon would be doomed to failure. Galway and Methuen had no proposals to make,

Darmstadt moved that the Council should formally concur in making Barcelona the first objective. He said their arrival was anxiously awaited by the Catalans: Velasco, the Bourbon viceroy, was detested: the Count of Cifuentes, a brave Spaniard of much influence, would raise the whole province as well as the neighbouring Kingdom of Aragon, and most of the priests were devoted to the German cause.

Some members preferred an attempt on Cadiz; but in the end it was agreed that the expedition should proceed to Barcelona and that the Archduke and his Court should go with it.

So far there had been no discord, and yet the mere fact that they were not in perfect unison must have had a depressing effect. Peterborough does not appear to have urged his own views; he kept the Italian project at the back of his mind, knowing very well that the Germans would object to it. Very likely he had a suspicion that Darmstadt's information was too optimistic, but there was nobody to contradict it. Still, the plan now adopted was not his own; to some extent the responsibility had been taken off his shoulders, and perhaps there remained a subconscious disposition to see difficulties and to exaggerate them.

Once the decision had been made Galway acted with unselfish generosity. He agreed to give two regiments of his dragoons from Lisbon and some veteran troops from Gibraltar in exchange for a similar number of Peterborough's raw recruits. This was a real addition to the strength of the force.

Owing to delays connected with the provision of transport for the dragoons and their horses the halt at Lisbon was prolonged for five weeks—which looks like a bad waste of time. For this, however, Peterborough was not to blame, for John Methuen wrote to Godolphin:

“All the disappointments of the Portuguese have not made my Lord Peterborough delay one day in his preparations to go from hence, although they have cost him many hours attendance. Your Lordship hath great reason to desire that the fleet should not stay at Lisbon, time being on this occasion of all things most precious. But my Lord Peterborough seems as little to need the being put in mind of it as any man I ever saw, being employed every hour day and night in hastening all he can.”

At length, on July 24, the expedition left Lisbon. Before starting the Commander induced a Jew, Curtisos, to advance £100,000 on bills drawn on Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and this enabled him to remedy some of the deficiencies in supplies.

The Archduke and his retinue were hospitably entertained on the voyage by Peterborough at his own expense—a very diplomatic move on his part, which could give no offence yet delicately put them in the position of guests, not controllers.

On August 3, Gibraltar was reached; a battalion of Guards, two mixed battalions, and some marines, a total of 3,200 good troops, were taken aboard.

After leaving the Rock the fleet put in for water at Altea, 450 miles up the east coast. On the news of Darmstadt's arrival crowds flocked to the shore to greet him and much enthusiasm was displayed. Quantities of fresh provisions were collected, and, with a wisdom unusual in those days, were paid for. Denia, a small fortress 30 miles farther north, opened its gates and declared for the Archduke. Messages came in which showed that the province of Valencia was ripe for revolt against the Bourbon rule.

At this moment Peterborough proposed a new plan—to make a march on Madrid from the city of Valencia. Stanhope puts the case very clearly:

“The scanty forces of the Spanish monarchy were at this moment stationed at its two opposite extremities, partly at Barcelona, where an attack was expected, and partly on the frontiers of Portugal, under the Duke of Berwick. The other provinces were almost entirely destitute of troops and at Madrid itself there were only a few squadrons of cavalry as guards. In the province of Valencia, Lord Peterborough saw the people friendly, the local authorities dismayed. What, then, was to prevent him from pushing forward at once to the Capital, seating the Archduke on the throne, and, as it were, surprising the whole Spanish nation into acquiescence and approbation of the change? Such a step might indeed appear rash and adventurous, but Lord Peterborough well knew that what would be prudent in a foreign war is dilatory in a civil contest, whose success can only be secured by promptitude and vigour. The distance of Madrid from Valencia was only fifty leagues; there were no fortified towns

except Requena, on the way ; the means of transport were ample, and the supplies of provisions unexhausted; and the English army might, therefore, easily reach Madrid long before it could be relieved from either the Portuguese or Catalonian frontiers. Nor, indeed, could the troops from the latter move at all, without leaving the ill-affected city of Barcelona exposed to the double danger of foreign attack and domestic insurrection."

On the whole this was the most promising plan, and it is said that Darmstadt had himself thought of it early in the year, and had put it in a letter to the Archduke. But now he did not support Peterborough—apparently he considered himself pledged to the Catalans and had sent on messages to announce his coming. The Archduke and his German Ministers had set their hearts on Barcelona. Peterborough gave way.

The voyage was resumed, and on August 16 the fleet came to anchor two miles east of Barcelona. Then for the first time the difficulties became apparent.

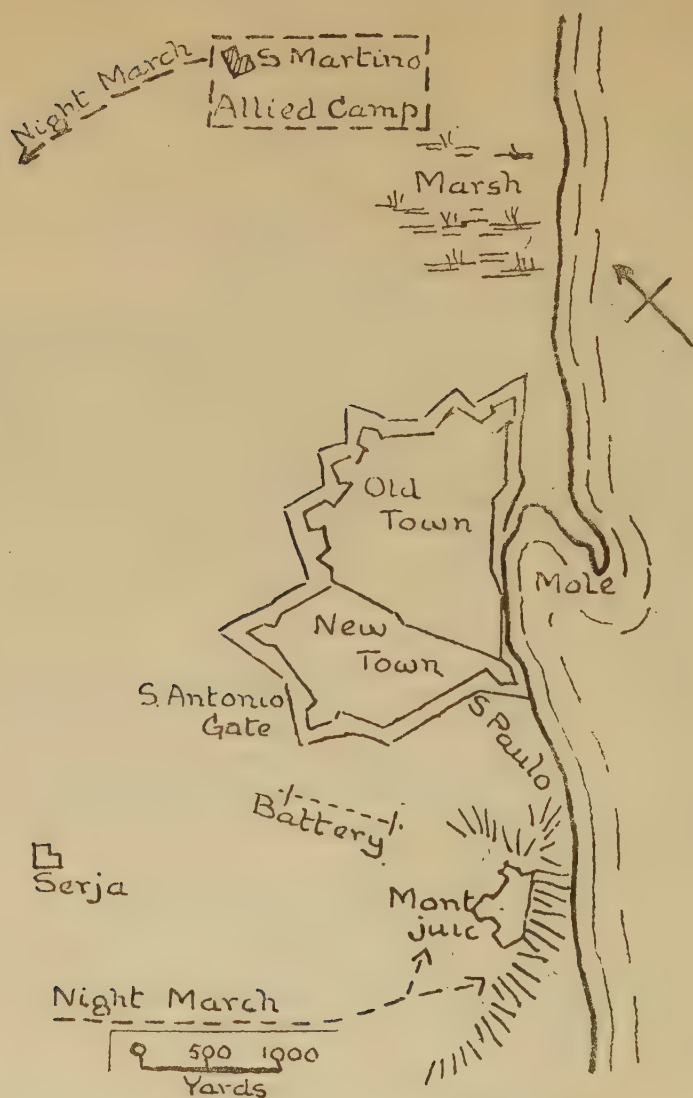
CHAPTER IX

BARCELONA. 1705

BARCELONA was the largest and most prosperous city in Spain. It had a sea front of about one mile and stretched rather less than that distance inland. The fortifications, though not so formidable as those designed by Vauban in Flanders, were sufficient to demand siege operations on a considerable scale : a strong wall with eight large bastions and numerous small towers, a ditch of moderate depth. On the south-west a hill called Montjuic rises 700 feet above sea level. It was crowned by a small detached fort : a precipitous cliff drops down to the shore : from the inland the ascent is rugged and steep, but possible. Obviously no landing could be attempted on this side of the town. On the north-east the ground was reported to be level but marshy, and the engineers declared it to be quite unfit for sapping the siege approaches ; there was no cover to conceal the advance of troops. Ships could bring massed fire on the sea front, but troops could only approach it in boats, an attempt which must be attended with heavy loss in the face of a strong garrison.

The Viceroy of Catalonia, Don Francisco Velasco, commanded the town. He was a fierce and vindictive Spaniard, devoted to the Bourbon cause. Under his directions a good store of provisions had been collected, and he was well able to subdue any mutinous spirit in the citizens. His forces amounted to 3,200 foot and 800 horse.

In addition to the strength of the walls Velasco had several points in his favour, which arose from the very important fact that the inhabitants were regarded by the Allies as friends. Any idea of blockading the town and reducing it to starvation was therefore out of the question. For the same reason a general bombardment and destruction of the buildings could not be allowed. And, another weighty consideration, the Allies could



SKETCH MAP OF BARCELONA.

not loot the town or hand it over to the licence of the troops : this threat, which in many cases had been sufficient to force citizens to ask for terms, had no effect on Velasco. He was, therefore, undisturbed by the three worst horrors of a siege—starvation, bombardment and rapine. And the inhabitants,

being equally secure in their minds on these points, did not care to run the risk of being killed by Velasco's soldiery over an attempt to rise for the Allies. They sat down to await developments.

No doubt Peterborough saw the very obvious difficulties. The city could only be taken by breaching the walls with heavy guns—care being taken not to damage the houses—after which an assault must be made, care being taken to keep the storming-party well in hand, and to prevent looting. A very difficult problem, especially when reports had been received that sapping was impossible and that the garrison was nearly as strong as the besieging army.

Fear of Velasco repressed the inhabitants and held back Catalans of the province from joining the Allies. Instead of the thousands expected by Darmstadt there appeared only about 1,500 irregulars, known as "Miquelets." Carleton's description of them is worth quoting :

"They come when they think fit and go away when they please, and cannot be brought under any regular discipline. However, to do the Miquelets justice, I must say that, notwithstanding the number of them which hovered about the place never much exceeded 1,500 men, if sometimes more oftener less, and though they never came under any command, but planted themselves where and as they pleased, yet they did considerable service in taking possession of all the country houses and convents that lay between the hills and the plain of Barcelona, by means whereof they rendered it impossible for the enemy to make any sorties or sallies at any distance from the town." The Allies were a good deal annoyed when Darmstadt demanded pay for these friends of his—the pay to be issued from British coffers. They did not get it.

These remarks reflect the opinion of the British troops, and murmurs of discontent arose not only in the ranks but also among senior officers. Unfortunately some authors, who try to extol Peterborough by running down everybody else, have thrown suspicion on Darmstadt's good faith, suggesting that he lured the expedition to Barcelona by means of false reports. It is true that during the first few weeks local forces counted for little, but later on the inhabitants and country folk rose in thousands and did quite as much as could be expected from Spanish irregulars.

A discontented population is apt to be very free in promises of help, but the performance rarely comes up to expectation. The Duke of Monmouth had promises from the Protestants of England, James Stuart from the Papists: even William of Orange, though he received written pledges before he left Holland, complained bitterly of the inaction of his adherents when he first landed in Devonshire. It is therefore unfair to blame the Catalans. They hated the Bourbons and the iron rule of the Bourbon governor: they had much faith in Darmstadt: they wanted to attract the expedition to their town, and in talking among themselves each man had boasted of the force he could raise: their promises were honest. Nevertheless, they hesitated to commit themselves, for if the Allies sailed away or were repulsed in their attack Velasco would wreak an awful vengeance on anyone who had risen against him. He would no doubt have put the Bloody Assize of Jeffreys into the shade.

Darmstadt had spent some years in this city and it is true that he ought to have known where the difficulties lay and what the promises of his friends were worth. It is permissible to condemn his judgement, but the accusation of dishonesty is not supported by any evidence.

Probably Darmstadt felt more disappointment than anybody—but he clung to hope and urged that the siege should be taken in hand at once. This was a very natural attitude, for it would be a personal blow, a fatal blow, to his prestige if the big fleet sailed away leaving Barcelona in the hands of the hated Velasco. It is also very natural that the Archduke took the same view. He had been crowned King of Spain and all his interests lay in that country. To him Italy was nothing.

On the other hand it is natural to find that Peterborough and his Generals did not accept this view. They were not bound by any pledges to the Catalans, and they had to think of their own troops. It was a situation in which the cost must be carefully weighed against the advantages to be gained. Possession of Barcelona was, of course, to be desired: it would be a serious blow to the Bourbon cause. Had the gates been open, as Darmstadt hoped, it would have pointed to very strong feeling in favour of the Allies, and further success might be expected. But the gates remained shut.

The whole object of the campaign was to establish the Arch-

duke at Madrid. The capture of Barcelona, however desirable, was not the end, and was not even an imperative step towards further operations : it did not block the only road to the Capital, there were other and better harbours on the coast. Therefore it was unnecessary to enter Spain by the one gate where resistance might be expected.

Assaults on walled towns, even when successful, may be very costly. If Peterborough lost two or three thousand men, the possession of Barcelona, instead of being an asset, would become a serious liability. His remaining force would only be sufficient to form a garrison : the fleet would sail away, leaving him marooned at a distance of nearly two thousand miles from England : reinforcements, even if Marlborough could spare them, would take months to arrive. Therefore a costly attack, so far from leading up to further operations, would render them impossible. Peterborough wanted to keep his force intact, with liberty of movement, until a blow could be struck at the field army of the Bourbons.

This intention was strategically sound. Possession of towns and territory naturally appeals to the civilian mind, but a strategist keeps his eye on the main body of the enemy.

.

Bearing in mind this divergence of views we cannot be surprised that the many Councils of War which now began to assemble failed to agree on any plan. But it does not follow, as suggested by some authors, that either Peterborough and his Generals on the one side, or the Archduke and his Germans on the other, were dishonest, treacherous, or even foolish.

The minutes of five Councils are given in full by Dr. Freind. The first was held on August 16 in the *Britannia*, flagship of Sir Cloudesly Shovel. Peterborough declared himself strongly against a siege, and was supported by all the military officers. Darmstadt contended that an attempt ought certainly to be made : he had sure intelligence of the good disposition of the citizens and the disaffected state of part of the garrison. If only the walls were breached, Velasco would be glad to capitulate with honour. The Archduke said that in any case he himself would not desert the Catalans who at the hazard of their lives had declared for him. The Council gave its opinion in the following words :

"That though bold and almost desperate attempts have sometimes been undertaken with success, yet they are never by choice, but the effect of despair, and to get out of some great difficulty; whereas these troops are at this time under no necessity which obliges them to desperate attempts, since other very considerable services and such as her Majesty's instructions seem to be thought at least of equal importance with this of Barcelona, may still be pursued; such is particularly that of Italy and supporting the Duke of Savoy. The Earl of Peterborow has likewise proposed and offered to his Majesty to march by land, along the sea coast, where with the countenance and assistance of the fleet many towns of consequence might be reduced, the whole country disposed to declare for and pay obedience to his Catholic Majesty as some part of the neighbouring parts have already done; and upon any encouragement from this province and those of Valencia and Aragon, winter quarters may be secured, and a body of troops raised out of them, which might enable his Majesty to march to Madrid next spring.

"Either of these services we do most cheerfully offer to go upon, or indeed any other which may be proposed by his Majesty, which shall not expose both the honour of the Queen's and States-General's arms, and the body of the troops which we are intrusted with, to utter destruction."*

In spite of this decision Peterborough agreed to disembark the troops. No doubt he saw that it was useless to press for the Italian project, which would have led to an open breach with the Germans, and might even endanger the Grand Alliance. There was still a hope that Darmstadt's forecast might turn out correct and that Velasco would capitulate before an assault. If so—well and good. If not, the army could march along the coast. In any case the first step must be disembarkation.

On the next day troops began to land, preceded by a party of 200 grenadiers.†

Country people helped them by laying planks and carrying

* Parnell says—"To commanders who had resolved to fight, councils of war were of no use. They were generally resorted to by leaders whose chief qualities were prudence and a desire to avoid bloodshed." . . . "The Prince, Sir Cloudesly, the admirals and all the Germans, were for proceeding with the enterprise; whilst Peterborough and his generals (who deemed it expedient to follow his lead) were against it."

† Accounts differ about the date of landing, but the point is quite immaterial. Different dates are also given for the Councils. I have taken them from Dr. Freind's book. The minutes were signed and dated by Mr. Furly, secretary.

them on their backs. Camp was pitched about one mile north-east of the city, between the foothills and the marshes.

During this move Velasco made no attempt to interfere, though St. Pierre thinks he could have done so with effect. He might have posted dragoons on the low hills beyond range of the ships' guns, but near enough to bring fire on the shore and camping ground.

The position was entrenched, to safeguard it against sallies by the garrison. The Archduke came ashore and established his Court at San Martino. Miquelets began to appear and many country folk came to do homage.

The next Council of War, August 22, came to the same conclusion as the first, but Peterborough himself showed signs of changing his mind ; he said " it was desirable to pay the utmost respect to the desire of the King." The " King's " request was that siege operations should be carried on for at least eighteen days.

Before the third Council, Peterborough had won over to his views two brigadiers, Stanhope and St. Amant. General Scratenbach and several others still held out against anything like a siege ; but finally, on August 26, it was agreed that a battery of 50 guns should be landed from the fleet, with 1,500 sailors to work them. In spite of the difficult ground an attempt was to be made to build emplacements opposite the north-east face of the fortress ; if a practicable breach were made an assault would be delivered. But all were agreed, especially the Admirals, that the operations should not be prolonged beyond the stipulated eighteen days.

The guns were brought ashore under Colonel Petit, and preparations were begun for the opening of a breach. As soon as Velasco saw the point at which the battery was aiming he threw up some kind of lunette opposite it, which was said to have strengthened the defences very much.

During the next fortnight there were proposals and counter-proposals of all kinds. A ship arrived from England bringing letters from Godolphin which again urged the Italian project. Scratenbach refused firmly to let his troops take any part in the

proceedings. The Dutch Admiral declared that he had orders from his Government to take his ships away. Shovel was anxious to be off, the season was getting late and he did not want to be caught by autumn gales in an open roadstead. Arguments were probably heated. Carleton declares that for a fortnight Peterborough and Darmstadt refused to speak to each other, but this is a mistake, or at least an exaggeration, for records exist of correspondence between them in quite amicable terms.

Certainly Peterborough's changes of mind are sufficient to warrant accusations of irresolution. He wanted to keep on good terms with the Archduke, for whom he had personal regard, though he hated the German Ministers. He also wanted to avoid trouble with the Dutch and other military officers. But in the Councils he took first one side, objecting to a siege, then the other side, agreeing to it, and finally decided to put the guns back on the fleet and march along the coast.

There is a possible solution to the muddle which has not been discussed. We shall see that he made a very fine surprise attack on Montjuic. It has generally been supposed, even by those on the spot, that this attack was a sudden and brilliant inspiration, conceived at the last moment as a desperate chance. But perhaps he had been planning it out for some time—there is no reason why he should not have done so. We are told that he had been spending his days in the saddle looking at the country ; he may well have seen the possibilities and prepared his plan. The first necessity was surprise. In order to secure this he kept his intentions secret, even from friends like Stanhope and Methuen, till the last moment ; not only that, he issued orders and made open arrangements which pointed to a very different design. The guns were sent back on board the fleet : this indicated that all thoughts of a siege or assault had been abandoned. Admirals and Generals were given to understand that the march along the coast would start at once. On the morning of September 12, Peterborough had a meeting with Darmstadt, at which Richards was the only other officer present, and it was agreed that on the 15th the main body should leave camp on the way southwards to Tarragona.

If Peterborough had been planning from the first his attack



The Fort captured by Peterborough on September 16th, 1705. From a print dated 1706 in the British Museum.

on Montjuic it would account for all the contradictory orders and for his alleged weakness and irresolution.

Everybody was at loggerheads. Councils of War went on giving opinions. The sailors came ashore to begin a job of work and were sent back on board having done nothing. The troops are said to have murmured their discontent: according to one account they were willing to make an assault that they might not be taunted with "first coming like fools and then going away like cowards."

Peterborough bore the sneers of the Germans with a serenity which was so far from his nature that it is impossible not to suspect that he had something in his mind to bring out as a surprise for everybody. He had succeeded in deceiving the whole of his own camp, which is the very best way of deceiving the enemy.

Velasco was thoroughly deceived. He had seen the guns and heavy baggage sent back to the ships—the siege had evidently been raised, and in honour of that great event the night of Sunday, the 13th, was set apart for triumphal rejoicing in the city.

Meanwhile, in the camp 1,200 men were parading in marching order. It was generally understood that they would form an advanced party, sent on ahead to secure an important defile on the road to Tarragona. Their departure excited little comment.

The party consisted of 400 grenadiers under Colonel Southwell (spelt Southwick by St. Pierre) followed by 600 musketeers under Lieutenant-Colonel Allen, and some engineers. Lord Charlemont happened to be the Brigadier-General on duty for the day, and consequently was in nominal command of the whole, but Peterborough and Darmstadt both went with them and directed the operations. Six hours later a reserve of 1,000 foot and some dragoons, under Brigadier-General Stanhope, were to follow.

.

The hill known as Montjuic, as already mentioned, stands up very straight from the sea to a height of over 700 feet. The fort, though less than fifty yards square, was strongly built with a high wall and bastions at each corner: it had ditch and counterscarp

except on the side nearest the sea, which was precipitous. Further defences had been planned on an outer line, which enclosed a space nearly 300 yards in length. These works, however, had not been completed and really were a source of weakness, for the garrison of 200 men was not strong enough to line them. But the Spaniards regarded the place as impregnable and certainly did not expect an attack.

As the fort lay 1,300 yards from the city wall it was out of cannon range, and therefore it cannot be described as a direct key to Barcelona. But the ground near its base was naturally better fitted for trenches than the marshes on the north-east side. Therefore the capture of Montjuic would much facilitate further siege operations.

The column left camp at 6 p.m. A little later Peterborough, accompanied by Richards, called at Darmstadt's quarters; the three of them mounted and caught up the vanguard at 10 p.m. The route lay well clear of the city, circling round it at a distance of over two miles. Suddenly the head of the column which had been moving southwards wheeled sharply to the left. Two hours before dawn they had reached the foot of Montjuic, near Serja; from this point a rocky track ran up to the summit. The march of twelve miles on a bad road had been very tiring and the troops straggled a great deal, about 200 fell out, reducing the numbers to 800. It is not clear whether the original intention had been to assault in the darkness—probably not, for the ascent was terribly stiff, and a night march over broken ground is very apt to go astray. At all events Peterborough halted till dawn, to rest the men, and at the same time he explained his plan to the officers.

Allen's party moved towards the outwork nearest the town. Peterborough, Darmstadt and Richards went with it. They started at dawn, and were soon observed by some Miquelets from the fort, so there was nothing in the nature of a surprise in the assault. The great thing was that the attack should be delivered before Velasco could reinforce the garrison from the town.

Allen's men drove the defenders out of the first line and then established themselves there by collecting some loose stones to build a breastwork.

Meanwhile Southwell's party advanced against the western point, farthest from the town. They took the outwork at once ; either their march had escaped notice, or, as seems more likely, the commander of the fort had collected his little garrison to oppose Allen's column. Southwell found two small guns at the western point, which he turned against the fort. The storming party got as far as the ditch and tried to escalade, but the ladders they had brought turned out to be too short to reach the top of the walls. So for a while there was a lull in the fighting.

The attack, though quite unexpected, of course attracted attention in the city, and Velasco began to send up some reinforcements. The first to arrive were a hundred foot soldiers who were brought up on the cruppers of a party of dragoons. There must have been a road or path leading up from the city gate which could not be seen from the ground held by the attackers. The reinforcements got into the fort and the horses were sent back to the city.

This led to a curious incident. When the garrison saw their friends coming up from below they started a cheer " Viva el Rey." Colonel Allen and some of the attackers understood this to be a signal of surrender and, jumping up from their breastwork, they dashed forward and got into the ditch. Here they were completely exposed to the fire of two bastions. The defenders gave them a volley which killed many—and about 200 more surrendered themselves as prisoners. Darmstadt was mortally wounded by a musket shot which severed an artery in his right thigh.

About the same time a report reached Peterborough that a large force, at least 3,000 strong, was moving out from Barcelona. On this he rode down, as quickly as the rough ground permitted, to where Stanhope and his reserves were posted, and ordered them to come up. During his absence, perhaps on account of his absence, the men who were holding the outworks were seized with an unaccountable panic and began to fall back down the hill. Richards says :

" Lord Charlemont, who was next immediately in command, and, I believe, a little strange to such rude sort of work, was easily persuaded to quit the works we had gained and to retreat, as he actually did, and at that time I do not believe that we had 400 of the 1,000 men that marched out with us. Some mistook the

way and never came up ; others were so weary that they could not ; but, above all, the want of water was extreme, which I attribute to be the great reason of our many desertions. At this juncture Lord Peterborough returned, who, seeing what was done, fell into the horriblem passion that ever man was seen in, and with a great deal of bravery and resolution, led us back again to the posts which we had quitted." Another account says that the Earl seized the " half-pike " out of Charlemont's hands and called on the men to follow him. In a short time the outworks were regained—and it appears that the enemy in the fort had never even noticed the panic, or at least took no advantage of it.

Another curious incident occurred a little later. The 200 men who, with Colonel Allen, had been taken prisoners, were dispatched under escort to the town. On the way they were met by the body of 3,000 reinforcements. The prisoners were stopped and examined separately ; they all agreed in saying that Peterborough and Darmstadt were both present—so the Spanish General naturally concluded that they would not have headed so desperate an enterprise without their whole army, and therefore gave orders for the reinforcements to fall back into Barcelona. As Lord Mahon says :

" Thus it so happened that the loss of these 200 men turned to the advantage of the English, by preventing the attack of the enemy at a most critical moment, and against a very inferior force. Soon afterwards Stanhope's thousand men came up, and the place was then fully secured against any future attempt from the Spaniards. By the General's orders, the cannon were again landed, and brought to bear upon the keep. It could not, in any case, have held out very long, but its fall was hastened on the second day, by one of the shells, which, alighting upon its powder magazine, caused a terrible explosion, killed the Governor and many principal officers then at dinner with him, and blew up the face of one of the bastions. The vigilant Miquelets below the hill, perceiving the rent in the wall, immediately ran up and rushed into the works, while Lord Peterborough supported them on the other side, and by his presence saved the garrison from the cruelty of the Catalans. Nor had he neglected during the bombardment to pay proper funeral honours to the gallant Prince of Darmstadt. His body was first laid out in state at a convent

hired by the Earl for that purpose. He is dressed with his wig, hat, and usual clothes, with his boots on, a sword in one hand, and a cane in the other ; a priest is continually about his corpse, praying, and the place is ever crowded with Spaniards who come to see him."

.

The capture of Montjuic was a clever bit of work. There is often a disposition to claim for some particular hero the honours of having conceived a plan, as if the same idea could not possibly have occurred to anyone else. In this case the honour is given to Darmstadt by Parnell, to Peterborough by Richards, while St. Pierre hints that he himself was the original father. Very likely it occurred to each of them and to many others besides. Imagine for a moment the scene which met the eyes as the fleet dropped anchor. A city with high walls and frowning bastions, on one side of it a low-lying open plain, on the other Montjuic rearing its lofty crest. From the commander down to the last-joined ensign of foot every officer thought of taking Montjuic. But the capture demanded something more than mere thought.

Parnell goes on to assert that Darmstadt, after conceiving the plan, shamed Peterborough into agreement, then " personally selected the officers who were to take part in the assault and issued all the orders." I have no wish to run down Darmstadt : he had proved his courage and skill on other fields, and died a soldier's death. He knew the ground, having lived several years in Barcelona, and probably made useful suggestions. But it is no disparagement to him to say that he could not have given orders to English troops while an English commander was on the spot, especially when that commander was a bad-tempered little man with a very high opinion of his own dignity. Perhaps one of Darmstadt's staff wrote a German version which forms Parnell's authority. As I cannot read that language I must rely on the English accounts. After discarding the Dublin captain we still have Richards, who was at Peterborough's side, and St. Pierre, who, with his regiment, formed part of Stanhope's reserve. It is of course notorious that a man in the heat of battle makes astounding errors about times, places, numbers, even when describing what he has seen with his own eyes : a report from a single eye-

witness may turn out to be wrong, but Richards and St. Pierre agree very well, and before writing their impressions they must have heard the versions of several comrades. They had no doubts about the affair: Darmstadt gets full credit as a volunteer who fought bravely, but responsibility and command belonged to the British commander. In the words of Richards, who was more prone to criticism than to praise—"Lord Peterborough was the sole projector of the enterprise and our only support in our misfortune." So I think a bit of credit is due to the little figure in huge periwig and scarlet tunic gorgeous with gold lace, who seized a half-pike and flew into a horrible passion and led his bewildered lads back to their posts.

.

Possession of Montjuic altered the whole situation. The ground near its base was firm enough for sapping, so emplacements could be made for heavy guns. The little fort on the summit of the hill was suitably garrisoned, and provided a safeguard against any sortie by Velasco on that side of the town. Best of all, the triumphant capture of a place which had been considered impregnable raised the spirits of the Allies and depressed those of the Bourbon party in the city.

Murmurs of discontent were no longer heard. Nor is there any record of further Councils of War, for everybody was now agreed that Barcelona could be taken, and therefore everybody showed eagerness to help in siege operations. Admirals who had been muttering that it was high time to leave the open roadstead now hurried to send guns and sailors ashore.

The camp still remained on the north-east side, probably because it was easier to maintain communications from that point with the ships. The breaching battery was manned entirely from the fleet. Admirals turned themselves into Generals and formed their men into companies. The guns were landed on the beach to the south of Montjuic. A certain Captain Littleton, finding that the horses could not drag heavy pieces up the steeper parts, "caused harness to be made for 200 men and by that means, after prodigious fatigue and labour, brought the artillery up to the very batteries."

In a few days ground had been broken at 400 yards range,

facing the town wall between the bastions of St. Antonio and St. Paul. On September 24, Richards was able to open fire, and a few days later there were 58 guns and mortars in position. Velasco replied with artillery fire from the walls and caused a few casualties. But no sortie was attempted and the Governor's energy turned chiefly to repressing dangers from within. Hostile inhabitants and mutinous soldiers were arrested; some of them were driven out of the city and found refuge in the Allied camp. From their statements it became evident that Velasco would not be able to resist an assault and would probably surrender as soon as the breach had been made practicable.

Accounts say that the Archduke enjoyed the siege with all the enthusiasm of a boy, sharing danger with the men and spending his time between the battery and the ships which were bombarding the town.

At first Velasco refused to hear of surrender and declared that he would bury himself under the ruins. When the wall had been battered by constant artillery fire he built an earthwork to close the breach and laid two mines to protect it from assault. Under the direction of Peterborough the sailors pitched shells with such accuracy that both mines were blown up. The way for assault now lay open, but the Earl still wished to avoid it if possible. He went at once to his tent and wrote a letter summoning the Governor to surrender. Velasco agreed to honourable terms. Fire was to cease, and if no relief came within four days the garrison would march out with all the honours of war. The gate of St. Antonio was to be handed over at once. As a guarantee of these terms General Stanhope and the Condé de Ribera were exchanged as hostages.

The capitulation was signed on October 9 and no doubt both sides intended to observe the terms. On the 10th, however, tumult broke out in the town; the sentries had relaxed their vigilance, some Miquelets made their way in and, aided by inhabitants, began to sack houses of Bourbon sympathisers. They might have proceeded to a general massacre of the obnoxious party. In these circumstances Peterborough found himself forced to intervene, and though his action broke through the terms of capitulation there is little doubt that he saved the garrison, and incidentally Velasco, from the vengeance of angry

citizens. St. Pierre and Richards give accounts of their commander's conduct which they describe as courageous, resolute, and generous.

Carleton, of course, has a story to tell which may be quoted for what it is worth. Almost alone with Peterborough he had ridden to the St. Antonio gate, where they entered the disturbed town.

"Scarce had we gone a hundred paces when we saw a lady of apparent quality and indisputable beauty, in a strange but most affecting agony, flying from the apprehended fury of the Miquelets; her lovely hair was all flowing about her shoulders, which, and the consternation she was in, rather added to, than anything diminished from, the charms of an excess of beauty. She, as is very natural to people in distress, made up directly to the Earl, her eyes satisfying her he was a person likely to give her all the protection she wanted. And as soon as ever she came near enough, in a manner that declared her quality before she spoke, she craved that protection, telling him, the better to secure it, who it was that asked it. But the generous Earl presently convinced her he wanted no entreaties, having, before he knew her to be the Duchess of Popoli, taken her by the hand, in order to convey her through the wicket which he entered at to a place of safety without the town. I stayed behind while the Earl conveyed the distressed Duchess to her requested asylum, and I believed it was the longest part of an hour before he returned."

St. Pierre also relates the incident and adds that while Peterborough was leading the fair Duchess to safety, several Miquelets fired at him and one shot went through his "wigg."

Stanhope had met the Earl near the gate and it was chiefly by his efforts that some regiments were got under arms and brought into the town. Burnet says—"Stanhope, who was one of the officers in attendance on Peterborough, said to me that they ran a greater danger from the shooting and fire that was flying about in that disorder, than they had done during the whole siege."

The British commander, having disposed of his lady refugee, took charge. The troops behaved with admirable and, for those days, surprising restraint, not only abstaining from plunder but saving the lives of those who had lately been their enemies. The confidence of the citizens in the firm rule of the Allies is seen in the

remarkable fact that next day shops and bazaars were opened for business.

A large number of the garrison, said to be over 2,000, offered to transfer their loyalty to the Archduke ; the remainder, with Velasco, were sent by sea to Malaga.

On October 23, the Archduke made his formal entry into the city, amid general rejoicing, and was proclaimed as King Charles III of Spain. After this followed an orgy of festivals and pageants in which the great Earl bore a prominent part.

.

Even before the surrender of the city several other towns in Catalonia had declared for the Archduke, and by the end of October the whole province was in the hands of his adherents. The more important fortresses included Gerona, to the north, facing the French frontier ; Lerida, inland, facing the neighbouring province of Aragon ; Tarragona, on the coast ; Tortosa, which commanded a bridge near the mouth of the Ebro. All this without fighting—which shows that the information of Darmstadt had really been very correct ; the Catalans had been ready from the first to rise against the Bourbon rule as soon as they felt safe from Velasco.

.

At the end of October General Stanhope and Lord Shannon started for England, carrying news of the great event and the usual despatches. They also took letters from Peterborough and the Archduke to Queen Anne. It is not fair to quote official letters of this kind as serious expressions of opinion : the Archduke was bound to give praise to the British Commander-in-Chief, who was equally bound to give praise to everybody else.

Some rumours had already come to London, but Stanhope, who arrived on November 23, brought the first authentic news. The year 1705 had been a bad one for Marlborough in Flanders, and therefore the success at Barcelona was hailed all the more joyfully, as a relief from the general depression. Peterborough became the hero of the hour. Queen Anne in person announced the "great and happy success" to both Houses, and

Parliament replied with an address on the glorious triumph of her Majesty's arms.

As is usual in such cases, however, the extent of success was exaggerated, and the Ministers, satisfied that Peterborough had won Spain, relaxed their efforts to support him. The failure to follow up and exploit the first victory must be laid to their account. At the earnest request of Stanhope certain steps were taken. A sum of £250,000 was granted for military purposes in Spain, five fresh regiments and drafts for those already there were ordered to be ready for embarkation. But, as usual, the arrangements took time and it was not until February 1706 that the force left Plymouth on its way to join Peterborough. Stanhope sailed with it, and was appointed to be Envoy at the Court of the Archduke, in the place of Paul Methuen, who was transferred to Turin as Minister to the Duke of Savoy. This appointment seems to have been a wise one. Methuen, though full of common sense, had no military experience, and therefore could not argue against German officers on questions of strategy. Stanhope, as a soldier, could submit the views of the British Commander-in-Chief, and he had sufficient power to see that they were not swept aside without fair consideration; also he was, up to this time, on very good terms with Peterborough who would be glad to have a personal friend at Court. At the same time Stanhope had acquired some knowledge of Peterborough's character and methods, and so would be a safeguard against any outrageous schemes or extravagant demands. In addition to these advantages Stanhope had other good qualifications for the post: he knew the Archduke and his Ministers; previous experience in the country and fluency in the language enabled him to make the best of the Spanish grandees who crowded to the Court. In fact, Stanhope was just the one man who combined knowledge with authority, and might have been able to reconcile conflicting interests. Unfortunately the various delays kept him away from Spain for six months—and during his absence many things happened.

.

Rejoicings in Barcelona restored harmony for a time in the

Allied camp. But Peterborough cherished no illusions. He had won a big success but was still far from winning the war. The enemy had lost one important town and the province of Catalonia—but the garrison of Barcelona was a small loss, and the field army of the Bourbons had not yet come into action.

Even while the Earl was distributing compliments and smiles he wrote letters which show anxiety and disgust : golden opportunities lay before the Allies, only to be thrown away by the incapacity of German Ministers and Spanish Counts and Dutch Generals ; new and insurmountable difficulties arose daily.

Of course the German Ministers and their friends were equally disgusted with Peterborough, and as Parnell states their side of the case very strongly it may be given in his words :

“ Unfortunately relations of animosity had arisen between Peterborough and the German Court. Since the death of the Prince (Darmstadt) the English leader had been awarded a commission as General in the service of King Charles, and it was hoped that this step would create more harmony, but such was not the case, for having conceived an invincible hatred of the Germans, he steadily obstructed all their plans and proposals. His letters at this time (and indeed throughout the whole of his career in Spain) teemed with abuse of everybody, and everything, that was German. But inasmuch as his duty was to assist a German potentate to gain the throne, to obey his orders and to act in concert with his Ministers, his policy neither promoted the welfare of the English troops, nor the success of the Austrian cause.

“ Indeed, so disgusted was Charles with his foolish conduct that he actually wrote to Methuen at Lisbon desiring that Galway might be ordered to Barcelona to direct the Allied operations, and on December 9 the Ambassador communicated with Godolphin on the subject, but no action was taken in the matter. Charles, however, maintained a correspondence with Galway, who recommended him to apply for Corsana as a commander for his Spanish troops, and to keep the Allied forces together as much as possible. But the sickness they had undergone at Barcelona conveniently furnished Peterborough with a reason for advising the direct contrary, and for urging their dispersion throughout Catalonia. His own wish was to free himself from the German

Court at the earliest opportunity, and the plan he proposed would afford him scope for independent action.

"It was not long before Charles and Lichtenstein, who were equally anxious for his absence, concurred with his views, and in December the Allies were distributed among the various fortresses of Catalonia."

Peterborough may be quoted in his own defence. On November 18 he wrote to Stanhope, who was then on his way to England :

"You remember the uneasiness I have been exposed to before you left me ; they are increased 50 per cent. since your departure ; they do not torment me as they did in our first camp because I hope our reputations are safe. . . . Never were troops exposed to such usage, or a poor prince to such Ministers.

"God preserve my country from the best of German Ministers ! What is the circumstance of that place exposed to the worst of them ? In the beggarly circumstances of our princes and generals it is certain nothing can be greater than the affection of all sorts of people to the King, and nothing greater than the contempt and aversion they have to Lichtenstein and Wolfeld and to the whole Vienna crew. They have spent their whole time in selling places, and all the money from the town so disposed of that way and so well secured that Mr. Crowe, myself, and all the friends we could employ in Barcelona, could not obtain £6,000 to keep our troops from starving. . . .

"Not only Catalonia but all these parts of Spain are entirely disposed in our favour. I have intelligence and correspondence wherever the enemy have troops, who are much more disposed to join us than fight with us. From Valencia, from Aragon, I have every day offers and solicitations, and I cannot want success wherever I go, if I could but go. . . .

"I cannot get carriages to transport the baggage of our troops to their garrisons, I cannot get ammunition carried to a fortified town, I cannot get provisions put into a place which must expect a siege, I cannot so much as get the breach of Barcelona repaired. The Dutch troops have not one farthing but what I am forced to find for them. The troops that came over to us (from Velasco) are naked, starving, and deserting back. . . . Troops have been exposed in open cloisters to the air and wet, the sick upon the

ground among the other men, without any relief. Never men suffered so much and with so much patience, it goes to my soul, and all these things are at a standstill while these beggars are selling places to their greatest enemies !

“ I am sensible we might do great things if sustained, but I hope the Ministers will value themselves as they ought upon the support they give, and so keep these poor beggars from riding us with German pride and insolence, and sacrificing us by their folly.”

NOTE. In describing events in Spain the dates are given in Old Style, to conform with dates given by Stanhope, Friend, St Peirre and others. Events in Flanders were dated according to New Style, to conform with modern histories.

CHAPTER X

VALENCIA. 1706



SKETCH MAP OF EASTERN SPAIN

DURING the next five months—November 1705 to March 1706—Peterborough busied himself in taking possession of the province of Valencia. It was quite evident that the mere occupation of Barcelona would not be sufficient to drive the Bourbons out of



Siege Operations. From an Artillery Manual.

Spain, and therefore the Commander-in-Chief was wise in pressing for an extension of operations without waste of time. He thought that a move on Madrid from the east coast while Galway advanced from the west would be the best means of occupying the whole country. The next point to be settled was the line of march.

Two main roads lead from the east into Castile. The first, on the north, starts from Barcelona and goes through Lerida and Saragossa. The second runs from Valencia through Requena. Both lay in country which had shown readiness to declare for what was known as the Carlist cause. But Madrid is only 200 miles from Valencia and nearly 400 from Barcelona. Peterborough, who was thinking of his own infantry, naturally preferred the shorter route.

He proposed to distribute his forces in winter quarters, and to raise and train Spanish troops in Valencia and Catalonia; everything would then be ready for an active campaign in the early spring. But in spite of much energy he found it difficult to make a start in any direction. The Archduke enjoyed himself very well in Barcelona and was in no hurry to move; also he wanted to keep troops there to add to the importance of his Court. The Dutch General, Scratenbach, declared that his men needed rest, though it is not clear what hard work they had been employed on. Some detachments were sent to the border towns of Gerona and Lerida. Peterborough tried to collect troops for a move into Valencia, but two months passed away, and it seemed that nothing would ever be done. Then the enemy took the initiative.

The province of Valencia stretches along 200 miles of the east coast and about 50 miles inland. From the first the country folk had shown a disposition to join the Carlists. When the expedition reached Altea in August a few towns had declared for the Archduke, in particular the little fortress of Denia. A Spaniard called Don Bassett y Ramos had been installed there as Governor, and throughout the autumn he had been rousing the province in revolt against the Bourbon rule. His chief assistant was Raphael Nebot. Raphael had a brother, Joseph, who commanded a regiment of Spanish cavalry in the Bourbon army: the regiment was sent towards Valencia, where Colonel Joseph, no doubt at the instigation of brother Raphael, deserted King Philip to join King

Charles. These three, Ramos and the Nebots, took several towns in the southern part of the province, and then marched to the city of Valencia, which opened its gates to them. Ramos took command as Carlist governor.

By this time the whole province seemed to be in the hands of the Archduke's friends, and Peterborough was anxious to go there himself. He sent forward a small detachment to occupy San Mateo, a town of some importance, 40 miles north of the city of Valencia. These movements, however, took time. November and December had slipped by, the Court sat still in Barcelona; the troops appeared to be tied up in garrisons.

Meanwhile the enemy did not remain idle. The loss of Barcelona created consternation in Madrid, and King Philip sent urgent messages to his grandfather at Paris. Louis promised help, and, as will be seen, did as much as he could. Before the arrival of French reinforcements Philip begged his Generals to make some attempt against the wave of rebellion which flooded the eastern half of his Kingdom.

The first move was made by the Governor of Aragon, who dispatched a force under Count de las Torres. He had about 1,500 horse, 1,000 foot, and some irregulars: his object was to cut in between Catalonia and Valencia. On December 27 he appeared before San Mateo.

This gave Peterborough the excuse he wanted to collect troops for active work. It led to a short campaign of two months, which, though not of great importance, gave the English General several opportunities to exercise his wits.

.

The garrison of San Mateo consisted of 1,000 Spanish irregulars and some armed citizens. To these had been added a small troop of 30 Royal Dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel John Jones, who assumed command of the town. Las Torres marched up to the walls without opposition, and there followed a siege of thirteen days, but as neither the enemy nor the defenders had any guns no great harm was done. Jones sent a message to Brigadier-General Killigrew at Tortosa, asking for help.

Just before this the Archduke had received from Spanish

friends a report of the enemy's approach. Charles wrote to Peterborough on December 31: his information stated that Las Torres had only a small force and was being harassed by 16,000 armed and hostile peasants; the appearance on the scene of a few regular troops would throw the Bourbon army into utter confusion.

Peterborough set out at once. Travelling night and day he reached Tortosa and took command of Killigrew's men. These consisted of 1,100 infantry, 150 raw Spanish recruits without muskets, and 170 Royal Dragoons mounted on horses "which could not have galloped a mile had it been to conquer the Kingdom of Spain." *

Before leaving Barcelona, Peterborough had arranged that 1,300 Spanish regulars should follow him as quickly as possible to bring up the strength of his column. On arrival at Tortosa it was learnt that the information of the Archduke had been very incorrect, the 16,000 peasants who ought to have been harassing Las Torres had only existed in imagination, the enemy had collected nearly 4,000 foot and 2,000 horse, while Killigrew had less than a quarter of that number. In these circumstances it would be folly to stake everything on a pitched battle, so Peterborough set himself to redress the adverse balance by stratagem.

He had just one advantage over the more numerous enemy, and this lay in the important matter of intelligence. Though the Carlist peasants had done nothing to hinder the march of Las Torres they were just able to stop his scouts and spies; at the same time they were useful in watching the movements of the Bourbons, and their reports, if sometimes exaggerated, were better than none. Peterborough seems to have had a real gift for sifting the information which came from doubtful sources, and needless to say this is one of the most valuable gifts which a commander can possess. As a result he could base his plans on knowledge, while Las Torres could see nothing outside his own camp and was working in the dark.

Very wisely the British commander gave full play to this,

* Parnell says Killigrew had 470 horse, 1,100 foot and 500 militia. But St. Pierre commanded the Royal Dragoons and was present throughout these operations, so his version must be considered the best available

his one advantage. The Allied force was much smaller in numbers, but Las Torres need not know his own superiority—on the contrary he might be given to understand that an overwhelming army had assembled to attack him. This was the idea on which Peterborough worked, with such success that he frightened the enemy out of Valencia without ever risking a battle against superior numbers.

On January 6 he marched from Tortosa. On the 8th, at a distance of 20 miles from San Mateo, he spread his troops out on a wide front to give an impression of strength. Two local spies were then sent forward—their families being held as hostages for their good faith. The first had orders to fall into the enemy's hands : when examined by Las Torres he affected entire ignorance of the numbers and designs of the Allies, but put the enemy on the track of the second spy, who was duly captured soon afterwards. The second spy had no suspicion that he was intended to be caught ; he carried a letter from Peterborough to Jones. This letter stated that an army of 6,000 had reached Traguera, 20 miles from San Mateo, though Jones " could not be expected to believe it till he saw them." As soon as this force appeared on the hill tops above the enemy's camp Jones was to sally out and let loose his irregulars for the employment they loved and were fit for—the pursuit and pillage of the flying enemy. He was not to mind what became of the town—" leave it to your mistresses," nor need he occupy the hills, for Peterborough would be there. He must remember that Las Torres had no road of escape except by the plain on the south.

The stratagem was entirely successful. The first spy let himself be captured, and gave information which led to the capture of the second. The letter came into the hands of Las Torres and did its work—he abandoned his camp and made good his escape. The alarm among his troops became serious when the heads of the small column appeared on the hill tops. One of the mines which Las Torres had been laying under the walls exploded accidentally and killed forty of his own pioneers. This turned the alarm into a panic, the camp with much war material was left

in haste, and Jones with his irregulars made a pretence of pursuit.

San Mateo was safe. But Las Torres had only lost a few stragglers, and still retained immense superiority of force. Peterborough could not pursue without risk of catching him, which he could not afford to do, nor could he leave him in peace. Therefore as the former plan had been so successful he repeated it with slight variations.

This time ten troopers of the Royal Dragoons were sent out under the guidance of two trusty spies. They moved into the hills to the west of the enemy. The spies then went ahead and entered the camp of Las Torres. Here they let out some vague story about a plan of the Allies to block all the passes over the hills. When their story was received with incredulity they offered to have it tested by officers of Las Torres. Accordingly two Spanish officers, with the spies as guides, left the camp to reconnoitre. They were led straight into the party of dragoons, who captured the lot. The British soldiers then celebrated this success by a drunken carouse, during which the Spanish officers, helped by the spies, made good their escape. They reached their own camp, and the story, which included several indiscretions from the drunken British, appeared to confirm all the information originally given by the trusty spies. Again the stratagem completely duped Las Torres: he marched all night to escape over the passes which might be in the hands of his adversary next day.

.

On January 12 a dispatch arrived from Barcelona which showed the anxiety of the Court for Peterborough's return. Reports said that three Bourbon armies were about to invade Catalonia: King Philip himself, with a French Marshal, Comte de Tessé, had started to march through Aragon towards Tortosa: another army from Aragon was approaching Lerida: a third was coming over the French border from Roussillon. The German Ministers, who had lately been so full of confidence, were now reduced to despair, and became as eager for Peterborough's return as they had formerly been for his departure.

The Earl, however, had no desire to obey the summons

unless it became quite necessary to do so. The information which he had previously received from the Court had turned out to be altogether wrong, and he believed that in the present case the advance of the French would be slow. The frontier towns of Catalonia contained strong garrisons and commanded the roads from every side. Therefore Barcelona might be considered safe for at least a couple of months, and during that time much might be done elsewhere. The city of Valencia was still threatened by the proximity of Las Torres, and if the Bourbons were allowed to regain possession of it the cause of the Archduke would receive a heavy blow. In addition to this consideration there was also a danger to his personal position—if he returned at once to Barcelona the loss of Valencia would be thrown on his shoulders; if he went on to Valencia he exposed Barcelona, with Charles and his Court, to very possible danger.

On January 12 he called a Council of War and laid the reports before his officers. They declared that any further offensive movement towards Valencia would be the height of rashness, and that the defence of Catalonia and the safety of His Majesty's person were now the only objects for consideration. This decision was probably a surprise and certainly a disappointment to Peterborough. But having got so far into the province he would not abandon it without some further effort. He accepted the decision of the Council so far as to send his infantry to Vinaros, a port which lies just half-way between Valencia and Barcelona; from that point they could be quickly transferred by sea to either city. Meanwhile he himself with a few troops of cavalry, followed on the track of Las Torres.

It was a risky proceeding to lead a band of 200 horsemen in pursuit of an enemy over 5,000 strong. If Las Torres had obtained any information he might easily have set an ambush to capture the whole party. But in the absence of reliable news he regarded the little force as the vanguard of something much bigger, and therefore continued his retreat southwards. The small town of Villareal lay on his road; it had declared for the Archduke but held no garrison. The inhabitants shut their gates and Las Torres lost 400 men before he succeeded in entering; at once he put the whole population to the sword, while his soldiers committed every kind of atrocity.

The next town on his march, Nules, was one of the few which had remained loyal to the Bourbons. Its walls were good and a thousand of the citizens had armed themselves to form a garrison. Las Torres made no halt there, but he hoped that the town might check the British. After leaving his wounded at Murviedro he went on to within a few miles of Valencia. Here he was joined by the Duc de Arcos, who came from Madrid as Bourbon Viceroy of Valencia, bringing with him 2,300 Spanish troops. The two Bourbon Generals now blockaded the city, cutting off the water and supplies, but having no artillery they could not breach the walls.

Peterborough had been following slowly. He had one skirmish with the enemy's rearguard ; his main object was to scour the country in hopes of finding some horses in order to increase his mounted force. He reached Nules the day after Las Torres had left it. Riding up to the gate with a small escort he summoned the chief magistrate and priests, and told them that he felt strongly inclined to revenge upon them the blood shed by Las Torres at Villareal ; he would, however, give them six minutes in which to surrender. If they refused the town would be stormed as soon as his guns came up, and no quarter would be given. In truth he had no guns, nor had he any intention of imitating the butchery of Las Torres, but the threat was sufficient and Nules opened its gates. Besides some forage and supplies 200 serviceable horses were procured.

Lord Barrymore's regiment of infantry was now ordered up from Vinaros, and mounted on the horses that had been collected ; saddles and bridles had already been brought by sea from Barcelona. From the first Peterborough had been anxious about the enemy's superiority in mounted troops, because the foot soldiers of those days were very slow, and manœuvres on the field of battle were generally carried out by cavalry, which was therefore regarded as very much the most valuable arm of the service. But by this time the British commander had collected nearly 1,000 horsemen by various means and he was prepared to attack Las Torres if necessary. The remainder of the infantry were ordered up from Vinaros and the whole force concentrated at Castellon.

, , , , ,

About this time a very acrimonious correspondence was passing between Peterborough and Lichtenstein. The various accounts differ, especially as to dates. Letters and orders crossed each other, and it is difficult to state definitely what actually happened, but the following may be taken as roughly correct. It must be noted that Spanish troops enlisted for the Archduke's cause were directly under his authority and not under the British Commander-in-Chief.

1st. When Peterborough left Barcelona it was settled that a strong regiment of Spanish infantry, 1,300 strong, should follow him at once and come under his orders. The regiment was duly sent off and reached Tortosa about January 20.

2nd. A few days later, Peterborough sent orders for it to follow him on to Vinaros.

3rd. Meanwhile Lichtenstein had taken alarm at the reports of a coming invasion of Catalonia. He sent orders that the regiment was not to go farther south than Tortosa in spite of any orders which might be received from British Headquarters.

4th. Peterborough had counted on having the regiment with him. The idea that his plans were being upset by Lichtenstein goaded him to fury. Though he had no power to issue orders to Spanish troops, except when permitted by the Archduke, he had complete control over the British forces. He determined to make use of this in order to get his own way, and incidentally to administer a snub to Lichtenstein.

5th. Orders were sent to Colonel Wills, who commanded at Lerida, to bring 1,300 British regulars from that town to join Peterborough. At the same time Lichtenstein was informed that if he would allow the Spanish regiment to move on, in accordance with orders from British Headquarters, the instructions to Colonel Wills would be cancelled.

6th. Lichtenstein had to give way. The British garrison at Lerida was looked up as the chief safeguard of Catalonia, and the mere prospect of losing it struck terror into the Court. So the Spanish regiment marched to join Peterborough.

This skirmish between the British Commander-in-Chief and the German Minister reflects discredit on both of them. Lichtenstein had placed the Spanish regiment under Peterborough's command, and had no right after that to send direct orders to it,

except on very urgent necessity. The danger had not yet become imminent, and, as matters turned out, the regiment could well have been spared for at least a month. The Minister must have known that Peterborough would resent such direct interference with his authority.

Peterborough must have known equally well that though he had come off victorious for the moment, Lichtenstein would never forgive the injury. The Spanish regiment was not of supreme importance, and the operations in Valencia would probably have gone on quite well without it. In any case its value did not come up to its cost, which was persistent obstruction from the Court to all proposals which from this time emanated from British Headquarters.

Throughout the remainder of 1706 the Allied forces never suffered defeat, but their cause, which had started with brilliant success, gradually lost ground. The reason for the failure can be directly traced to the discord between Peterborough and Lichtenstein. And, once more, it can be traced further back, to the Government in London, which sent out an expedition under divided control and with divided responsibility.

Perhaps if Stanhope had been at the Archduke's Court the matter could have been arranged without damage to the dignity of either side. But, unfortunately, Stanhope was at this time just leaving England; when he arrived the damage had already been done and to such an extent that it was incurable.

.

Peterborough was collecting his forces in order that there might be no possibility of further interference. He himself started for Tortosa, but he met the Spanish regiment on the march and brought it into his camp.

His column now amounted to 3,000 men, and there were also about 3,500 Valencian irregulars, who were regarded as so useless by Freind and St. Pierre, that these authors refuse to reckon them in the strength of the force.

Peterborough moved towards Valencia, but found the bridge and fort at Murviedro held by a Bourbon garrison. As already mentioned, Las Torres had left some wounded there: they were under charge of a regiment of Irish Dragoons, commanded by

Colonel Mahoni, who had orders to remove his convoy to some more secure place. In order to do so unmolested, he agreed to quit the fort.

Dr. Freind, who is mightily amused by Peterborough's tricks, relates another one connected with the surrender of Murviedro. It does not redound to the honour of his hero, but the worthy doctor tells it without any apology, apparently on the strength of the adage that all is fair in war.

The Earl sent a trumpeter to invite Mahoni to a parley ; he then tried to persuade Mahoni to quit the service of King Philip for that of King Charles. The Irishman refused, but agreed to evacuate the town if he were allowed to take away his sick. At the same time he sent off a message to Arcos begging him to bring his army towards Murviedro. Meanwhile the Earl had sent two spies to Arcos, who managed to get in front of Mahoni's messenger. Their story was that they had overheard the interview between the two commanders. In return for 5,000 pistoles, Mahoni had turned traitor ; he would probably send an urgent message calling Arcos to Murviedro, but his intention was to draw the Bourbon army into an ambush. Soon after these spies had delivered their story Mahoni's messenger arrived, and this appeared to confirm them, so Arcos refused to be drawn into the trap. Peterborough thus got possession of the important bridge and pursued his way unmolested to Valencia. When Mahoni reached the Bourbon camp he was put under arrest and sent to Madrid. It is satisfactory to note that he seems to have had no difficulty in clearing his character, for soon afterwards we find him serving with much distinction as a Major-General.

The enemy offered no resistance to Peterborough's advance, and on February 4 he entered the city of Valencia in triumph. The population received him with rapturous joy. Though the walls were strong and the inhabitants numbered 15,000, they seem to have had little confidence in their power of self-defence ; the approach of the Bourbon army had filled them with terror, and the butchery at Vallareal had taught how Las Torres was prepared to deal with Carlist sympathisers. In addition to this they were not happy under the rule of Ramos, who had exerted his authority with greed and cruelty. Peterborough therefore received a double welcome as deliverer from foreign foe and

domestic tyrant. On four successive nights the streets were illuminated; it is said that monks and ladies were especially enthusiastic in their welcome.

All of this was very satisfactory. Even Charles and Lichtenstein had to acknowledge the advantage of possessing so important a city. The Earl received a royal commission for the civil administration of the whole province. During the next six weeks the British Headquarters remained there. Good accommodation was provided for the troops, and supplies were plentiful.

The Bourbon army hovered about in the neighbourhood, and though Peterborough did not risk a pitched battle—being doubtful of his newly raised Spaniards—he organised some raids. On one of these he captured a convoy of 24 guns and their ammunition, which were on the road from Alicante to join Las Torres. In another, 600 of the Bourbon irregulars were surprised and taken. A third, however, nearly ended in disaster. He had planned a surprise attack on a Bourbon detachment which lay in cantonments in a village some 15 miles distant—but the surprise went the other way, for his party stumbled on a picket of Bourbon regulars, who fired a volley; thereupon the Miquelets turned and fled in such panic that they killed several of their own comrades. It was only the arrival of Peterborough that prevented a general massacre; he extricated his mob, restored some kind of order, and got back safely to the city.

In spite of such incidents, his stay in Valencia, and especially his administration and tact in civil affairs, went a long way to raise the popularity of the Carlist cause.

CHAPTER XI

THE RELIEF OF BARCELONA. 1706

DURING the autumn of 1705 the Allies in Portugal had been carrying out some futile operations on the Spanish frontier. Their forces consisted chiefly of Portuguese troops, with 2,500 British and the same number of Dutch. An aged General, Das Minas, had been appointed generalissimo, but command in the field was held by Corsana (Portuguese), Galway (British), and Fagel (Dutch), each for one week in turn. Their opponent was the French Marshal Tessé. One week Galway would advance, next week Corsana would retire.

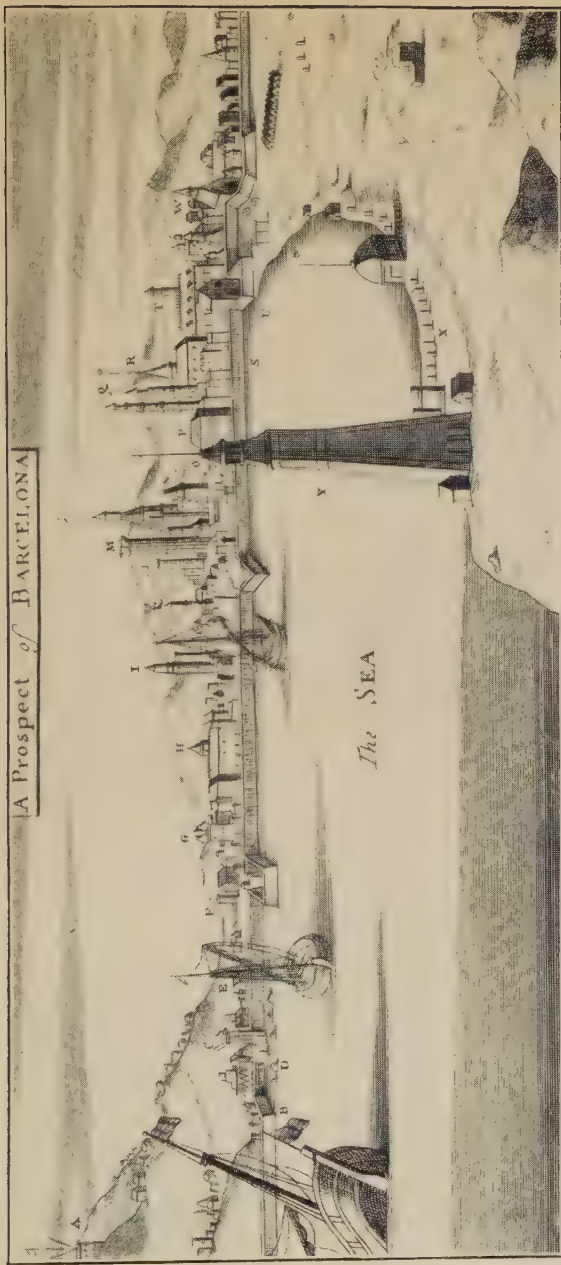
In October they invested Badajos, the most important fortress on the Spanish side of the frontier. Galway was severely wounded, losing an arm. His absence disheartened the others, and Fagel abandoned the siege. The Allies then went into winter quarters.

The French, feeling sure that nothing further would be done by their enemies on the Portuguese side, ordered Tessé to bring his army into Aragon. He arrived at Saragossa on January 21 1706, with 12,000 men, all of whom were French.

Another French army, 9,000 strong, under General de Légal, advanced from Roussillon towards Gerona.

At the same time the Count of Toulouse had collected a fleet of 28 ships of the line, 8 frigates, and 184 transports carrying a siege train, ammunition and supplies. Sailing from Toulon he appeared off Barcelona on April 1, and there was no British fleet there to oppose him.

King Philip had shown much energy and determination in organising these forces by arrangement with his grandfather. He now joined Tessé's army, leaving the girl queen as Regent at Madrid.



A. Montjuic.
 B. Double Bastion.
 C. S. Maria.
 D. Arsenal.
 E. Gate.
 F. Franciscan Friars.
 G. Viceroy's Palace.
 H. The Merce.

I. Church of Our Lady.
 K. The Carmelites.
 L. St. Just.
 M. The Great Church of Santa Eularia.
 N. The Inquisition.
 O. The Gallery.
 P. The Barr.

Q. R. Santa Catherina.
 S. Custom House.
 T. Place d'Armes.
 U. Gate of the Mole.
 W. A Church.
 X. The Mole.
 Y. Lighthouse.

From a print dated 1706 in the British Museum.

Marshal Tessé had intended to begin a systematic invasion of Catalonia, taking first the frontier towns of Lerida, Gerona and Tortosa, and establishing lines of communication before advancing to Barcelona. As he approached Lerida, on January 26, his van had a stiff engagement with an Allied detachment under General Conyngham. The English General was killed, but Colonel Wills took command and held his ground for seven hours, after which the French fell back.

Tessé hung about on the frontier till Philip joined his camp on March 12th. The youthful king, confident in the assistance of the French fleet, now proposed a much bolder plan. This was to cross the hills near Lerida, without making any attempt to take that fortress, and march straight on Barcelona; this would involve abandoning all communications with Aragon and the interior, about which Tessé had been very anxious. But the king, prompted no doubt by some enterprising soldier, pointed out that these communications would necessitate leaving troops to garrison various places on the road; by giving them up and relying on the fleet for supplies, the whole army could be kept intact to besiege Barcelona. This idea was certainly sound, for the Spanish peasants were bitterly hostile to the French; they could not raise a force to give battle, but Cifuentes and his Miquelets harassed the enemy by wasting the country, driving away cattle, and poisoning wells. Had Tessé decided to keep open a line behind his march a large part of his force would have been frittered away in garrisons.

Philip insisted on his plan, and made a detour round Lerida to arrive in front of Barcelona on April 3. The army from Roussillon arrived at the same time, and the fleet had already come to anchor. Thus the land and sea forces of France were skilfully concentrated against the city. The total strength of the besiegers amounted to 21,000, and it is noticeable that all of them were French, except a few squadrons of Spanish cavalry. The chief engineer, De la Para, had attacked Barcelona once before, in 1697, and therefore did not need to waste time in reconnaissance before setting to work; he began to break ground on the very day after the arrival of the army.

Lichtenstein had expected the frontier fortresses to delay the

enemy, at least for a short time. When it was seen that the French marched round them he sent orders for the garrisons to get away and assemble in the Capital. The troops from Gerona managed to slip along the coast in boats. One regiment, Hamilton's, made a forced march from Tortosa and entered the city the day before Philip arrived with his French.

The garrison now consisted of :

A detachment of British Guards, 300 strong, under Colonel Russell.

Two regiments of British foot, Hamilton's and Charlemont's.

Two regiments of Dutch foot.

500 Neapolitans.

1,100 Spanish regulars.

The total came to about 3,600.

At the last moment 1,500 Miquelets threw themselves inside the walls, and the citizens formed volunteer bands, which came up to 5,000 more. The military commander was Count von Uhl-feldt, who had succeeded to Darmstadt's post.

The chief engineer was Colonel Petit. He had repaired the breach made by the Allies in October : some steps had been taken to restore Montjuic to a defensible state, though accounts differ very much on this point. It seems certain that the outworks were strengthened and that a continuous line of parapet was built to link up the fort with the city.

.

Tessé, or probably his engineer, De la Para, fully recognised the value of Montjuic : before the whole of the French army reached camp a detachment was sent, on April 4, to attempt a surprise of the fort. But Hamilton's regiment, which had just been posted there, easily repulsed the assault.

The French army then settled down to regular siege operations. A camp was pitched with the King's Headquarters at Serja, lines were drawn round the city, and works—the correct expression is “works of circumvallation”—were thrown up to defend the besiegers from raids by Cifuentes in their rear.

On April 5 a small tower commanding the beach below Montjuic was very tamely handed over to the French by its garrison of Neapolitans. This enabled Tessé to receive guns

and stores from the fleet by the shortest line, and De la Para began to erect batteries against the fort. At the same time more guns were emplaced at long range to bear on the town wall, directing their fire on the spot where the Allies had opened a breach in October. It was intended to press this attack with all available forces as soon as Montjuic had been reduced.

By April 15 considerable damage had been done on the outworks of Montjuic, and the first assault was delivered. The Spanish regiment of King's Guards, who held the western face, behaved very badly and the front line fell into French hands. But the English troops under Lord Donegal held the second line and, after two hours hard struggle, drove off the attack. Further bombardment followed and on the 21st a second and more serious assault was launched. Again the Spanish Guards gave way and retired into the keep. The stormers then turned on the flank and rear of the British Guards, who fought gallantly but were overpowered by numbers. After losing nearly 300 casualties, a few of them managed to fall back into the keep. Among the dead was Donegal, who is said to have refused quarter and killed several Frenchmen before he fell.

After the keep had been heavily battered for three days more it became untenable. Uhlfeldt therefore gave orders for the remainder of the garrison to retire into the town.

The French, having Montjuic in their hands, now turned their attention to the big attack on the city wall. De la Para had died from a wound on April 17 but the works begun by him were pushed forward with even more energy by his successor, General Renaud. An intense cannonade opened two breaches near the St. Antonio Gate. Colonel Petit hastened to close them with retrenchments. By May 3 the approaches were so close that the French could start mining—to which Petit replied with countermines.

On May 1 Renaud was killed, and French authors who describe the siege say that his death deprived the army of its most energetic and skilful leader; they are of opinion that the breach was practicable and could have been carried, but in the absence of Renaud there was hesitation. Tessé preferred to complete the preparations before taking risks.

.

To return to Peterborough, who remained in Valencia till nearly the end of March. His determined resolution to take possession of the province, in spite of appeals from the Court, had been justified by complete success, and he received acknowledgment from all sides. But when Tessé approached Lerida on January 26 the news must have reached Valencia in the course of a week and it must have been evident that the danger was not visionary or mere panic on the part of Lichtenstein. Several letters were received from the Archduke imploring him to return. German writers, and Parnell who follows them, censure Peterborough very severely for slowness in complying with the request of the Court. The strongest accusation is that of treachery, asserting that he hoped Charles would be captured by the French.

It is inconceivable that such an idea could have influenced him. Suppose for a moment that the Archduke had been killed or captured, the Carlists supporters would have melted away into scattered bands. A few towns might have held out for a time in sheer desperation ; most of the regular troops who had left Velasco to join the Allies would probably have reverted to their former allegiance ; Peterborough, with perhaps 5,000 British and Dutch troops, would have been left to face the whole strength of the Bourbon army. Therefore, putting aside the shock to the Grand Alliance which the capture of the Archduke would entail, Peterborough had personal reasons for desiring to avert such a calamity.

A second charge has been made that he found the pleasures of Valencia so enticing that he dallied to enjoy them. By his own account the ladies possessed great charm and were not averse to granting favours. No doubt their society was preferable to that of the German Court. Even Dr. Freind and other admirers admit that the attraction was strong, but they deny with scorn the suggestion that it could influence him when there came a call to action. According to them Peterborough had a big scheme in his mind and the halt in Valencia was part of it.

The scheme was as follows. When the Bourbon armies were committed to operations in Catalonia, the rest of Spain would be left open to any advance of the Allies. Therefore Charles ought to leave Barcelona, put himself at the head of one of the armies outside, and make a dash for Madrid. This would probably

be the best means of relieving Barcelona, for as soon as the French found that he had quitted the city they would relax their efforts; probably they would not risk losing men in an assault when the prize they expected had eluded their grasp. On March 13 Peterborough put his scheme into a letter to Charles :

“ I confess, Sir, that I would have your Majesty, in the present conjuncture, take a resolution as extraordinary as that which brought you before Barcelona. I would have your Majesty embark in some ships I have prepared for that purpose, and with a fair wind endeavour to gain the first land you can in Portugal, and then put yourself at the head of our 25,000 men (in good condition) on the borders of that Kingdom. The enemy have now but 5,000 men in arms on that side of Spain, and with this change of affairs in our favour, I doubt not but your Majesty will soon arrive at Madrid. Sir, at first this has an extraordinary appearance, but the voyage to that part of Portugal may be performed in a week without hazard, no vessels of France being upon this coast. I see nothing so great or so secure for your Majesty. But, Sir, the utmost secrecy is necessary, and I would have nobody trusted but the Portuguese Ambassador, whose vanity would perhaps be touched to see the finishing blow from his own country. Meanwhile I would undertake to maintain Catalonia and Valencia, and possibly open the way to Madrid. This, Sir, were perhaps the finest stroke in politics that any age has produced, as also the least expected, and it might even give the quickest relief to Catalonia, which would not be so vigorously attacked if your Majesty were in person elsewhere.”

The scheme never got further than this very elementary stage, and it is, of course, impossible to say what might have happened if steps had been taken to carry it into effect. Admirers extol it as an inspiration of genius—the idea of luring the enemy to the north-east corner of Spain and then making a dash at Madrid may sound fantastic—but wilder schemes have sometimes succeeded when carried out with resolution. The effect of the unexpected diversion might have paralysed Tessé. In practice, however, there were flaws which Peterborough ought to have taken into account.

In the first place he wrote confidently about "our 25,000 men (in good condition) on the borders of Portugal." This was a gross and inexcusable error. Galway had about 2,500 British and Fagel about the same number of Dutch—say 5,000 good troops altogether. The Portuguese never put more than 15,000 in the field, and Peterborough ought to have known that certainly they were not "in good condition." And not only were the troops bad, but the Portuguese authorities had shown themselves quite as obstructive as the Germans.

But a more fatal objection to the scheme had been raised previously by the quarrel with Lichtenstein; this would have been sufficient in itself to damn any proposal that came from British Headquarters. As far as I can make out no reply was ever sent to the above letter and there is no mention of the scheme by German authors. At all events nothing further was done in the matter.

There is a suspicion in my mind that Peterborough never intended his idea to be taken seriously and that it was merely an excuse for his delay in Valencia. He had news that the British fleet was at Gibraltar, and he wanted to join it. There would be a great chance of a naval battle against Toulouse, which would relieve Barcelona and cripple the sea-power of France. Until the coming of the fleet he saw no use in cooping up all the men of the Allies in a fortress, and he felt that more might be gained by retaining liberty of action outside.

This was the plan on which he worked, and it seems that the decision was based chiefly on his aversion to finding himself again in company with the Germans, bound to consult them before taking action, and forced to submit to the pomp and ceremony of a sham Court, which he detested. As matters turned out Charles was exposed to serious danger, for the French came near to taking Barcelona; and if the Archduke had been taken prisoner while the British Commander-in-Chief remained outside and escaped, the affair would have looked very black—in fact a Court-Martial would have been the inevitable sequel.

Rival authors give different accounts of the situation at Barcelona. According to the French version, in Tessé's memoirs, Charles himself was anxious to leave the city and was only prevented by a tumult of the populace. But naturally the Bourbons

wanted to bring Charles into disrepute, and probably Lord Mahon's account is nearer the truth. He says :

“ The Archduke possessed a high degree of passive courage and insensibility to danger. Thus, though on the one hand he did not venture on Lord Peterborough's scheme, he, on the other, firmly withstood his German Ministers, who, disguising their own cowardice under the convenient mask of loyalty, earnestly besought him to secure his precious person by flight. He determined to remain at Barcelona and share the fortunes of the Catalans who had hazarded theirs in his cause.”

Meanwhile Peterborough sent all the troops he could muster to Tortosa, and then on April 21 he led them to join Cifuentes, who had formed a camp of Miquelets a few miles in rear of the French lines. For the next three weeks they harassed the besiegers by cutting off stragglers and foraging parties, also by constant alarms and minor attacks. Apparently the French had not drawn the blockade very tight, for on April 23, and again on the 29th, some troops were thrown into the city by means of boats. Correspondence was kept up between Peterborough's camp and the Court, and the appeals for help continued to arrive.

When it became evident that the French were not to be diverted from their siege operations by the skirmishes, Peterborough assembled a Council of War to consider the advisability of making an attack with the whole of his forces. He had at most 3,000 men of any value for battle, and not more than six field guns. The French, thoroughly alive to the possibility of such an attempt, had built strong lines to protect their rear ; they had 21,000 men in addition to guns and detachments from their fleet. If Peterborough's assault met with a heavy repulse, as seemed likely, the besiegers would then be free to devote all their energies to the city. The Council decided that a general attack by the whole force was certain to be defeated. St. Pierre, however, while admitting the extreme hazard, was of opinion that the attempt ought to be made.

The only remaining hope now seemed to be in the British Navy. Vice-Admiral Sir John Leake had a fleet at Lisbon ; the reinforcements from England were to join him, when the strength would be as follows :

21 ships and 12 frigates under Sir. J. Leake.

13 ships under Sir G. Byng, from Portsmouth.

6 ships under Commodore Price, from Plymouth.

5 ships under Commodore Walker from Cork.

13 Dutch ships from various ports.

Apparently a few of them were dropped at Lisbon or Gibraltar, for the total, when finally assembled, is given as 39 British ships of the line and 13 Dutch—52 in all. The movement of these ships demands attention, for it is a question of much controversy whether the long delay was due to Leake, and whether Peterborough was justified in his action.

The three squadrons left Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Cork, independently. Leake had already sailed from Lisbon on March 9 and reached Gibraltar on April 10. There he was joined by Price with 6 ships on the 14th and by the 13 Dutch ships on the same day. He now had 40 ships of the line and 12 frigates, much superior to the French fleet at Barcelona, which numbered 28 ships and 8 frigates. While at Gibraltar he received urgent letters from the Archduke and Lichtenstein, urging him to come to their relief, and also orders from Peterborough. In spite of these orders and appeals Leake remained at Gibraltar till April 24. On the 29th he reached Altea and determined to await Byng, who arrived next day, and Walker, who joined up on May 3. With his force now complete the Admiral pushed on for Barcelona.

The delay has been severely censured. But it must be remembered that sailing ships are dependent on the wind, and that a commander can only base his action on the information which he possesses at the time; that information, in spite of every effort to ascertain the truth, is always incomplete and often unreliable; it may be hopelessly incorrect. In the *Life of Sir J. Leake* an introduction by Callender exonerates the Admiral from the charge of unnecessary delay. The first argument is that a study of the ships' logs proves the prevalence of contrary winds; wise people will accept the verdict of naval experts. The second argument is based on the information in the hands of Leake. We do not know exactly what that information was, but he put it in front of a Council of War at Gibraltar, and the unanimous opinion was recorded that the French fleet at Barcelona was much superior to that with him. This is conclusive.

Leake was bound to act on what he believed at the time and not on what historians know at the present day.

There remains to be considered whether he acted wisely on that information. A defeat or an indecisive battle would have sealed the fate of Barcelona, and of the Archduke, and very possibly of the Grand Alliance; therefore it was wiser to await the arrival of his other squadron, which was a practical certainty, than to risk an unequal battle on which so much depended. Let us remember that Leake's personal interests would incline him to push forward and hope for the best; a victory against odds brings honour and rewards, a defeat at the hands of superior numbers entails no dishonour and evokes sympathy for a gallant effort. On the other hand if he waited till his own force was superior the credit for victory would be lessened, and if Barcelona fell before his arrival he would be shot by sentence of Court Martial amid the execrations of the public at the time and of history in the future. The good old tradition to go ahead, no matter the strength of the enemy, is very excellent when applied to junior ranks and when the stakes are small. But an Admiral knows that in forcing a general engagement he is staking not only his own fleet but also command of the sea. To have lost command of the sea at this moment would have been to lose everything.

If historians could have proved that Leake had correct information and a fair wind the matter would have been very different, but no attempt has been made to prove this. Therefore Leake must be given credit for using his judgement on the information at his disposal.

.

The same argument applies to Peterborough. His information was wrong, but he was bound to take what he could get, and this accounts for his subsequent behaviour.

Stanhope, who was in the flagship, wrote that he had used "all possible endeavours to prevail on the Admiral to make the best of his way to Barcelona, but Leake persisted in a positive resolution not to approach the French fleet until the English had been joined by some more ships." This is a distinct allegation that Leake was dilatory. It is fair to criticise Stanhope for not taking more pains to understand the Admiral's mind,

but it is not fair to condemn Peterborough for accepting information which came from an apparently reliable source ; naturally he jumped to the conclusion which Stanhope's letter implied. It added that he would use every exertion to let Peterborough have timely intelligence of the junction of the squadrons, and to urge dispatch on the Admirals. Lest however, the communication should be stopped by the enemy, he stated that if the Earl should at any time receive a cover, without either address or enclosure beyond a blank page cut in the middle, he might consider this as a certain announcement that the two squadrons had met and were proceeding together towards Barcelona.

Peterborough knew that Leake had left Lisbon on March 9, and expected him early in April. His first letters to the Admiral were sent to Gibraltar, dated March 21 and 29. They included an extraordinary command which shows what was in his mind : this was that the reinforcements should be landed at Valencia, as " he had a good body of troops, and hoped with the help of fresh arrivals to be able to march to Madrid." The second letter added that " any troops sent towards Barcelona are sent so far out of the way." From this it is evident that though the grand scheme of an advance from Portugal had been shelved, Peterborough still persisted in the idea of a dash to the Capital. By March 29, the date of this letter, the French troops were all closing on Barcelona. The distance from that town to Madrid is 400 miles : from Valencia to Madrid is only 200, and therefore an army advancing from Valencia would reach the Capital before the French. Peterborough had 2,600 regulars, including 1,000 cavalry and dragoons : Spanish militia added 3,500 : Stanhope's reinforcements of 5,000 would bring the total up to about 11,000. They could be assembled at once, under the British Commander-in-Chief, and in the absence of German Ministers there would be no obstacle to quick and resolute movement. The fleet would go on to Barcelona and drive away Toulouse ; this would leave Tessé's army without supplies, and he would be forced to raise the siege.

Parnell states that the orders for landing the troops were " treacherous " and that the Admiral " by ignoring them saved Barcelona from capture and the Austrian cause from ruin." This is difficult to understand. The mere arrival of the fleet

was sufficient to save Barcelona, the troops never came into action ; their appearance on the road to Madrid would have had a far more startling effect on the French than their presence in the ships. The disembarkation would not have delayed Leake one minute, because at the time the troops were in transports, not in the fighting ships ; it was only necessary to tell them to stop at Valencia while the fleet kept straight on. Even if an order be ill-advised, disastrous, fatal, this does not entail treachery. By all means let us discuss freely the action of commanders, and criticise them and condemn their judgement—our opinions will be taken for what they are worth—but treachery (unpleasant word) is a question of fact, not of opinion.

Another theory has been raised—that Peterborough's order to Leake was part of a deep laid scheme to ruin Charles and put up the Duke of Savoy as candidate for the throne of Spain. This is based on letters which the Earl wrote to Savoy. It will be remembered that Godolphin originally intended the expedition to go to Nice : the Duke was clamouring for help and Peterborough wished to give it. He wrote many letters to pacify the Duke's impatience and anxiety, he also wrote to Mr. Hill, British Envoy at Turin, that " his heart and soul had always been set on Italy." Parnell says that " there is little doubt that Peterborough had some kind of secret understanding with that Sovereign "—as if this implied some disloyalty. There was every reason for a thorough and secret understanding between the British commander and the Sovereign he had been ordered to assist. Godolphin and Marlborough were sending assurances and promises to Savoy. By force of unfortunate circumstances none of them were fulfilled. One thing certain is that if Peterborough had succeeded in ruining Charles he would have ruined himself at the same time—and he was not quite mad enough to want to do that.

There is another final argument. When it became known in London that an order had been issued to disembark the troops no surprise or censure was expressed. Two years later Godolphin was hunting for accusations to bring against the Earl (and found several) but he never suggested that in this case he had been guilty of bad judgement, much less of " treachery."

There is room for argument on the nice point whether the Earl's original commission as Joint Admiral was still in force and

gave him authority. However that may be, he had undoubted authority to order the movements of the military reinforcements which were being convoyed to him. Leake disregarded the order and kept the troops on board because he was receiving at the same time frantic orders and supplications from Charles to bring every man "to save my royal person."

It is admitted by official regulations that a junior officer may take on himself, at his own risk, the responsibility of disobeying an order when he has better or later information than the superior officer who issued the order. Leake decided that the information direct from Barcelona must be more correct than what he received from Peterborough—and this is his justification for keeping the troops on board.

As a result of orders and counter-orders there were three parties in opposition to each other: The Archduke sitting tight in Barcelona and calling on everybody to come to his immediate help; Peterborough hovering round outside and planning startling movements elsewhere; Leake—unperturbed, collecting his squadrons before committing himself to action. Each of the three was working quite honestly in accordance with his own view of the situation, and each of them was thoroughly annoyed with the others.

On May 6 Peterborough received from Stanhope the blank sheet which assured him that the fleet had assembled. As the troops had not been landed it was useless to think of anything except haste in getting to the city. He rushed all the men he had available to Sitjes, a port 21 miles south of Barcelona, and collected small craft for use as transports. The necessity for this is not apparent, for ample reinforcements were already in the fleet. Then the Earl himself with a single aide-de-camp embarked in a light felucca and put to sea. All night he cruised off the shore, hoping to catch sight of Leake's ships. In the morning he landed and spent the day on a hill-top "scanning the horizon with a strong prospective glass." At dusk he again put out, this time with success; in the darkness a sail appeared. Some accounts say he first went on board the *Leopard*, but the log of that ship has no record of it. In any case he was on board the flagship *Prince George* at dawn and hoisted his flag at the main-top.

Paul Methuen afterwards wrote that for this "Peterborough was very ill with the seamen, especially with Sir J. Leake." Naturally the Admiral felt resentment at being superseded at the last moment by one who was not a sailor by profession. It does not appear, however, that Admiral Peterborough made any attempt to assume active command or issue orders. The flag may have been intended merely to notify his presence on the ship. He had got the impression from Stanhope that Leake was dilatory, and he was determined to take precautions against any further delay. Going on board the flagship was a precautionary measure, which turned out to be quite unnecessary, and most unfortunate.

.

Another criticism has been brought against Leake—that he might have made round to the N.E., cutting in between the French fleet and Toulon, thus bringing the enemy to battle. The result would certainly have been tremendous. But again the criticism can be left for naval experts to answer. French scouts were alert and gave Toulouse warning; he crowded sail and was out of sight when the Allied Fleet appeared off Barcelona on May 8.

.

Some military writers assert that even after the departure of Toulouse the French army might have made a successful assault on the breach. Perhaps on the night of May 7 there may have been a few hours during which an attempt had a chance, but once the Allied Fleet had cast anchor surely the opportunity was gone. The number of the besiegers no doubt exceeded that of the actual garrison, but the marines and sailors must be taken into account. Even if the transports with troops still lay some miles astern, the ships boats could have quickly put ashore a landing party from the crews, more than sufficient to hold the two breaches for a few days. It must be remembered that there could be no doubt regarding the point of attack: the walls were sufficiently high to hold off attempts at surprise with scaling ladders, stormers could only make their way into the city at the two points near the St. Antonio gate, which had been battered to pieces, and these points had been marked ever since the French guns first opened fire on them. The garrison, with

some aid from the fleet, was strong enough to make a solid resistance.

Such was the view of Marshal Tessé. In his memoirs he reckons his own force at 15,000. An attack would be risky, a heavy repulse would be fatal. The passes towards Aragon were swarming with Miquelets, supplies were unobtainable, the whole force had been relying on its fleet as a base, and the fleet was now gone. King Philip wanted to stake everything on one assault, but Tessé persuaded a Council of War to overcome the proposal. For two days the French made demonstrations, and then, on the night of May 11, began their retreat. Their one object was to secure a safe withdrawal and, very wisely, Tessé chose the shortest road to France, which lay along the coast by Gerona into Roussillon. By a curious coincidence on May 12th there happened to be an eclipse of the sun, the emblem of Louis XIV, which is said to have added to the discouragement of the retiring army. On the rear of Tessé's troops hung swarms of Miquelets.

The French were able to remove their baggage, but left behind 175 siege guns, 30 mortars, 3,000 barrels of powder, and an immense stock of flour. Also 900 sick and wounded, with a letter from Tessé recommending them to Peterborough's care.

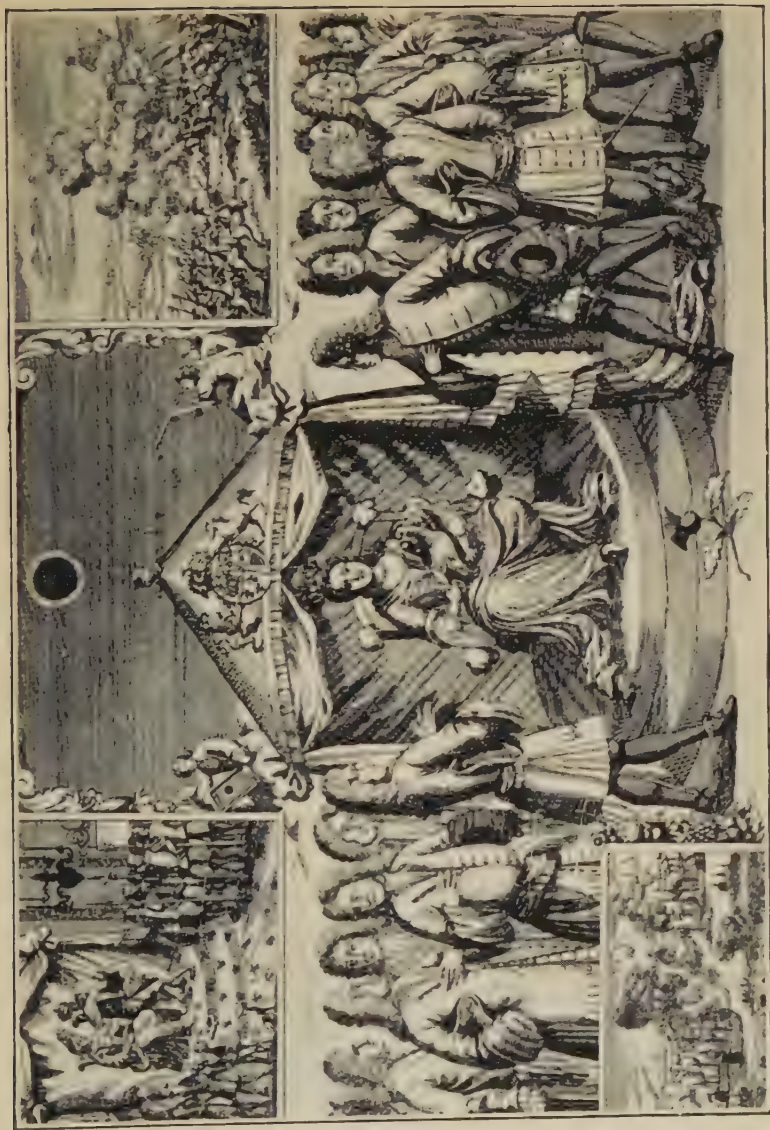
It is satisfactory to note that Peterborough immediately took steps to provide medical treatment, and that his efforts were afterwards acknowledged by the French.

Barcelona was safe, and, as may be imagined, the news caused the wildest excitement in London. Despatches were carried home by a Captain Delavall, who reached England on May 30. Only a few days earlier had come the news of Marlborough's victory at Ramillies, on May 23,* and the double success seemed to predict the downfall of the Bourbons.

Again congratulations poured in from all sides, and there is no doubt that at the time chief credit was awarded to Peterborough as Commander-in-Chief of the whole expedition.

It would be pleasant to claim the relief as a glorious success and to say it was won by a British commander. It must be confessed, however, that in reality Peterborough had very little

* Ramillies was fought on May 23, New Style ; May 12, Old Style.



A cartoon of 1706, Queen Anne is clipping the wings of the Gallic Cock. At her feet lies the Thistle of the Stuarts. In the left upper corner Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon are lamenting the eclipse of "Le Roi Soleil," which is shown in the centre. This occurred on May 12th (O.S.), 1706. In the right upper corner is the Battle of Ramillies. In the left lower corner the Relief of Barcelona. These two events took place on the day of the eclipse.

to do with it. The only glory that can be given goes to Lord Donegal and the English regiments in Montjuic. For three weeks their defence, in spite of very feeble assistance from the Spaniards, delayed the besiegers. It was the only heavy fighting that took place. The delay enabled the garrison to hold out until the arrival of the fleet. And the fleet was the deciding factor. Without it the garrison in the city and Peterborough outside were equally helpless. It cannot be said that the Earl had any share either in the defence of Montjuic or in the arrival of the ships. True that he did what could be done to hasten Leake, but his appeals and orders had little effect, and when he went on board the ships were within 20 miles of the city.

Some writers claim the relief as a glorious achievement for our naval forces. The British Navy has sufficient victories on its roll of honour to dispense with any claims on this occasion. It arrived in time, and that is all that can be said. The fact that Toulouse made off without fighting is scarcely a triumph when the strength of the two fleets is compared.

But if the relief of Barcelona provided few laurels it was nevertheless an outstanding example of the value of sea-power. While the British fleet was out of sight the French had their big opportunity, as soon as it appeared the opportunity was gone for ever.

•

CHAPTER XII

MADRID, 1706

WE must now turn attention for a moment to the other side of the Peninsula.

In October 1705 news reached Lisbon that the Allies had taken Barcelona, and it was expected that a move on Madrid would follow. Galway recovered from his wound, and, though still infirm, the gallant old man did his best to instil a little energy into the Portuguese. He received great assistance from John Methuen, who was still Ambassador at Lisbon. But in dealing with the Allies the difficulties were quite as great as those encountered by Peterborough on the east coast. The Court at Lisbon and its official grandees made up for their lack of power by a show of pomposity. All troops on Portuguese soil must be under supreme command of a Portuguese general.

Galway wished to start the campaign in January, but could not prevail on the Allies to move until information came in that Tessé and the whole of the French troops had been directed to Catalonia. This left the road from Portugal to Madrid defended only by Spanish forces, who were reported to be very weak.

The Allied army consisted of 2,000 British, 2,000 Dutch, 15,000 Portuguese, 13 field guns and a siege train of 24 heavy guns. General Das Minas was in nominal command.

The Duke of Berwick had returned to Spain to take command of the Bourbon forces on this front. Tessé had taken all the French troops, so the Duke's army consisted of 15,000 Spaniards. According to Berwick's own account they were of the worst possible quality, and quite unfit for any fighting in the open. He distributed most of the infantry in garrisons, where, behind good walls, they might delay the enemy. He himself, with 4,000 horse, hung about in front of the invaders.

During April, Das Minas and Galway took several towns and reached Almaraz, where the main road to Madrid crosses the Tagus. Berwick was retiring without any show of opposition, and the way to the Capital appeared to be open. At this moment, however, Das Minas refused to go any farther. No news had arrived from the direction of Barcelona, and the Portuguese General was afraid that Berwick might be leading them into a trap where the French army would suddenly appear again. In spite of the protests of Galway he insisted on retiring towards his own frontier, but consented to capture a few more Spanish towns in order to supply his own troops. On May 20 they arrived at Ciudad Rodrigo, and after it had been bombarded for forty-eight hours the Governor surrendered. At this time Methuen was bringing pressure to bear on the Court to allow Galway to direct the operations without interference; finally he threatened to withdraw the British troops from the country altogether. This was too much for the Portuguese Ministers, who believed that Methuen had sufficient authority to carry out his threat. They could not deprive Das Minas of his command, but sent definite orders that he was "to act on all occasions in concert with Galway." On May 27 news arrived that Barcelona had been relieved and that Tessé had retired into France. This meant that for some little time Berwick's Spaniards would be the only troops in Castile, so Das Minas acted in concert with Galway and together they marched straight into Madrid without striking a blow.

King Philip had accompanied Tessé during the retreat into France, but lost no time in returning to Madrid. So quickly did he travel that he only took twenty-six days in coming round through Navarre to his Capital—a distance of over 600 miles. Louis wrote to his grandson advising him to proceed as far as Pamplona, but no farther; the letter, however, did not reach Philip in time. He joined Berwick at Madrid on June 20; the Duke warned him that it was impossible to hold the city. They moved out, with the Spanish troops, about 50 miles to the northwards and sat down to await reinforcements from France. The Queen and Court were sent to Burgos, chief city of Old Castile.

Galway and Das Minas entered Madrid on June 27 and remained there a fortnight. They went through the farce of

proclaiming the Archduke as King Charles III. A few of the inhabitants who, for various reasons, had complaints against the Bourbons, came to offer their adherence, but on the whole the reception of the Allies was not friendly. The chief reason of hostility lay in the old hatred between Spaniards and Portuguese. The haughty Castillians could not bring themselves to accept a King imposed on them by their hereditary enemies.

Any hopes there might have been of making the Austrian cause more popular were soon wrecked by the behaviour of the Portuguese troops, who looted everything they could lay hands on.

Galway has been criticised for not keeping up the pressure on Berwick. The Bourbon army was in no condition to offer resistance, and Berwick himself has left his opinion on record :

Si, au lieu de s'amuser à Madrid ils eussent marché tout de suite après moi, ils m'auroient infalliblement chassé au delà de l'Ebre.

The blame, however, should be ascribed to Das Minas. Galway had found great difficulty in dragging his ally as far as Madrid—nothing could persuade him to go a step farther until the prospects of a tumult in the town made the halt there unpleasant. The army had lost 5,000 men, mostly by desertion, and except for the stiffening of British and Dutch it was no better than that of Berwick either in numbers or quality. On July 11 they moved out to Guadalaxara, 35 miles north-east of Madrid.

Berwick has also been criticised for timidity in giving up so much territory to the invaders. It is difficult to say whether he was justified from a military point of view, because his own troops and the invaders' were both so unreliable that the result of a battle might have been anything. From the political point of view there can be no doubt that his retreat was the wisest move ever made by any General on either side: the Castillians were not easy to please, and the Bourbon rule had turned many of them into enemies, but a fortnight of the Portuguese army proved sufficient to convince them that there might be worse rulers than the Bourbons. From this time they looked forward to the return of King Philip, and their allegiance to him remained

steadfast. Berwick, in his simple and soldier-like memoirs, claims no credit for diplomatic foresight in the matter ; he knew that French reinforcements were on the road to join him, and he was much pleased to find that Das Minas and Galway did not force him to abandon more ground.

One fact, however, emerges clearly. Peterborough had urged Charles to leave Barcelona and march to Madrid, either from Portugal or Valencia. The easy success of Das Minas and Galway proves that his plans were quite practicable. Whether the presence of Charles and his German Ministers would have improved the situation is another question, more difficult to answer. Perhaps an army of British and Spanish troops, coming from Valencia, would have been more welcome than the Portuguese.

.

It has already been remarked, in the brief sketch of Marlborough's campaigns, that the French, after great battles like Blenheim and Ramillies, set to work with admirable energy to rally their forces and repair the disaster, while the Allies relaxed their efforts and failed to press the advantage they had won. All the tact and persuasion of Marlborough could not induce the Germans to reap the benefit of the victories, and a year of real success seemed to predict a following year of dismal inaction.

The same remarks apply to the war in the Spanish Peninsula. By the middle of the year 1706 the fortunes of King Philip were at the lowest possible ebb ; the Bourbon army, after a skilful advance to Barcelona, had retired out of Spain altogether ; the Bourbon fleet had been forced to hurried flight ; the Capital was abandoned to a very inferior enemy consisting of a rabble of Portuguese, with small detachments of British and Dutch. A thoroughly bad situation. Yet, so far from accepting defeat, the Bourbons only worked harder to avenge it.

The Allies, on the other hand, proceeded to throw away all the advantages which fortune had showered upon them, and the entrance of Galway into Madrid was the last of their very lucky successes.

Peterborough, like Marlborough, never flagged in his energy, but unlike Marlborough he had neither patience nor tact in dealing with people whom he disliked. And he has left us in no doubt

about his intense dislike and contempt for those with whom he had to deal in Spain.

It would have been better for his own reputation had he been superseded immediately after the relief of Barcelona—better also for the Allied cause. This does not imply that he was a traitor, coward, fool or any of the other things which Parnell delights in asserting. On the contrary his admirers have considerable grounds for extolling him as the best General in Spain at the time. It is true that his proposals for sweeping movements never came to anything, but the easy success of Galway's force shows that Peterborough's schemes were by no means extravagant. At any rate they were better than those of Lichtenstein, who never proposed anything beyond the walls of Barcelona and the employment of British troops as a bodyguard to a stationary Court.

The very impartial evidence of Stanhope, Richards, and St. Pierre proves that Peterborough possessed energy and resolution to a very high degree, and had he also possessed the authority which a commander has a right to expect he might have led the Allies to real victories.

After a week of rejoicing in Barcelona over the happy relief a Council of War assembled to consider plans for the future. Everybody agreed that after the failure of the Bourbons most of the Kingdom would be ready to support the German cause, and that Charles should move as soon as possible to take possession of his Capital. Therefore it only remained to settle the best means for ensuring his speedy arrival there. Peterborough again brought forward the advantages of the road from Valencia, and added that the fleet could give material assistance, first by transferring troops to that town, and then by making the base secure while the army was marching inland. Reports showed that Galway was ready to advance from the Portuguese frontier. A moderate force left in Catalonia would prevent any return of the French from Roussillon, and in any case the French would first send reinforcements to Madrid, so Catalonia might be considered safe.

His proposal was adopted. It was agreed that 7,000 men, mostly Spaniards, should remain to garrison Barcelona, Lerida,



A Dutch cartoon of 1707. A maimed Trumpeter (Louis XIV) holding a list of the cities taken by Marlborough. The Drummer (Philip V) shows the loss of Barcelona. In the background is the arrival of the British, under Peterborough and Leake, at Barcelona.

and Gerona. All other troops were sent by sea to Valencia. Peterborough himself set out on May 29, and it was settled that the Archduke should follow him on June 6.

So far there seems to have been no dissent. But as soon as Peterborough left the Court counter-proposals were put forward urging Charles to move by the northern road. These proposals were prompted by various local and personal interests. The very bitter quarrels which afterwards arose had their origin in these counter-proposals, which must therefore be considered in detail.

Very fortunately the original letters of Stanhope have been preserved, and they are of inestimable value in helping us to trace the various influences which were at work. Beginning before his arrival with Leake's fleet they carry the story on till the time of Peterborough's departure from Spain, and also right up to the end of the war. Some are addressed to Peterborough himself, others to the Secretary of State at Westminster (Sir Charles Hedges), others to Godolphin and Marlborough. The value of them lies in the knowledge acquired by Stanhope of the intrigues at the Court : he was in close touch with the Archduke, who daily poured complaints into his ears. He could observe the machinations of German Ministers, Spanish grandees, and Allied generals. Stanhope was a disinterested spectator, and had no axe of his own to grind : he did not want to supersede any of his colleagues—on the contrary, we find that very soon after taking up his appointment as Envoy to the Court his chief desire was to be recalled home again because he felt the impossibility of his position. With such reliable evidence in our hands it is not difficult to reconstruct the situation.

Among those who arrived with Leake and Stanhope was Lieutenant-General the Count de Noyelles, and from this moment he takes a very leading part. By request of the Archduke he had been sent to take command of the Spanish troops. His experience in war was far greater than that of Peterborough, and no doubt he felt that it entitled him to become the chief military adviser of the Court : also, as a senior officer in the service of the German Emperor, he did not relish taking orders or advice from a British commander-in-chief. Up till the time of his death, which occurred two years later, he intrigued to have a separate

command, but, knowing that he could not get supreme power over the whole of the Allied troops, his object was to keep the forces broken up into detachments so that he might have independent command of one of them. Therefore he planned to remain at the side of Charles, while Peterborough was kept at a distance.

He found the seeds of discord already sown, and lost no time in gathering the harvest. The old quarrel between Peterborough and Lichtenstein predisposed German Ministers to listen to anything unfavourable to the British commander and his plans. Another cause of trouble, to which Stanhope frequently alludes, lay in the finances of the expedition.

Money from England was consigned to Peterborough. It was never sufficient to fulfil the various demands, but the Earl had power to disburse it as he thought fit. Pay for his own troops came first, then the usual and necessary expenditure for their maintenance. Having settled these items, the balance, usually very small, could be put at the disposal of the Court.

According to the German ideas this procedure should have been reversed. The first necessity was that the Archduke and his Ministers should be maintained in a style becoming to their rank and dignity. It was iniquitous to waste good money on supplies while there remained any possibility of getting them by plundering. Payment of troops came last on their list. And this system was so ingrained in their minds that they failed to believe Peterborough could be acting honestly : either the money was being put into his own pocket or else he was detaining it out of sheer perversity.

Stanhope could not go near the Court without being assailed on the subject, as may be seen from the following extract :

Stanhope to Hedges. Barcelona. June 15.

" The Court do, indeed, want money extremely, and how able my Lord is to assist them, or how far he is empowered to do it, I cannot tell. But this is certain, that the great occasion of this misunderstanding which is between the Court and my Lord, and must be an eternal handle for quarelling, between the Court and whoever shall have the disposal of the Queen's money, is the want of particular directions from home (which directions should be

notified to the Court), how far the Queen will be pleased to supply his Majesty, both as to his domestic expenses, as likewise towards the paying of his troops, which have hitherto been paid in a very irregular manner. The King has often been pleased to touch this point to me, which I have as well as I could, endeavoured to waive, as being ignorant of her Majesty's pleasure in the matter. . . . But his Majesty has been so pressing with me that I could not avoid hearing what he would say, especially telling me that he would write to the Queen, to my Lord Treasurer, and my Lord Marlborough, about it, and requiring of me, in the strongest manner to do the same. The substance of his Majesty's discourse, after many insinuations that neither himself nor his troops had been so liberally dealt with as he apprehended the Queen did intend, was to this purpose: that he insisted to know what the Queen would be pleased to appoint, and that whatever it should be he would most gratefully acknowledge it."

Stanhope goes on to make very sensible suggestions. The Government had already spent vast sums on the Spanish expedition, which would all be wasted if the Archduke were reduced to bankruptcy and ignominy, therefore the Court must have something to live on. The British Government was the only source from which money could be extracted, therefore the Government should allot a fixed sum for this purpose, informing the Archduke and Peterborough. Furthermore, pay intended for Spanish troops should be issued direct to them through a British paymaster, and not through the hands of German Ministers.

These wise suggestions were not adopted in London. Godolphin and Marlborough were straining every nerve to exploit the success won at Ramillies. If the Allies could be induced to maintain their efforts the war might be brought to an end. The Lord Treasurer was particularly anxious to keep on good terms with the German Emperor and could not afford to quarrel or even to argue with the German Ambassador. At the same time he could not afford to satisfy all the demands of the Archduke's Court. He knew that any sum allotted for "personal expenses" would fall far short of expectations, and complaints would be forwarded through the German Embassy. The Treasurer would find himself unpopular. He therefore preferred to let

Peterborough bear the odium for being niggardly. The money was sent as before, to British Headquarters, and Peterborough was left to fight it out with the Archduke and his Ministers.

The Earl had no objection. He was not under any delusion about his popularity, and knew that Lichtenstein would oppose any plan of his. The only remaining argument that could prevail was that of the purse, and he probably took a malicious pleasure in wielding it.

So matters went on, much to the discomfort of Stanhope and to the annoyance of the Court; also, as Stanhope remarks, "highly prejudicial to Her Majesty's Service."

And thus Noyelles had an attentive audience for his proposals, and found support not only from Lichtenstein but also from the Spaniards of Catalonia and Aragon, whose personal interests were involved.

The Catalans were naturally nervous about a return of the French. As long as Barcelona was regarded as the base of the Allied army its importance would be fully recognised and its safety would be ensured. But if the Court and the base were removed to Valencia all the forces, naval and military, would gravitate in that direction and Catalonia might eventually find itself unguarded.

To some extent the Aragonese had the same arguments in mind. Their capital, Saragossa, was the most important town on the northern road, and if the Allies went that way they would leave a garrison to safeguard their line of communications.

Noyelles made the most of these arguments and added that it was above all things essential to win the favour of the Spaniards. According to Peterborough himself the Valencians were entirely loyal, therefore the presence of Charles in that province was not absolutely necessary; while in Aragon, where the parties were more evenly balanced, his appearance, with Allied troops, would turn the scale. From a purely military point of view the two roads were equally safe from French attacks, at all events for some little time, therefore military considerations should give way to local politics. Catalonia and Aragon had already suffered in the Archduke's cause; they must be encouraged to maintain their loyalty, which would certainly be staggered if all the Allied troops were sent elsewhere.

These arguments were not without reason, and had they been submitted in the first instance the Council of War might have been convinced. This, however, would not have suited Noyelles. He wanted Peterborough to be committed to action in Valencia, after which he himself would march with the Archduke to Saragossa ; as Commander-in-Chief he would then lead the Court in its triumphal march to Madrid, while Peterborough was left to do what he liked on the other road.

It is not surprising to find that Peterborough was furious over the upset of his plans, but his method of showing his annoyance cannot be excused. If he could not go his own way he was determined not to follow anybody else.

The knowledge of these under-currents, which I have abridged from Stanhope's letters, makes the story of events easy to follow.

.

In accordance with the resolutions of the Council of War, Peterborough went to Valencia, fully expecting the Archduke to come after him on June 6.

On June 1, three days after the Earl's departure, an alarm reached Barcelona about a French attack on Gerona. Stanhope says—"I was desired by his Majesty to repair thither immediately, which I did accordingly, but found all very quiet." It is gratifying to note that when an alarm sounded a British officer was asked to go to the spot, but another motive may have had something to do with the Archduke's request—the desire to be free of British representatives while plans were being changed. The following letter is enlightening :

Stanhope to Hedges. Barcelona. June 15.

"I was in hopes that, at my return hither, the King would either have begun his journey to Valencia or at least have been upon his departure, but, to my very great surprise, instead of it, I found a new disposition on foot to attempt Aragon with the few forces that could be mustered up in this country, and that a letter had been writ to the Earl of Peterborough requiring him to detach troops from Valencia, and to send money in support of this project, which being directly contrary to what was unanimously resolved at two solemn councils, and a certain consequence

of this alteration being that my Lord would be disabled from attempting his march to Madrid, I strenuously opposed, and the King has promised me that he will begin his journey towards Valencia the 21st of this month. The business of Aragon, however, is so much at heart that 1,500 of the foot designed for the guard of this province, and 400 of the horse destined for my Lord Peterborough, will be sent that way under Count Noyelles. Their principal view in endeavouring to get the King to Aragon is that they may have the plundering of that country, which is said to have money."

This shows that before June 15 Noyelles had succeeded in the first step towards upsetting Peterborough's plan, and that he had began to filch the troops destined for Valencia. Stanhope saw what was likely to follow and his next letter seems intended as a warning :

Stanhope to Peterborough. June 18.

"Our Court still promises to be moving Monday or Tuesday next, but there is still a mighty hankering after Aragon. I cease not to press the King to go Valencia, which will engage him to bring more troops on that side: whereas if those who would plunder Aragon should get his person that way, it is plain they will draw all the troops they can to that side."

On June 23 Charles set out, and went as far as Tarragona, a distance of 50 miles. Then he returned to Barcelona.

It is alleged by Parnell that "Charles left Barcelona with the intention of fulfilling his engagement with Peterborough to proceed by Valencia, but a few days afterwards he received an intimation from that commander that the journey by that side was impossible."

Now if Peterborough really wrote a letter to that effect it would certainly form a good excuse for all that Noyelles did, for the changes of plan, and for the anger of the Court against the British commander. In fact it would put him in a very ugly light. Again and again he had urged Charles to come by Valencia; he had declared the road to Madrid to be practically

open, and then, according to Parnell, when the Archduke had set out to fulfil his share of the programme, Peterborough informs him "that the journey by that side was impossible."

It is much to be regretted that Parnell does not give the actual words or the authority on which he based his statement. I can only suppose that the German Ministers seized on some sentence in one of Peterborough's letters which mentioned the difficulties he was encountering; there is no doubt that minor difficulties did exist. The fortress of Cuenca had not yet been taken, though it fell a few days later; there was the usual shortage of horses for the cavalry, and, of course, finance was always a source of trouble. Some expression on these subjects, when taken by itself, might be interpreted to mean that "the journey was impossible," and Charles, who had already been persuaded to go by the other road, would gladly seize on an excuse to throw responsibility for his change of plan on Peterborough.

To get at the truth we must turn again to Stanhope. It is astounding that Parnell includes Stanhope in his long list of "authorities consulted," but never once quotes his evidence or makes any mention of his arguments and opinions. In the present case Stanhope's evidence is perfectly clear, and flatly contradicts Parnell's allegation: he says that both he himself and Peterborough continued to urge upon Charles the original plan, and the change was due to a Court intrigue based on the personal interest of the Ministers and Noyelles. Peterborough, so far from proposing the change, never even heard of it till he received the following letter, which must have come as a very unpleasant surprise.

Stanhope to Peterborough. July 1.

"Since my last we have received advices that Saragossa has declared for the King. Part of the Kingdom of Aragon is said to have done the like. . . . Upon these advices his Majesty called a junta this morning, and has determined to go at once to Saragossa. The Portuguese Ambassador and myself opposed this resolution all we could. . . . A great deal more was said by us to the same purpose, but the King was determined."

A despatch to London gives further details.

Stanhope to Hedges. July 2.

"Since my last of the 15th of June we received certain accounts of my Lord Marlborough's glorious victory in Flanders. This great blow made itself soon felt as far as these parts, and has contributed to great successes in this country. The Portuguese army was, on the 18th June, got as far as the Escorial, and the same day the Duchess of Anjou left Madrid. We expect hourly to hear the Duke* has followed her. On the 25th June, Saragossa declared for his Majesty, and we receive accounts every hour of other towns in Aragon following that example. Two Spanish gallies, one of which is their admiral, commanded by the Marquis Santa Cruz, which were sent out of the port to carry money to the garrison of Oran, are come to our fleet and have declared for the King. It is said they have 60,000 pieces of eight on board. The King upon receiving these advices altered his resolution, and is going to Saragossa, which he was ever most inclined to do. This change of measures will certainly delay considerably his arrival at Madrid and his junction with the Portuguese army. . . . If his Majesty had set out a month ago either way, as he was frequently pressed to do by the Portuguese Ambassador and myself, he would have been by this time at, or very near Madrid."

Peterborough made efforts to get Charles to revert to the original plan. A deputation from Valencia was sent to wait on him with an invitation to pass through their province. The Earl wrote to ask whether it would be of any use to come himself, but Charles had evidently no desire to see the importunate Englishman.

Stanhope to Peterborough. July 8.

"As to your Lordship's offer of coming post to confer with the King, his Majesty said you might do as you pleased. What you will resolve upon I don't know, but I dare venture to assure you nothing you can say will signify anything unless you should bring 10,000 pistoles in your cloak-bag."

On the same day Peterborough was making a final appeal.

* The "Duke" and "Duchess" are of course Philip V and his Queen.

Peterborough to Stanhope. Valencia. July 8.

"I am resolved to make one effort more, to see if anything can touch a German heart. I have received a good sum of my own ; the King and his troops shall have every farthing of it, and I will send in the gold with all expedition."

This money was sent and received, but later on Peterborough complains that it had never been acknowledged.

All the efforts of the British Envoy and the British commander failed to make any impression. Charles set out for Saragossa and arrived there on July 15.

.

According to Stanhope's account, which I find quite convincing, Peterborough had been very much in the right up to this moment. Not that his plan had been decidedly better than the other, but because it had been approved, arrangements had been made to carry it out, and the only reason for changing was jealousy on the part of Noyelles and the Ministers. But after July 10, when he knew that Charles had set out for Saragossa, his conduct is not so easy to explain.

.

Galway had reached Madrid on June 27 and was calling loudly for help. Peterborough, having no longer any reason to wait for the Archduke, might have started at once. The troops in Valencia could have marched to the Capital without any opposition and their arrival would have been of real benefit to the Allies. But no advance was made till July 26—a delay of a fortnight, which demands explanation. In the inquiry afterwards held, Peterborough's excuse sounded very lame. He asserted that two messengers from Galway passed through Valencia without any communication for him ; one messenger he compelled to sign a statement to the effect that he brought nothing for the Earl of Peterborough. Evidently the trouble was that Galway addressed his despatches to the Archduke instead of to the British Commander-in-Chief, who therefore determined to stand on his dignity. Galway afterwards admitted this to be true as regards one messenger, but declared that others

had been sent direct to British Headquarters. In any case Peterborough's excuse defeats itself, for it proves that he saw a messenger who came from Madrid and could give him information about the situation there. In a matter of urgency it was absurd to wait for official demands before taking action.

Peterborough might have come out of it far better had he told the simple truth—which was that nobody had yet realised there could be any danger. It was assumed that the whole of Spain lay at the mercy of the Allies. So much was this the belief in London that the Government thought Charles could now manage his new Kingdom without British help, and orders were issued for the departure of Leake's ships and most of the British regiments. The Duke of Savoy was being besieged in Turin and had asked for assistance. Proposals were also suggested for an attack on Minorca, or on Cadiz. The Archduke had no objections, and in fact favoured such proposals; he had been assured by Noyelles that the British troops and the obnoxious British commander would be better out of the country. Stanhope says—"His Majesty all along showed a great disposition to it (the movement of troops to Turin) and did positively order it. . . . And one reason for the King's readiness to part with troops was the opinion he had that my Lord might have gone thither with the fleet."

No doubt Peterborough shared the general view that Galway could be in no danger. The transfer of himself and his force to Italy, or indeed to anywhere, would have suited his humour. All his plans had been upset once, and he was not in a hurry to march the troops up and down on what might be a bootless errand. The news from Galway appeared to be of an alarmist character—so he decided to ignore it till official confirmation came to hand.

The true situation was burst on the Court after the Archduke had been five days in Saragossa. On July 20, Galway's Quarter-master-General, Colonel Dubourgay, arrived from Madrid. He explained that the Castillians were showing hostility to the Allies; the enemy was daily receiving troops from France; the Portuguese could hardly be restrained from returning to their own country, so unless reinforcements were sent to Galway at once Madrid would be lost.

Stanhope says: "These advices roused the Court." The idea that the Portuguese army might disappear came as a tremendous



The Siege of Barcelona, taken by the Earl of Peterborough in the year 1705.

blow. Charles decided to move to Madrid as quickly as possible with all the troops that were fit to march ; these amounted to 3 regiments of foot and 800 horse. All thought of sending British forces to Italy was of course abandoned, and fortunately news arrived that the siege of Turin had been raised, so the Duke of Savoy was no longer in danger.* Expresses were sent to Peterborough imploring him to hasten the march of his column.

The British commander hesitated no longer. He pushed troops along the road to Madrid, then, with a body of 400 dragoons, he forged ahead and joined the Archduke on August 4. Two days later they reached Galway's camp at Guadalaxara.

*As a matter of fact this report was premature. The siege of Turin was not raised till September 24.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN. 1707

AFTER the triumphs and exultations which had marked the months of May and June, the Allied camp at Guadalaxara must have presented a very dismal scene.

Military prospects were distinctly bad. The force under Das Minas and Galway had dwindled from 19,000 to 13,000 men. The reinforcements brought by Peterborough and the Archduke added about 4,000, a total of 17,000, more than half of them Portuguese. Berwick was encamped opposite, and Stanhope reckons his numbers at 14,000 foot with over 6,000 horse.

Galway proposed that the Allies should attack, staking everything on the result of a battle. He pointed out that nothing else could repair the effects of the long delay. The enemy continued to receive additional strength from France; the Castillians showed more and more signs of hostility. Madrid had already declared for the Bourbons, and many other towns were going the same way. The communications with Portugal had been lost and no further reinforcements could be expected from that side. Therefore the only alternatives were a battle or a retreat. And Galway preferred a battle.

The other Generals were more cautious. Berwick had the bigger army, and his superiority in cavalry was especially dangerous; the two camps lay within cannon-shot of each other, but a river and several defiles ran between them, so an attack from either side would have to cross very difficult ground. With a hostile population all round a repulse would be fatal; there was too much at stake. In a Council of War, Galway was out-voted.

But if the number of Allied troops was small the number of Generals was not. The chief question which seems to have pre-occupied the minds of the Council was regarding the command.

There were four Generals in camp, each of whom had some pretensions to claim seniority by virtue of various commissions from various Governments.

Noyelles held a commission as Field Marshal from the Archduke. There is no doubt that his object was to obtain an independent command, or to ensure the removal of his rivals.

Das Minas had the Portuguese, who formed more than half the Allied force, and on this ground had some reason for his claim. But except on questions of etiquette he does not seem to have been obstructive.

Galway held a commission from the King of Portugal as "Governor of the Army," whatever that might mean. But he was thoroughly tired and made no attempt to press his own claims. In his memoirs he describes how he paid a visit to Peterborough and "offered him the command of the English and to receive his orders until I should have the Queen's leave to go home." Das Minas was the obstacle to this arrangement—he was prepared to accept guidance from Galway but not from anybody else.

Peterborough held the Queen's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Catalonian expedition. According to his own account he did not claim supreme command of all the forces, but was ready to accept equality. He suggested that he should command the British and Spaniards who were on his own payroll, while Das Minas led the Portuguese and Noyelles the Dutch—the Archduke to be General-in-Chief. As a matter of fact this arrangement was afterwards carried into effect by Das Minas, Galway and Noyelles, with disastrous results. But it is difficult to understand how Peterborough could ever have put forward such a proposal unless he merely intended to raise a discussion. From the moment of his arrival in the camp he had been met with disdainful coldness and studied slights. He was not the man to submit to such treatment, and the probability is that the suggestion may have been intended to bring matters to a head.

On August 9 another Council was held in which Peterborough stated his intention of leaving the army. He gave as his reason that he had received a despatch from London earnestly pressing him to go to the help of the Duke of Savoy. Stanhope

hints that this was merely a pretext, and that Peterborough only wished to enhance his own importance—and Stanhope is very possibly right in his conjecture. The Earl was self-opiniated to an extent which amounted to conceit: he despised the other Generals. In his opinion Das Minas and Galway were infirm dotards, Noyelles a pretentious foreigner, the Archduke an inexperienced weakling. But they had combined power sufficient to thwart his own plans and he was now determined to be all or nothing.

The Council agreed with alacrity to his proposed departure. They were only too glad to be rid of the cantankerous colleague who did not disguise contempt for their opinions.

This decision may have come as a surprise to Peterborough, yet it is difficult to see what else he could have expected in the circumstances. But though he may have felt the wound to his self importance there can be little doubt that he was wise to remove himself. Underneath the pitiful squabble for supremacy there lay solid reasons.

He had formed an opinion on the strategical and political situation which later on turned out to be very correct. He saw that little could be accomplished in Spain and even a successful battle could not lead to permanent success. The behaviour of German Ministers and Portuguese troops had destroyed any chance of winning Castile to the Archduke's cause. British forces were not strong enough to beat the French and keep a hostile population in subjection. Therefore, instead of bolstering up a tottering cause which had in itself all the elements of disruption, he began to look for some more promising field of action elsewhere. Spain seemed hopeless, but there were other countries where the struggle against France might give real help to the Grand Alliance. He knew very well that the other members of the Council would never be persuaded to accept this view; the Archduke and Noyelles and Das Minas were all absorbed in their own interests and could not look beyond the Spanish Peninsula. And by remaining in the camp he would only add to the friction.

Parnell's criticism deserves notice. "Considering that at this time Berwick was immediately in front of the Allies, this voluntary act of departure was nothing less than desertion from

the army in the face of the enemy, the most heinous of all military crimes." But this charge is rather spoilt by another sentence on the same page. "On August 10, at his own solicitation—but with the approval of King Charles and the unanimous sanction of a Council of Allied Ministers and Generals (all anxious for his absence) he returned to Valencia." In other words, the King, Ministers, and Generals all aided and abetted the military crime of desertion. Furthermore, the memoirs of Stanhope and of Galway, one of Parnell's heroes, show that these two officers were desirous of committing the same crime, and only remained on because they had not obtained from England official leave to take their departure.

Surely it would be more reasonable to accept the simple explanation. The three British officers did not agree in their views about strategy, but on one point they show, by letters and action, complete and firm agreement : they could not give hearty assent to the proposals of the Archduke and Noyelles : they felt that their presence in council and in camp only led to friction without doing any good, and therefore they wanted to depart, for the sake of the Allied cause as well as for their own interests.

Galway continued his requests to be relieved, but his success in making the best of our Portuguese allies had been recognised, and the Government insisted that he should remain. Stanhope also wrote again and again asking to be recalled ; he was, however, the only Englishman who succeeded in remaining on good or moderately good terms with the Archduke, and in his case too, the Government decided that he must remain at his post Peterborough was more fortunate ; he had authority from Godolphin to go at once, and he made use of it.

It is pleasing to note that his departure was not marked with any expressions of ill-feeling on either side. Charles begged him to arrange with the Navy for an expedition to capture Minorca, and also to go to Genoa with the object of raising a loan, and Peterborough undertook both commissions with much willingness.

On August 10 he left the camp at Guadalaxara with an escort of eighty Royal Dragoons and made his way back to Valencia.

.

A little incident occurred on his journey which brings out interesting characteristics. Fifty miles on the road towards the coast there lies the little town of Huette. On arrival there Peterborough got news of a calamity; his heavy baggage which had been coming up from Valencia had fallen into the hands of one of Berwick's foraging parties, and it seemed clear that some of the local peasants had given the enemy information. The loss was serious—sixteen wagons, fifty mules and several valuable horses. The inhabitants fully expected that Peterborough would retaliate by burning down their town. Magistrates and priests came on their knees to implore mercy and offer compensation. The loss was estimated at no less than £8,000, which gives us an idea of the style in which a general lived in those days. Peterborough declined their offer as regards himself, but, knowing that Galway's army was in want of bread, he desired them to raise the value in corn and send it to the Allied camp. The townsfolk were very willing to accept this arrangement, and the army received enough corn to last for six weeks. Peterborough went on his way with nothing but "one suit of clothes and six shirts."

After his arrival in Valencia he received all the despatches and letters which had been contained in his baggage, and which Berwick chivalrously sent back unopened.

He was received in Valencia with the utmost cordiality, and some days were spent in a round of joyous entertainment, balls, receptions, and bullfights. But the commissions received from the Archduke were by no means forgotten, and he now applied himself to the first of them.

The necessity of having a naval base in the Mediterranean had long been recognised. Up to this time the fleet had been accustomed to sail home or to Lisbon for the winter months, partly to refit and partly because there was no good harbour on the east coast of Spain where ships could take refuge during bad weather. During the absence of the British a French fleet from Toulon could roam without opposition, and would always be a danger to Barcelona and other towns. Port Mahon, in Minorca, had been marked as the most convenient base, having

good anchorage and some fortifications. The Balearic Islands were held for the Bourbons by Spanish governors with small garrisons.

Admiral Leake's ships were at Groa, the seaport of Valencia city. Peterborough was arranging with him for an expedition to Port Mahon when despatches came from London ordering that nine ships of the line should be sent off at once to the West Indies. The Earl did his utmost to persuade the Admiral to pay no heed to these instructions, or at all events to postpone compliance till after Port Mahon had been taken; he sent one ship to England with a letter full of pressing arguments. But the naval officers insisted on carrying out the order as received from the Admiralty and the ships sailed away on September 13.

In a letter to Stanhope the Earl said that the Admirals were jealous of him and of his commission to command them. Very probably Leake was glad to be able to refuse compliance with his proposals.

When Peterborough saw that he could not prevail he came to the conclusion that the remaining force would not be sufficient for the capture of Port Mahon, so he dropped the scheme and sailed for Italy.

In his absence Leake sailed to the Balearics, and occupied Palma, in Majorca, without opposition. This was a useful acquisition, as the island could provide some valuable supplies, but the forces were considered too weak for attack on Port Mahon, which remained in Bourbon hands till taken by Stanhope and Leake, two years later. There seems to be little doubt that if Peterborough had kept on better terms with his naval colleagues he would have been able to take it this year.

The voyage to Genoa was safely accomplished, and Peterborough extracted from the bankers of that city a loan of £100,000, for which he agreed to pay one per cent. above the usual rate of interest. He was afterwards censured by the Treasury for giving too high a rate, but considering the circumstances it seems surprising that he was able to raise any money at all. Without waste of time he made his way back to Barcelona and thence by road to Valencia.

To return to the Allies whom Peterborough had left in camp at Guadalajara. Lack of supplies and the hostility of the country made a retreat unavoidable. Das Minas wanted to make his way back to Portugal, but Berwick swung round and blocked the road. Gradually the whole force fell back towards Valencia, and reached that city at the end of September. Berwick followed slowly, but did not attempt to interfere with the march. Stanhope wrote to Peterborough on October 12 :

" I can only tell your Lordship that since you left us our affairs have gone *de mal en pire*. Our whole army is quartered in Valencia, except a garrison in Cuenca and another in Requena, the only two places we maintain in Castile, and for those we are not without apprehension. Our horse is ruined. Your Lordship knows how well stocked with money you left us, and will consequently judge how impatiently we expect your return."

There was, however, a hope of reinforcements from England. A fresh expedition had started, consisting of 8,000 troops under Lord Rivers, convoyed by a fleet under Sir Cloudesly Shovel. Its voyage was delayed through various causes. At first it had been intended for another attempt on Cadiz ; then a storm in the Bay of Biscay dispersed the ships, which took some time to re-assemble at Lisbon. While they were still there fresh orders arrived—the troops were to be landed in Valencia and the fleet was then to go on towards Toulon. Eventually the expedition reached Alicante and disembarked on February 7.

About a month earlier Peterborough had made his reappearance at the Allied Headquarters, bringing with him the money, which was very acceptable, and some good advice which was not acceptable at all. He had no longer any official position, having made over the command to Galway, but, in view of the financial assistance he had given, the Allies could not refuse to listen to his arguments.

The Council which assembled at Valencia on January 15 was for several reasons the most important of all those in which he took part. There was no longer any struggle for supremacy among the Generals, and the debate turned on the subject of the military outlook. For the first time Peterborough and Stanhope

took opposite sides ; their dispute began on a question of strategy, and each of them had strong arguments to produce, but divergence of opinion became so warm that in the end it severed their friendship.

Stanhope was acting under definite orders from Westminster. As may be imagined the Government had received with dismay and consternation the news that Madrid had been evacuated ; after the previous successes it came as a heavy and unexpected blow, giving rise to suspicions very unfavourable to the Ministers in power. The country began to murmur that all the expenditure in Spain had given no return. So Godolphin determined, for the sake of his own credit, that Madrid must be re-occupied and held. Great confidence was felt in Stanhope, and the fresh troops under Rivers were expressly intended for offensive action, to re-instate Charles in the Capital. This plan was all very well when seen from a distance, but those who had been in Castile and had felt the hostility of the inhabitants were not sanguine about the prospects of success.

Peterborough had prepared a carefully written study of the situation, which he read to the Council. As usual his views were decided, his expressions strong. He argued that the correct strategy would be to stand on the defensive in Spain and push offensive operations in Italy. Valencia and Catalonia were safe so long as the Allied forces remained in those provinces and made no attempts into Castile. Aragon could defend itself. A march to Madrid had already proved useless, another move in the same direction promised little advantage and threatened terrible dangers. The enemy still possessed immense superiority in cavalry, which could harass the march or meet the Allies in battle according to whatever Berwick might order. On the other hand the Duke of Savoy was preparing an attack on Toulon. That city, the great naval arsenal of France, would be a prize of real value ; once captured it could be easily held ; the destruction of the French fleet would rid the Mediterranean of all danger. A success in France would do more for the Allied cause than any victories elsewhere. The object of the war was to defeat the Bourbons, and the attack should be directed against a vital point. Letters from the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene urged the same advice.

To carry out the big scheme Peterborough had already suggested to Galway that 5,000 men should be sent into Catalonia for the purpose of making a diversion on the French frontier. This would be of material assistance to the Duke of Savoy as he advanced against Toulon from the Italian side.

These arguments were produced before the Council, but there was another and stronger reason for Peterborough's objection to another march on Madrid, which he could not raise in public. This was his long-standing conviction in the incapacity of the German Ministers; even successful battles would never make Charles master of Spain until he could win support from a majority of the Spaniards. And Peterborough felt very certain that this was beyond hope.

Stanhope said what he could in support of the instructions he had received. The Queen had not sent over such considerable forces to pine away as garrisons or hide themselves behind entrenchments, and, as Her Majesty's Envoy, he must protest against their employment, or rather non-employment, in this manner. Such timid counsels would not only damp their present zeal and prevent their future exertions, but would lose them the affections of the Aragonese, the Valencians, and the Catalans, and would induce these to join their brother Spaniards. If, on the other hand, they should attack Berwick as soon as they received their expected reinforcements and before the arrival of his, they might probably defeat him. They might push forward to Madrid, establish the King with such an army as should be able to maintain him there, and try the effect on the public mind of his personal appearance in the Capital.

The Archduke and Noyelles were of opinion that a second invasion of Castile would lead to nothing, and supported the views of Peterborough, with minor reservations.

But Stanhope and Galway refused to budge from the positive orders they had received from England, though Stanhope seems to have felt some doubts, in spite of his firm attitude at the conference.

The Council broke up without coming to any definite decision. Galway had authority over the British forces, and he remained at Valencia with the fixed intention of carrying out the policy of the British Government. The Archduke, with his Court and

Noyelles, moved back to Barcelona in March, and Stanhope was obliged to go with him.

On February 22 Peterborough received a despatch discharging him from his official duties as Admiral, General, and High Commissioner. At the same time Galway was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in Spain. Peterborough remained on at Valencia until a second letter came from England on March 14; it contained a formal order for his return. Very leisurely he began his progress homewards, spending five months on the way. He seems to have been well aware that on arrival in London he would have to defend himself; by prolonging his journey he hoped that the feelings of the Government would have time to cool down; he also expected that events in Spain would prove a justification of his own conduct.

.

He sailed for Italy in the *Resolution*, in company with an Envoy of Charles who was going to Savoy and Austria carrying important papers. It so happened that Peterborough's second son, Henry Mordaunt, commanded the ship. This young man had been elected M.P. for Malmesbury at the age of twenty, and now, when only twenty-six, was commodore of a squadron of five third rates. Somewhere off Leghorn they fell in with six French ships of war which were far more strongly armed and manned. The *Resolution*, built in 1667, was the slowest of Mordaunt's squadron, and so, to ensure the safety of their papers, Peterborough and the Envoy were persuaded to shift their quarters into the *Enterprise*. They were safely landed at Leghorn. Meanwhile Mordaunt fought his ship from dawn till three p.m., and was himself severely wounded in the thigh; he then ran her ashore and took off his crew in the boats. Peterborough waited to see that his son was safe, after which he hurried on to Savoy.

.

From this place he began a tour of the Courts of Europe—Turin, Vienna, Leipzig, Hanover—ready to give good advice and to concert measures, for the welfare of the Grand Alliance. From each of those places letters were written to England describing the Earl's activities, but to appreciate them properly would require an extensive and detailed knowledge of the European

politics: the attitude of the Vatican; the relations between Savoy and the Emperor; the history of Charles of Sweden; the questions of Sardinia and Naples; the personalities of Wratislaw, Besenval, and other diplomatists. It would take too long, besides being beyond my power, to unravel the whole of the tangled situation, so a brief account must suffice.

In each of these Capitals warnings had been received from Westminster that Peterborough had no official mission and no authority to pledge his Government in any way. The various Monarchs and their Ministers were therefore prepared to greet him coldly and with reserve. Yet the letters prove that though his unofficial advice was rejected, he aroused interest and attracted his hearers. I think the charm lay in the interest which he himself felt in his hearers and their affairs; the spot where he happened to be was for the moment the centre of the universe; the man he spoke to was the most important figure in Europe. With vivacity and eagerness Peterborough could enter into his ambitions, discuss his policy, and show a knowledge of his country which, if superficial, was still intelligent and shrewd. This was not affectation, it was a natural mixture of curiosity, sympathy and self-importance. No doubt he exerted himself to please and flatter, but the charm lay not in open flattery so much as in the genuine interest with which he entered into his surroundings. This is the most subtle form of flattery and nearly always evokes a corresponding feeling on the other side.

First at Turin. The Duke of Savoy, with the help of Prince Eugene, had driven away the French who had been besieging his Capital; now he was planning an attack on Toulon. Peterborough was ready with advice. The Duke had been warned that his guest was no longer in favour so he refused to discuss the project. Nevertheless, their meeting was the beginning of a warm friendship.

Next to Vienna. Count Wratislaw, the Emperor's Minister, had likewise been warned, but after the visit he wrote to Marlborough:

"Lord Peterborough is on the eve of his departure to visit you. He has shown himself sufficiently humble, though his ardour has occasionally transported him beyond the limits of

moderation. . . . When you have spoken to him you will probably be more satisfied with him than you imagine, for Prince Eugene has written to me that his Lordship thinks like a general, though he does not always express himself with propriety ; and it is likewise true that he predicted the misfortunes which have come to pass."

From Vienna to Leipzig and Charles XII of Sweden. The young king was at the zenith of his military glory ; he had crushed the Danes, defeated the Muscovites at Narva, and humbled Augustus of Saxony and Poland. For the moment he was not actively engaged. The warnings against Peterborough had been so strong that Charles wanted to avoid giving him audience and therefore rode away towards his camp. But Peterborough was not to be denied—he borrowed a horse from a groom, galloped after the King and took him by storm. He pointed out how the youthful hero with his victorious army might become arbiter of Europe. Charles laughed and listened while they rode many miles in company, but he had already made up his mind to deal another blow at Peter the Great and would not be diverted. It is profitless to speculate what might have happened if the power of Sweden had been thrown into the Grand Alliance. Charles went his own way to ruin, which met him at Pultowa in 1709. Besenval, French Agent at Leipzig, was evidently perturbed about the possible results of Peterborough's visit ; he thought it of such importance that he wrote a long description to Paris, but his letter was intercepted.

Lastly to Hanover, where the Electress Sophia held her Court in the palace of Herrenhausen. Her son, the future George I, professed indifference about his prospects of succeeding Queen Anne, but the aged grand-daughter of James I cherished a hope that on her tomb might be written " Here lies Sophia, Queen of Great Britain." She was deeply interested in the country over which she might rule, so probably the conversation of the talkative English nobleman suited her taste. Every day a coach with six horses was sent to bring her guest to dinner and supper at the palace.

It was not till the beginning of August that the traveller drew near the end of his journey.

CHAPTER XIV

ALMANZA AND BRIHUEGA. 1707-1710

A SUDDEN and complete change of policy sometimes indicates weakness in a commander, but on the other hand it may be a proof of shrewd insight and common sense ; everything depends on the circumstances of the particular case. At the Council of January 15th, Stanhope and Galway argued in favour of another attempt on Madrid—a bold policy, very attractive to the British disposition which refuses to accept defeat and is always prepared to make another effort. Peterborough argued for a defensive attitude, and this caution was so very different from his usual energy and optimism that some writers have seized upon it as a sign of weak eccentricity. Before pronouncing judgement upon him as a strategist it will be as well to run through the story of the rest of the campaign, in order to see how far his warning was justified.

Galway took up the command, and immediately found himself in the situation which had been so distasteful to his predecessor ; everything he proposed met with obstruction from the advisers of Charles. Consequently, any prospects which his plans might have had were ruined from the outset. One of Stanhope's letters puts the case very clearly. Writing to Godolphin, he says :

“ Count Noyelles has, ever since our junction with Lord Galway, made it his business to find fault, and has so far insinuated himself into the King's favour that he is advised by him altogether. His drift is to get a separate command on the side of Aragon. My Lord Galway being very justly uneasy at this management, and tired with eternal struggling against wind and tide, talks and

thinks of nothing but retiring, and avoids as much as possible coming near the Court. He is, besides, infirm, and the many vexations he has, what with the Court and what with the management of the Portuguese, whom, I may venture to affirm, no man alive but himself could deal with. These things, I say, have made him less in love and less fit for business than he used to be. . . . My poor endeavours shall not be wanting to animate him to undergo this drudgery a little longer. . . ."

This letter is a powerful reply to one of the charges against Peterborough. It has been suggested, and was believed by many people in London, that his dissensions with Charles arose simply from his own bad temper and overbearing demeanour. But it is admitted by everybody that Galway was neither bad-tempered nor aggressive; if he tired of the "eternal struggle against wind and tide" it proves that there were other reasons besides bad temper, and probably good reasons, for dissension. Peterborough's want of tact no doubt made the rift wider, for which he was to blame, but at all events he had solid reasons, like Galway, for refusing to be governed by the cabal which surrounded Charles. Stanhope says that Noyelles had expected that Galway would also leave Spain, and that he himself would then command the whole of the Allied forces, but "because he was disappointed in the command of the army he seemed determined that no other General should have any army to command." The Archduke was persuaded to return to Barcelona, taking with him all the Spanish troops and Noyelles. Stanhope, as British Envoy, had to accompany the Court, much against his inclination.

The removal of the Spanish troops weakened Galway's army, but the reinforcements under Rivers brought up his strength to about 15,500, and he began to make preparations for the new offensive. On April 10 a move was made to the south-west in order to destroy magazines of supplies which the French had been forming. Berwick retired fifty miles, allowing the Allies to occupy one or two small towns. On the 18th Galway had news that the French had moved to Almanza, 60 miles south-west of Valencia;

also that 8,000 men under the Duke of Orleans were on the way to join them. He decided to attack before these reinforcements could reach Berwick's camp. It was a rash decision in view of the disparity of strength. The numbers generally accepted are as follows :

Allied forces :

British Troops	4,800
Portuguese	8,000
Dutch	2,700

15,500

This total included 4,500 horse, very badly mounted, and 26 field guns.

Bourbon Forces :

French	12,000
Spanish	13,000

25,000

The battle was a set piece without surprise or manœuvre on either side. Berwick took up a strong position on the east side of Almanza, a small walled town : in front of his centre lay a ravine, beyond which spread a wide open main.

On April 25 Galway attacked. He had eight miles to march before reaching the enemy, and therefore after forming up in line of battle, he gave the troops a rest until 3 p.m. Berwick calmly watched as the Allied columns slowly came into position.

Both sides were drawn up in double line, after the approved fashion of the day ; infantry in the centre, cavalry on each wing. But in view of the enemy's superior number of horse, Galway interspersed a few regiments of foot among his squadrons as a support.

In the centre the British infantry gained ground and forced the enemy back to the very wall of the town. Victory seemed certain. But on both wings the Allied cavalry had to give way before superior numbers.

The two Allied commanders made every effort to stem the

tide as it turned against them. Though Galway had only one arm he was riding at the head of his squadrons, when he received two sabre cuts over his right eye, and for a time he had to leave the field. It is said that "Das Minas made the greatest personal exertions, such as are rarely seen in a man of his advanced age ; his mistress, who had followed him in the campaign and wore a soldier's dress, was killed by his side." He himself received a severe wound and was carried from the field.

As soon as Berwick saw the success of his horsemen he turned them against the flanks of the Allied foot regiments, who soon found themselves hemmed in. After a fierce struggle of two hours, a couple of thousand cut their way out of the *melée*, but the retreat of the cavalry proved fatal, and all the rest were surrounded. The killed and wounded numbered 4,000 ; 3,000 unwounded fell into the hands of the enemy ; of the remainder 5,000 were dispersed in such confusion that very few succeeded in rejoining the ranks.

Only 3,500 escaped with Galway and Das Minas, and retreated 22 miles the same day. As quickly as possible they continued their flight till they reached Tortosa and put the Ebro between themselves and the pursuers.

Berwick proceeded to occupy the city of Valencia. One or two other towns resisted with desperation, but by the end of June the whole province was in the hands of the Bourbons. The Allies made successful efforts to hold Catalonia. Twice the French made assaults on Tortosa, but were repulsed. Active operations were then broken off for the rest of the summer.

King Philip and the Bourbon party in Madrid celebrated their victory with exuberant joy. Standards taken from the Allies were deposited with much ceremony in the church of Atocha. Special privileges were granted to the town of Almanza in honour of the battle. Berwick was created Duke of Liria.* In August the rejoicings broke out afresh when Philip's wife gave birth to a

* When Berwick returned to France he transferred this title to his second son, who remained in the service of Philip. In 1719 there was war between France and Spain. While his son was in the Spanish camp Berwick again commanded the French ; he wrote a letter exhorting the son to fight honourably against himself.

son. The young queen had gained the affection of all classes, and the fact that the heir was born in Madrid helped to rally the various factions in support of the throne.

In England a storm of indignation burst out, chiefly directed against Galway. In allusion to his birth and that of Berwick it became the fashion to propose an ironical toast to the health of the brave English General (Berwick) who had defeated the Frenchman.

Galway soon returned with Das Minas to Portugal, and Stanhope was appointed commander of the few British troops remaining in Catalonia.

However much we may applaud the courage of Galway, and his gallantry on the field, it is impossible to get away from the fact that he was responsible for this very disastrous battle. He knew that the enemy had superior numbers, especially in cavalry, but no attempt was made to overcome this disadvantage by surprise or manœuvre. He trusted to the fighting power of his own troops, though he ought to have known better than anybody else the unreliable qualities of the Portuguese. Had the battle been forced upon him by the skill of Berwick there might have been some excuse, but it was his own decision to attack, and this could only have been justified by success. The plea has been put forward that he acted in accordance with orders, and that the enemy would have been still stronger later on. This, however, is no excuse for choosing a bad opportunity and a very disadvantageous field of battle.

A partial excuse can be found in the fact that he was suffering from wounds and infirmity, and had more than once asked to be relieved from a task beyond his strength. This entitles him to sympathy. The British Government insisted that he should remain, and ought therefore to be given a share of the responsibility.

All the honours as a strategist must be awarded to Berwick. For a year he had maintained calm patience, waiting for an opportunity which would settle the campaign in a decisive manner. He had retreated from the borders of Portugal, then from Madrid. Patiently he watched the strength of the Allies ebbing while

his own reinforcements came up and the Spaniards rallied to his side. Calmly he followed Galway towards Valencia. There was no need to hurry when every day increased his own advantage. Then, in March, it became evident that Galway was resuming the offensive, and Berwick saw that at last his hour had come. Still he did not hurry to the attack—the Allies were given time to weary their troops by marching while the French awaited the onset. And Galway hastened to deliver himself into the enemy's hands.

It was a real triumph for the commander whose caution had been based, not on timidity or irresolution, but on true judgement of the situation.

The battle of Almanza ruined the cause of the Archduke, and in less than six weeks after Peterborough's departure his most gloomy forebodings had been more than justified.

The news reached him in Italy, and he jumped to the conclusion that Stanhope was to blame. Writing to Marlborough he said : " Mr. Stanhope's politics have proved very fatal, having produced our misfortunes." In this, however, Peterborough was unjust. It was true that Stanhope had supported the Government's orders for offensive action, and to that extent he must bear the blame, but the offensive had not been carried out in accordance with his plans. Noyelles removed a considerable part of the Allied army before the battle ; Galway chose the worst time and place for his attack, and those were the real causes of the disaster.

After 1707 the events in Spain had no direct bearing on Peterborough, but may be recounted in order to complete the story.

During the next two years little was done on either side. The Allies had just enough troops to hold their own with some difficulty in Catalonia. The French were too much occupied in Flanders to make further efforts in Spain. In 1708 Stanhope, with a fleet under Leake, took Port Mahon, in Minorca, which had so long been an object of the Allies.

On the Portuguese frontier Galway had another disastrous battle in May 1709. His army came face to face with the enemy on the River Caya, near Badajos. The Marquis of Fronteira,

who had replaced Das Minas, insisted on crossing the stream against the advice of Galway, and the battle took place on the east bank in the plain of Gudina. As at Almanza, the Portuguese cavalry was driven from the field and left the infantry to be surrounded. Galway had his horse shot under him and narrowly escaped capture. The result was a complete victory for the Bourbons, who took 9,000 prisoners. The battle of the Caya, sometimes called La Gudina, was the end of the operations on that side of the Peninsula.

In 1710 negotiations were proceeding between Louis XIV and the Allies, and as a result all French troops were withdrawn from Spain, and the French King undertook to give no assistance to his grandson. Philip was therefore reduced to rely on his Spanish subjects. But the absence of French troops revived the hopes of Charles, and once more it was decided to attack.

Reinforcements of Imperial troops had been brought from Italy and some British regiments from Portugal. The Allied army numbered about 24,000 men. As Noyelles had died at Barcelona in 1709 the Marshal Staremberg had come from Vienna to take command, but the British troops were under Stanhope.

Philip had joined his army which lay in camp near Lerida.

At the end of July 1710 the Allies advanced, and beat the enemy in a cavalry encounter at Almenara. Staremberg moved forward to Saragossa, and on August 25 a pitched battle took place outside that town. The Bourbon army was defeated and dispersed.

Once more the road to Madrid lay open to the Allies, who entered in triumph on September 21. But the negotiations between Louis and the Allies had been broken off, so the French King was able to come to the rescue of his grandson.

Marshal Vendôme was immediately sent to Spain. This great commander had been in disgrace since his defeat at Oudenarde in 1709, but his ability was well-known, and Philip had more than once asked for his services. With the same patience that Berwick had shown in 1706, Vendôme set himself to repair the disaster of Saragossa. He was determined not to risk a battle until he had real prospects of success. He knew that the hostility of Castile to the German cause would make the sojourn of the Allies in

Madrid very difficult, if not impossible. French troops were collected from garrisons on the frontier and new levies were raised in Spain.

In October the Marshal could count on over 20,000 men, and with these he began his march. He made a wide circle round Madrid so as to approach it from the south-west.

Meanwhile the Allies found their situation in the Capital much the same as it had been four years earlier. Staremburg's army dwindled from sickness and desertion ; it was beset by swarms of Bourbon Miquelets ; supplies were running short. After a couple of months it became evident that Madrid could not be held. Stanhope was very anxious not to retreat too soon ; he had hopes that peace negotiations were still carried on in secret, and every moment he expected to hear of an armistice. Possession of Madrid would be a great asset to the Allies when the inevitable bargaining for territory came up for discussion. From a political point of view his desire to stand fast was sound, but he made a bad error in judging the military situation.

Early in November a report came that a French force from Roussillon was threatening Barcelona. Charles, who had left his Archduchess in that city, determined that he himself must return there at once, so he set off with an escort of 2,000 horse. This left Staremburg very weak in cavalry, and he decided to begin his retreat before Vendôme could come up. He expected to find much difficulty in feeding his troops, and therefore marched them in three columns at a distance of several miles from each other. The Germans, under Staremburg, took the centre ; on the west were the British under Stanhope ; on the east Spaniards and Portuguese.

On December 6 the British column reached Brihuega, 50 miles north-east of Madrid ; Stanhope had 1900 infantry and 640 troopers, but no guns. He intended to halt for two days in order to collect some supplies. The enemy's Miquelets had been hovering round, but it was not suspected that any other hostile troops were within several marches. Relying on this Stanhope omitted to set outposts, though some hills were within cannon shot of the town.

This extraordinary carelessness proved fatal.

Vendôme had been kept well-informed of the Allies' movements by the country folk and Miquelets. He heard that the

British column was detached from Staremborg, and lost no time in following it. Cavalry pushed ahead, infantry made forced marches, and the vanguard covered 170 miles in seven days. This rapidity took Stanhope entirely by surprise.

On the morning of the 8th some horsemen were seen on the hills near the town, but Stanhope assumed they were the Miquelets, and little notice was paid. By three o'clock some foot-soldiers began to appear and very soon the hills were strongly held by the enemy; 6,000 horse were already on the spot and infantry continued to arrive.

The British were completely surrounded. One of Stanhope's aides-de-camp managed to make his way out with a message for Staremborg, but did not reach the other camp till close on midnight. Meanwhile, arrangements were made to hold the town. Brihuega was a small place, begirt with an old Moorish wall. The gates were weak, but during the night barricades were raised and the defences were improved as far as possible.

Next morning Vendôme began a heavy cannonade, which soon made two breaches; several assaults were then delivered and repulsed. But the ammunition of the British was running short, and the fire from the hills swept every point of the defence, so at seven o'clock Stanhope beat the chamade and offered to capitulate. Vendôme agreed in haste, because he knew, though Stanhope did not, that Staremborg was approaching. The British losses were 300 killed and 300 wounded—all the rest were taken prisoners. The French suffered very heavily in the assaults, losing 900 killed and 1,800 wounded.

This humiliating defeat was entirely due to Stanhope. The fact that he had no information about Vendôme's position ought to have made him all the more watchful against surprise, but though he had 600 cavalry not a single patrol went out of his camp.

On the following day the French had a stiff engagement with Staremborg, and were forced to retire. But this victory came too late to save the situation; the remains of the Allied army made the best of their way back to Catalonia, and the Bourbons recovered the whole of Spain except the two fortresses of Barcelona and Tarragona.

Even before the disaster at Brihuega it had become evident that the animosity of Castile would render useless any further

attempts to set Charles on the throne of Spain. And in April 1711 an event occurred which entirely changed the attitude of England in the question—this was the death of the Emperor Joseph. As he left no issue his brother Charles now became King of Austria and prospective head of the German Empire. If the Spanish dominions were added to his realm the balance of power in Europe would be much in his favour. This was almost as much against the interests of England as the supremacy of the Bourbons had been at the outbreak of the war, and so far from wishing to see Charles win Spain the British Ministers were quite willing to leave Philip in possession.

Having come to the end of the operations in Spain we can now take stock of Peterborough's abilities as a General. His conduct was afterwards the subject of inquiries and debates in Parliament, where he was first censured and then vindicated. Those verdicts, however, prove nothing at all, for even his own friends admitted that the votes were based on political faith and not on the evidence.

Wellington said that "the art of war consists in knowing what the fellow on the other side of the hill is doing." Some commanders have been able to see what the fellow was doing by the light of their own genius, but all great commanders have striven to collect information on which to base their plans. This appears so necessary that everybody accepts it in theory—but in practice it is often neglected. Brihuega provides a glaring example; had Stanhope known what Vendôme was doing on the other side of a hill the British forces might have avoided a very inglorious surrender. No courage or skill could repair the initial fault of ignorance.

Peterborough realised that knowledge is the starting point of strategy, and he was tireless in collecting it. Much time was spent in the saddle looking at the immediate surroundings. Much money was spent on spies who could bring in reports from farther afield. Other channels were not neglected: priests knew many secrets and wielded vast power; ladies could tell of the quarrels and jealousies between rival Spanish leaders, and though such information might be coloured by personal interests, Peterborough had sufficient skill to probe beneath the surface and see something of the truth.

Having collected knowledge as a foundation of strategy a commander proceeds to build on it plans and proposals. Here foresight and imagination are required. In these respects Peterborough was not deficient. Two cases may be quoted in which his forecasts were justified by events.

First. At the very outset he saw objections to landing the expedition at Barcelona. This town was the farthest from England and the nearest to the French frontier of all the big cities in Spain. He gave way to the advice of others in order not to jeopardise the harmony of the Grand Alliance—but against his own military opinion. Barcelona was taken, and became the curse of the Allies. Troops were locked up in garrison; the presence of the Archduke's Court aroused jealousy in other provinces; a threat of a French attack from the frontier was sufficient to upset any plans elsewhere. At the end of the war Barcelona was the worst stumbling-block to negotiations for peace, and its treatment is considered by historians as a bad stain on our national honour. Far better had we never gone there. In this case Peterborough was right.

Second. At the Council of January 15, 1707 he argued against offensive action in Spain. True that he himself had previously proposed plans to reach Madrid, but having been there he understood the situation. His advice was rejected. Galway took the opposite course and rushed into the calamity of Almanza. Stanhope insisted on going to Madrid, and got there, but even before the disaster at Brihuega the Allies had been forced to see that the capital was untenable. Again Peterborough was right.

His various schemes for startling movements evoke sneers from his enemies, and some impartial critics dismiss them lightly as the fanciful flights of an amateur strategist. As they were never tested in practice there are no results by which they can be judged. But history shows that great successes have sometimes been won by breaking away from convention. Marlborough's campaign of Blenheim has rightly been regarded as a masterpiece. It was carried through in defiance of the dreary and accepted conventions of his time; he dare not divulge his scheme even to his own very subservient Government, it would have caused a panic in Whitehall. He made a dangerous flank march while Flanders and his communications were left weakly guarded; he divided his forces

on the eve of the decisive battle. But unless he had committed all these crimes he could not have won Blenheim. If there is little positive evidence of Peterborough's constructive ability there is the negative proof that he never committed blunders like Almanza and Brihuega.

Up to this point he seems to have had the makings of a strategist. But the crowning and indispensable qualification was lacking—he could not make the most of the means at his disposal. Here my sympathies are very much on his side because of the terrible handicap under which he struggled. The Government, in accordance with the recognised custom of the day, gave him responsibility, but refused him authority. The Germans, the Dutch, the joint Admiral, could oppose and question his authority. He was badly supplied with men and money. His instructions were vague and contradictory. Even the greatest of generals might have found difficulty in coping with such obstacles.

But while making sympathetic allowances for all this it must be admitted that Peterborough made the worst and not the best of a bad affair. Marlborough had to deal with obstructive Dutch and Germans, yet he won battles and kept his temper. A century later Wellington had to deal with a parsimonious Government, also with Spanish and Portuguese allies—he has left us his opinion of them—yet with cold-blooded patience he worked his way to victory. Perhaps it is unfair to expect anybody to come up to the standard of such great Generals as these. Let us measure by Stanhope, who was an ordinary mortal and had precisely the same conditions to deal with. Stanhope's opinions on the Germans and on Noyelles and on Leake have already been quoted, and yet he managed to get some help from them instead of persistent obstruction. Peterborough's quarrels with Lichtenstein and Leake and Stanhope seem to have been unnecessary; the question whether he was right or wrong does not alter the fact that it was unwise to quarrel with colleagues who had power to obstruct his plans—unwise for his own sake and for the sake of his country.

Parnell brings many charges against him; he starts from the major premise that the Germans were above criticism, therefore people who disagreed with them were not only fools but cowards, traitors, deserters; writers who disagreed with them were liars.

But unless we accept this premise it is useless, and would take too long to argue about the deductions.

Perhaps Stebbings is wise to leave his readers to form their own conclusions, but I will rush in with mine. Peterborough had energy, courage, and imagination; at the head of a cavalry regiment under Marlborough he might have been first-rate. As a General he did his honest best but it was not good, he simply had not the qualities and character which are indispensable for a large and mixed command. Godolphin was fully justified in recalling him, but was not justified in giving him the appointment in the first place.

It is worthy of notice that throughout his life Peterborough's quarrels were always to his own disadvantage.

CHAPTER XV

THE QUARREL WITH GODOLPHIN. 1707

ON August 24, 1706, Godolphin wrote to Marlborough: "Lord Peterborough is both useless and grievous there (in Spain) and is preparing to be as troublesome here whenever he is called home."

To understand the feelings of the Treasurer towards our troublesome friend it is necessary to look back over the various reports which had been received from time to time in the offices at Westminster.

In November 1705 Stanhope arrived with the despatches giving accounts of the taking of Barcelona. The victory redounded to the credit of Peterborough, also to the credit of the Government which had organised the expedition, and the Ministers were therefore quite ready to make the most of it. But Stanhope could not avoid giving a confidential account of the dissensions which had already begun between the British commander and the Germans. There was in this no disloyalty to his Chief, for it was his duty to make the situation perfectly clear, and apparently he did not fail to give a candid opinion about the advisers of the Archduke.

At first Godolphin hoped that the victory might have restored harmony. Money and reinforcements were dispatched with Stanhope, and he was exhorted to use his diplomatic talents in the promotion of good will.

But, as already explained, harmony was by no means restored. Very soon official complaints began to arrive. The Archduke was represented at the Court of St. James by Count Gallas, who received instructions to offer a solemn remonstrance against the conduct of the British commander, and Charles himself wrote a letter of complaint to Queen Anne.

On the other side, Peterborough was complaining with equal warmth, not only in official despatches, but also in his private

correspondence. It is said that his letters contained so much wit that they were passed from hand to hand and became the talk of London.

Godolphin was now in a very difficult position. On one side stood the British commander, appointed by Government and supported by the all-powerful Duchess of Marlborough. It was impossible to recall him in the hour of his triumph. On the other side stood a prince of the German Empire who must be humoured at all costs. To do the Treasurer justice it must be admitted that he saw the faults of both sides, at all events up till the middle of 1706. On July 18 he wrote to Marlborough :

"One of Lord Galway's aides-de-camp arrived here with letters. I will not trouble you with particulars. The same packet brought me a letter from my Lord Peterborough of a very old date from Barcelona. It is full of extraordinary flights and artificial turns. But one may see by it that there is room for everything that has been thought or said of his conduct there, and at the same time by that and other letters of more credit, nothing was ever so weak, so shameful, and so unaccountable in every point as the conduct of the Prince de Lichtenstein, and the rest of the King of Spain's German followers."

Marlborough replied on August 16 :

"I agree with you that the Germans that are with King Charles are good for nothing, but I believe the anger and aversion he has for Lord Peterborough is the greatest cause for taking the resolution of going to Saragossa, which I am afraid will prove fatal."

Soon afterwards, however, the Government came to the conclusion that Peterborough must be recalled, and it may be surmised that this decision was based on reports received during August from Colonel John Richards.

This was the officer who had been on the staff in Spain as Director of the Artillery. After the taking of Barcelona he had accompanied Stanhope to England, and then went back with Leake's fleet in the spring of 1706. But according to his own memoirs his chief desire was to be sent home once more. He says : "Having reflected on the present situation of the war in these provinces, I concluded, and, I fear, with too much reason, that

we should not be able to perform anything of which was projected, and therefore I proposed some specious reasons to my Lord Peterborough to send me home." Whatever the specious reasons may have been the Earl agreed, and Richards left for England after a stay of only two months in Spain. His memoirs show that he felt bitter hostility to his Chief. "It is difficult to penetrate the thoughts of a man who is himself so very inconstant as not to maintain two days in the same sentiments." Other criticisms are directed against waste of time, irregularity of money payments, lack of transport. Many of his remarks were no doubt true, and indeed they often agree with Peterborough's own letters. But Richards had only been a short time in Spain, he was not in touch with the Court, and evidently did not enjoy the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, so he saw the evils without understanding how they arose. He saw time wasted and did not realise that Peterborough was straining every nerve to hasten action ; in fact, he had no knowledge of the intrigues and under-currents which Stanhope has described. His evidence, though quite sincere, only touches the surface. It is the evidence of a discontented and badly-informed critic. But as he arrived straight from the scene of action and knew more than anybody in England he naturally made a strong impression on those in power.

Richards had full opportunity to state his case. On the way home he visited British Headquarters in Flanders and had a long interview with Marlborough. Then he went on to Godolphin in London, and was received by the Queen at Windsor.

From this time a change can be marked in the tone of the Duke and of the Treasurer, and immediately after the arrival of Richards, Godolphin wrote the letter, quoted at the beginning of this chapter, anticipating trouble when Peterborough came home. But the report of Richards only confirmed what had already been gathered from other sources, from Stanhope and Methuen, from the Archduke and Peterborough himself. There was not room in the Allied camp to hold at the same time obstinate German Ministers and the very obstinate Englishman. And therefore, as it was impossible to recall the Archduke, the only remaining alternative was to recall Peterborough.

Godolphin had to face other troubles in the political situation. Though the Grand Alliance was still held together by the patient

and untiring diplomacy of Marlborough, each nation began to relax its own efforts, leaving the others to carry the burden. By degrees the weight had been transferred to British shoulders. We financed the expeditions to Spain, paid for Danish and German contingents in Flanders, and spent huge sums in every direction. In return for all this there had been two victories in five years, Blenheim and Ramillies—not enough to keep enthusiasm at white heat. Murmurs of discontent began to be heard. First, of course, in the coffee-houses, where rumours and whispers of mismanagement voiced the suspicions of the public; later on came questions and criticisms in Parliament. Bankers were making fortunes by financing war loans; merchants were making still greater fortunes out of contracts for army supplies, but country squires and landowners only felt the vexations of income tax. Though the Government was still powerful, backed by Whig majorities in both Houses, the Tories found a good deal of support in the country, and began to look for an opportunity to open an attack. This came from the disappointments of the year 1707.

The first months of 1706 had been marked by brilliant success. In Flanders the battle of Ramillies and the capture of all the big towns; in Spain the relief of Barcelona, the retreat of Tessé, the advance of Galway to Madrid. Everybody looked forward to a glorious peace. But this hope was immediately dashed by the news that the Allies had left Madrid to be re-occupied by the Bourbons. And then on the top of this came the disaster at Almanza. Godolphin was wise enough to see that the reaction would tell heavily against the Government, and he prepared to defend himself. The war policy must be maintained, and so the Ministers were forced to rely entirely on the Whigs. Tories were openly in opposition, and this accounts for the fact that they were very ready to take up the cause of the commander who was now returning leisurely from Spain.

There can be no question that the Treasurer was perfectly justified in recalling Peterborough, but he made a fatal mistake in trying to work up a case against him. Had he shown his usual prudence he would have begun by receiving the Earl with marks of honour, after which some appointment could have been found to keep him employed. There was really no reason why this

should not have been done. As long as Peterborough held the command British troops had been successful, and therefore some recognition of his services would have caused no surprise. In a confidential interview Godolphin could have explained away any unpleasant features connected with the recall—everybody knew that the German Ministers were corrupt and incapable and obstructive, but, as Peterborough must be aware, it was impossible to recall the Archduke and impossible to quarrel with the German Empire, therefore the Government had brought the commander home in order to employ him where his services could be of real value. A few sympathetic remarks of this kind would have smoothed ruffled vanity, and most probably a gracious reception from the Queen would have ended the matter in a way satisfactory to all parties.

But the defeat at Almanza had put Godolphin in the wrong. He had recalled a commander whose victories had been extolled in the most extravagant terms, and had installed in his place a commander who immediately led the army into disaster. British Ministers, like other people, do not care to admit that they have been wrong. Perhaps in addition to this there was a suspicion that Peterborough might become a rival to Marlborough in the affections of the populace. Probably, as Stebbings remarks, the last straw for the Treasurer was the bills for £100,000 which had been borrowed in his name in Genoa. At all events he was not inclined to grant a friendly reception, so both sides prepared to fight it out.

Godolphin's expectation of trouble was fulfilled. Peterborough came home in fighting mood. There is no difficulty in guessing his feelings and motives on this occasion, nor can they cause us any surprise. He was filled with burning resentment against injustice: he had been made a scapegoat for the sins of the Germans, for the incompetency of Galway, for the ingratitude and meanness of the Ministers. Of course he was blissfully unconscious that his own conduct could have contributed to the difficulties of the situation. But the scapegoat had no intention of playing his rôle in silence.

The first act takes place in Flanders. Scene: the British Headquarters in the camp at Soignies, 10 miles north of Mons.

Marlborough had written an invitation in cordial terms: "I am willing to flatter myself that your curiosity of seeing this army, as well as your friendship to me, will give me the pleasure of seeing you very quickly." The pleasure was deferred because Peterborough was on his travels and the letter, which was dated May 15, did not reach him till some time in July. His answer was courteous: "However unfit for a journey, I was resolved to make the utmost diligence to your Grace. . . . To what relates to myself I am sure I shall give your Grace satisfaction as to all my actions, and show how little I deserve any hardships. If I have not done my duty I deserve no favours; if I have served well I hope I may meet with suitable protection. I should be glad to have it from the Queen and I have waited with great patience to that end. . . ."

This shows that Peterborough expected to convince the great Duke, whose influence at the British Court was still paramount. Marlborough, with the help of the Queen and the Duchess, could certainly have arranged for a reception that would have satisfied the angry Earl, and it is somewhat surprising that he did not do so. Peterborough had given a good deal of annoyance, and the complaints received about him had become wearisome, but the Duke had dealt with many people whose offences were more damaging to the success of British arms. Is it possible that Peterborough's success had been too great, and that a twinge of jealousy was one of the factors? At all events Marlborough had made up his mind not to commit himself to any expression of opinion. The visit was not a success.

The guest arrived on August 11 and spent ten days in the camp. Military operations had slackened, and Marlborough could not escape from his duties as a host. The conversation appears to have been one-sided. Peterborough went through his case at much length, and, as he could not draw any signs of approval from the silent Duke, went through it again till the listener was terribly bored.

Marlborough to his wife. August 15.

"Since my last we have had one continued rain, so that neither the enemy nor we can stir out of our camps. I have at this time my winter clothes and a fire in my chamber, but, what is worse,

the ill weather hinders me from going abroad, so that my Lord Peterborough has the opportunity of very long conversations. What is said one day the next destroys, so that I have desired him to put his thoughts in writing. He has shown me several obliging letters from the King of Spain to himself, which I can't but wonder at after what he has writ against him."

At last Peterborough went on his way, taking a letter from the Duke to Godolphin which shows that the writer had maintained his reserve to the end.

Marlborough to Godolphin. August 20.

"My Lord—As I have had the favour of Lord Peterborough's company ten days, he has not only shown me, but left with me the copies of several letters, and resolutions of Councils of War, to demonstrate the falsity of several facts maliciously reported of him. He has given me the enclosed paper of what he hears is reported against him. My having been so constantly abroad makes me ignorant, not only as to this paper, but also what other facts may be laid to his charge, but as he is resolved to acquaint you and Lord Sunderland with everything, in order the Queen may have a true information, I shall say no more, but that, as far as I am capable of judging, I verily think he has acted with great zeal."

The scene changes to London. The Ministers had discussed what action should be taken, and strong measures were suggested by Mr. Secretary Harley. His proposal, which, as Godolphin believed, had the approval of Halifax,* Somers, and Sunderland, was that Peterborough should be required to show that he had obeyed orders, and in default should be sent to trial for misdemeanour before a common jury. His opinion was that it would be better to find him work to defend himself than to leave him at leisure to do mischief. But Godolphin did not agree; though he would show no approval he had been warned by Marlborough against open condemnation. "Peterborough is capable of pushing his animosities so far as to hurt himself and give a good deal of trouble to others, which were to be wished might

*This Lord Halifax was Charles Montague, a grandson of the first Earl of Manchester. He was not connected with George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the Minister of Charles II, who died in 1695.

have been avoided, especially this winter." In the end they decided to wait and see what the Earl would do.

To the surprise of everybody Peterborough did nothing. During the first ten days after his arrival he made no attempt to see the Queen or the Ministers. He afterwards explained that being no longer a Privy Councillor he thought it improper to go to Court unless he were sent for. After the union with Scotland, the Privy Council had been reconstituted, and owing to the Earl's absence in Spain he was not summoned to the new assembly. He further explained that he was waiting for an assurance of a good reception. This, however, was not forthcoming, so in the end he made a formal application to be received in audience. Sunderland, as Secretary of State, replied that the audience could not be granted until an explanation had been given on the three following points :

First, why he did not in the preceding campaign march to Madrid with the army under his command ; second, why he did not fulfil his instructions, in advancing to the King of Spain the supplies entrusted to his disposition ; and third, why he retired to Italy without orders, and borrowed large sums of money on disadvantageous terms.*

There could have been no difficulty in framing replies to these simple questions. Peterborough had waited for Charles before starting for Madrid, but had gone there as quickly as possible when he was assured that it was the Archduke's desire that he should do so : secondly, there had never been any instruction from Government which said what money was to be handed over : thirdly, he had left the army in accordance with the decision of a full Council of War, and had gone to Italy and borrowed money at the earnest request of Charles himself.

Perhaps the questions had purposely been put in a form which made reply easy. The Ministers could then accept the explanation and allow the matter to drop. But Peterborough was not going to be called to account like a truant schoolboy or a defaulting bank clerk, and he calmly ignored Sunderland's letter, without even acknowledging reception of it. The demand for explanations, however, amounted to an act of open hostility, and it cleared the way for him to air his grievances. Instead of replying

* Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*.

to the Secretary of State he addressed his appeal to the public. With much care copies had been retained of all correspondence, orders, and proceedings of Councils; these were put together by Dr. Freind and published under the title *Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain*.

In one sense this book is very unsatisfying to the modern reader because it does not touch upon the roots of the quarrel—Peterborough's objection to be guided or ruled by German Ministers. Freind was wise enough to see that any accusations against them would rebound on his patron, for the Government would then prosecute him for maligning the Queen's Allies. But the readers of that day had no suspicion about the true reason of his recall, so they swallowed the book with readiness. It showed in glowing terms the valour, skill, and wisdom of a British General; the glorious achievements of British troops; and the ungratefulness of a British Government. This was precisely the sort of comfort the British public needed after its disappointments, and Peterborough became the hero of the hour. Also, as the Whig Government had shown animosity against him, he became the hero of the Tories.

From this moment the quarrel was shifted into the arena of politics, and it may be said that though the battle was fought over Peterborough, his merits or demerits never altered the opinions or votes of the rival parties. Whigs rallied round the Government, Tories cheered for the noble Earl.

Dr. Freind's book had such an astounding success that it was followed by a crowd of imitations. Pamphlets and poems vied with each other in singing the praises of the popular idol. Perhaps the prize ought to be awarded to "Impartial Remarks on the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain," price one penny, which purports to give the account of an eye-witness. The impartial author compares his hero very favourably with Alexander the Great, Scipio, and Hannibal.

From the heights of modern superiority we sneer at fulsome praise and doggerel rhymes, but they were real weapons of political warfare in the days of Good Queen Anne. By giving Peterborough a martyr's crown the Ministers did him very good service and themselves much harm. Gossips of the ale-houses had no idea where Barcelona was or what a German prince might have been doing there, but British hearts love a tale of British

heroism, and when the hero becomes a martyr we must drink his health again, not forgetting confusion to his enemies.

By this time Godolphin and his friends must have been cursing the day when Peterborough was born. At all events they did not press for an answer to Sunderland's questions, and apparently their intention was to say no more. The Tories, however, were not so ready to sheathe their swords, and on December 15, 1707, the battle was renewed in the Upper Chamber. Lord Rochester, supported by Lords Nottingham and Haversham, called attention to the case of the Earl of Peterborough, "who had been employed in most important posts, and had neither been thanked nor censured." The fact that the Queen privately attended the House on this occasion is proof of the interest which it excited. Peterborough spoke with great moderation, simply urging his claim to an inquiry. After some discussion a formal order was made for papers relating to the case.

Some days later the subject was re-opened in connexion with an address to the Queen which urged the prosecution of the war in Spain. On this occasion Peterborough spoke very strongly—"We ought to vote to the Queen nineteen shillings in the pound rather than make peace on any other terms than those of placing King Charles on his throne"—"if necessary I will return to Spain and even serve under the Earl of Galway." Rochester and Nottingham proposed that a defensive attitude should be maintained in Flanders, while a vigorous offensive was waged in Catalonia. It is evident that these two lords, both strong Tories, had no grasp of the strategical situation and were only looking for some means to attack the policy which Marlborough always recommended. The Duke himself was present and replied with unusual warmth; he pointed out the danger of such an undigested counsel and added, very wisely, that "it was improper to disclose secret projects in so great an assembly, to which that day many strangers had been admitted." He then assured the House that measures were being concerted with the Emperor for sending reinforcements both to Italy and Spain. As a matter of fact no reinforcements were sent in either direction—but Marlborough's statement was sufficient to silence Tory criticism for the time.

After another discussion in Parliament the Government felt

obliged to grant the inquiry which Peterborough had demanded, and it was opened on January 17, 1708. The result was a drawn battle, all charges fell to the ground, but no thanks were awarded. A vast amount of evidence, oral and documentary, was produced, but as their Lordships had already made up their minds little attention was paid to evidence or arguments. Swift described it as nothing more than an amusement. "It was a perfect jest to see how in this game of cross purposes Godolphin's Whig Cabinet insinuated that the commander it had chosen was an imposter, while the Tories hotly upheld the heroism of as great a Whig as could be found in the Kingdom."

Another letter from Mr. Edwin to Lord Manchester gives the same impression—"Lord Peterborough bids open defiance, and fires very thick at the Ministry, and sometimes with a great deal of wit, that people often attend as they do a play—for amusement. I remember particularly his arguments for carrying on the war. He proved the necessity of it, because at the time we cannot get a good peace it is more honourable for a nation to perish fighting than submitting."

The inquiry was spread over ten days. Peterborough spoke often, and sometimes at great length, but he seems to have held the attention of the house. His chief point bore on the numbers of the troops sent to Spain: according to estimates submitted to Parliament there ought to have been 29,600 men on the British pay-roll at the time of the battle of Almanza. The *London Gazette* of June 24th, 1706 had done him the honour of putting him at the head of an army of 25,000; but the actual number was 8,600. This proved that the expedition to Spain had been poorly supported and that Ministers had covered up their own errors by falsifying the records. A motion was passed affirming that Peterborough's statement of numbers was correct, but a motion of thanks was defeated. It is said that the Whigs, especially Lord Halifax, were afraid to make any amend to the Earl because Marlborough might have resented it. If this be true it adds to the suspicion that Marlborough had begun to look on him as a dangerous rival in the affections of the public.

Though the result of the inquiry was inconclusive, the Tories were well pleased. Peterborough enjoyed the fight, and in a letter, T. Addison said: "His Lordship shows a more than

ordinary gaiety—both in the House and out of it ever since this affair has been in agitation.”

Another inquiry was held soon afterwards of a more painful nature, relating to the conduct of Lord Charlemont at Montjuic. It will be remembered that Peterborough had expressed displeasure on that occasion, and he deprived Charlemont of his regiment. A Colonelcy was in those days lucrative as well as honourable, and Charlemont demanded an inquiry in hopes of being reinstated. Under the Presidency of the Duke of Schomberg, a board of Generals assembled at Whitehall; no records of the proceedings have been preserved, but the result was inconclusive—the board would not take the responsibility of condemning either Charlemont or Peterborough.

The Ministers smarted under the exposure regarding the numbers of troops in Spain, and Marlborough resented criticism on his policy of making Flanders the main theatre of operations. They retorted by calling for detailed accounts, and Peterborough found this a much more difficult matter to deal with. Sparkling wit and flowing oratory could not explain away the deficiencies of a cash account, when the items of receipt and expenditure came to be balanced. There is no doubt he had been careless. His book-keeping was slovenly: he handed out money to officers, spies, and even to army contractors without taking receipts, and in some cases without taking security for its proper expenditure. The oft-repeated declaration that so far from enriching himself he had disbursed large sums of his own money, was generally believed by men who had opportunities of judging his character, while those who imputed dishonesty had strong motives to disparage him. His admirers contrast him with Marlborough who knew to a half-penny what sums passed through his hands, but was careful to conceal the truth. Peterborough wanted the truth laid bare but could not produce it for lack of documents. Very probably the truth is that he made nothing for himself, but his carelessness caused a loss to the Government. The Treasury pressed matters by attaching his property until he should have cleared up his ledgers, and as a result several months were passed in the uncongenial occupation of compiling accounts.

In this year and the next deeper shadows were thrown on his life by the death of Lady Peterborough and his two sons. This sad page of the family history may be quoted from Stebbings' biography :

" On May 13, 1709 she died of a quinsy. A poet of Grub Street describes her as possessed of beauty and wit and every charming grace. The muse in praising her was truthful if venal. She was the friend of Locke, and a brave, clever, fascinating, and faithful wife, who seems to have held her husband's affections much more durably than he with his chronicles of gallantry liked the world to suppose. He buried her in the family tomb in Turvey Church, which, with the dilapidated hall degraded into a farmhouse, practically represented his share of the ancient patrimony of Mordaunt. Her death was not to be Peterborough's only bereavement. In February, 1710, his second son, Henry, the hero of the *Resolution*, after a slow recovery from his terrible wound, had been carried off by smallpox, to the general regret of all who knew him, and in April his elder son John fell a victim to the same fatal disease. John, Lord Mordaunt, was a brilliant soldier. Marlborough complimented his father upon the good share he had in the victory over the Bavarians at Schellenberg (outside Donauworth,) and he lost an arm at Blenheim. He also distinguished himself in the House of Commons. Six months before, Peterborough had been visiting him at his or his wife's house in Yorkshire. One daughter, Lady Henrietta, and two grandsons, John's children by his wife, a daughter of the Duke of Bolton, were the wreck of Peterborough's family. The representation of the house of Mordaunt in the male line after his own death was continued by his elder grandson Charles, who became fourth Earl of Peterborough. He was succeeded by his son, Charles Henry, fifth and last Earl. Peterborough's daughter is described in a letter from Lady Mary Coke among the Melbourne Hall papers as a great beauty, but so ill-bred that she could not make a curtsy. She was married to Lord Huntly in February, 1707, became Duchess of Gordon, and died in 1760. Peterborough was warm-hearted with all his affectation of frivolity. He may well, as is stated, have been stunned by his successive losses."

CHAPTER XVI

HARLEY AND ST. JOHN. 1710

THE political earthquake of 1710 is described in every History of England. But it had such a very direct bearing on Peterborough that it cannot be omitted in any account of his life. Lord Mahon says: "A glass of water thrown by the Duchess over the gown of Mrs. Masham changed the destinies of Europe."

The fall from power of Marlborough's wife formed the turning point of the policy of our country, but it may be doubted whether the War Party could have in any case maintained itself much longer in office. The nation had been growing more and more restless under its burdens, and the road was open for ambitious politicians who wanted power for themselves. It was still too early to demand immediate peace, so the attacks on the Government began with skirmishes against unpopular Ministers, and were conducted in the form of personal intrigues. Harley and St. John were the leaders of a reconstituted Tory Party. These two men, very incompatible in taste and character, were drawn into a temporary alliance in the search for power.

Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, is described by Macaulay as "a solemn trifler." Coxe says he was "unimpeachable in his private character . . . learned and pedantic . . . jealous of power . . . indefatigable in promoting petty intrigues at Court, but negligent in matters of importance . . . liberal in making promises, yet breaking them without scruple." Born in 1660, he entered Parliament and was elected Speaker of the Commons in 1701. He joined the Cabinet as a Secretary of State in 1704.

Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, was Macaulay's "brilliant knave." Born in 1678, he obtained a seat in the Parliament of 1700, and married an heiress in the same year. In spite of extravagance in his own affairs and negligence



Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, Baron Harley of
Wigmore in the County of Hereford.

in State affairs he rose to a position of great influence. He became Secretary of War in 1704.

Both of them were clever enough to see the coming downfall of Godolphin's Ministry, and in 1708 they resigned. Very soon afterwards they declared themselves in open opposition and began their intrigues to form a new party with themselves as its leaders. Harley was distantly related to Mrs. Masham, and through her he gained the confidence of the Queen.

In addition to affairs relating to the war, political feeling was much excited over the question of succession to the throne. The young Duke of Gloucester, last of the Queen's many children, had died in 1700. In the next year an Act was passed to secure the Protestant succession, in accordance with which the heir was now Sophia of Hanover, grand-daughter of James I. This settlement had been one of the chief obstacles to the union with Scotland, where a large party supported the claims of the Pretender. The Queen is said to have favoured the cause of her exiled brother. Harley and St. John are believed by most historians to have kept up correspondence with the King over the water, and, though there was no plot to bring him back during Anne's lifetime, efforts were made to sway public opinion in his favour so that he might be the successor when the time came. The Whigs regarded any move in this direction as contrary to all their most cherished principles and as very contrary to their personal interests. But they saw with dismay that the country was going against them.

In November 1709, Dr. Sacheverell preached a sermon in St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. It was a violent political discourse, proclaiming the old tenets of Divine Right and passive obedience, denouncing toleration to Dissenters, and abusing the Government, especially Godolphin. The sermon created a tremendous sensation ; it was printed and 40,000 copies were sold in a few weeks.

Godolphin resented the allusions to himself as an " old fox," and resolved to impeach the Doctor for promulgating doctrines contrary to the Constitution. He was brought to trial in Westminster Hall and charged with reflecting on the late Revolution, attempting to render it odious and unjustifiable, and suggesting that the Church of England was in danger from the Queen's Ministers. The Lords decreed that Sacheverell should be

suspended from preaching for a term of three years and his sermon should be burnt by the common hangman. But the friends of the Tory Doctor were well pleased with the result, especially in view of the demonstrations of the populace. From his lodgings in the Temple the preacher was escorted to Westminster by a cheering crowd, who went on to pull down several meeting-houses of Dissenters and showed vehement hostility to the Ministers. This outburst of feeling encouraged the Tories and seriously weakened the Government. There was no sudden collapse of the Cabinet, but gradually the Whigs were removed to make way for their rivals. Sunderland was replaced by Dartmouth in April, and the Duke of Shewsbury, who had supported Sacheverell against his accusers, was made Lord Chamberlain. On August 8 Godolphin himself received his dismissal.

Harley was leader of the new Cabinet, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with St. John as Secretary of State. These two completely dominated the councils and directed the policy of their party. Though they could count on support in the Lower Chamber there was some uneasiness about the Lords, as may be seen from a letter which Harley wrote to St. John :

“ In the House of Lords, where the Whig faction have most of their strength and most of their able men, they will attempt to unite themselves at the first by some vote, therefore no time should be lost in securing those who are to be had before they are so far engaged in the other way—such as Lord Peterborough.”

It may seem strange that Harley of all people should make this suggestion—Harley, who had urged Godolphin to harsh measures when the Earl was on his way home in 1707. But three years had gone by since then, and the memory of a politician can be conveniently short. Peterborough had then been regarded as a dangerous nuisance, now he might be a useful ally.

To lure this new recruit into the Tory ranks Harley employed all the cunning of an unscrupulous plotter. It was just the sort of game in which he delighted. The attitude of Peterborough was well known to everybody. He had opposed the exiled Stuarts and gloried in the liberties of the Revolution, he had sneered at

Divine Right and voted for tolerance in religion : above all, he had demanded vigorous prosecution of the war. Now he was to be enticed into a party which leaned in exactly the reverse direction. Harley was working towards all the tenets of the old Tory faith ; the succession of The Pretender was one of the projects in his mind : emissaries were about to start for Paris to feel the way to peace. Of course these projects could not be imparted to Peterborough, and neither arguments nor persuasion would have any effect on a man of his obstinacy. The baits that would tempt him must be far more subtle—insidious flattery, common hatred of Godolphin, prospects of revenge—and it must be admitted that they did not fail.

First came an invitation to join the inner circle which met every Saturday at Harley's house in Dover Street. Five o'clock was the fashionable hour for dinner, and towards midnight gentlemen rose from the table or collapsed under it. The fare was solid but the cellar provided wines for every taste. It was permissible to smoke a pipe of Virginia tobacco leaf, but most people had taken to Brazil snuff. Late in the evening toasted oranges and chestnuts were set on the board, and fresh candles were lighted in the heavy silver candlesticks.

The guests were few in number. St. John, of course, flushed with claret and sparkling with epigram. Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician, a good-humoured soul who played picquet and loved a practical joke ; he was a great favourite at Windsor, and had a genuine affection for his royal mistress ; a scribbler, as he described himself, whose *History of John Bull* attracted much attention when it was published two years later ; its object was to ridicule Marlborough and stir up discontent against the war. Swift drank white port, which he confesses was a vulgar taste ; he had not yet become Dean of St. Patrick's, but his sarcastic tongue, one of the sharpest weapons in the Tory armoury, had made him a power in the world of politics. Peterborough himself, talkative as ever, with stories of foreign courts and beggarly ministers, of duchesses and courtesans, of bullfights and carnivals.

Harley sat at the head of his table, stiff and secretive, making solemn pretence of listening to his guest and inwardly plotting how to make use of him.

Soon afterwards the new recruit was admitted to the " Society

of Brothers." This was the pet coterie of St. John, who sketched his project in a letter to Lord Orrery :

" I must give your Lordship an account of a club which I am forming, and which, as light as the design may seem to be, I believe will prove to be of real service. We shall begin to meet in a small number, and that will be composed of some who have wit and learning to recommend them. . . . The first regulation proposed, and that which must be inviolably kept, is decency. None of the extravagance of the ' Kit Cat,' none of the drunkenness of the ' Beefsteak,' is to be endured. The improvement of friendship and the encouragement of letters are to be the two great ends of our society."

The real object, however, was purely political. St. John and Harley hated each other as only political rivals can hate when they sit on the same side. The crash was certain to come, and St. John was marshalling the friends on whom he would be able to rely. The Thursday dinners were intended as an off-set to Harley's Saturdays. Each brother took the President's chair in turn, and the company assembled either at his house or at some tavern like the " Thatched House." But the Brothers were not a happy family, though at first there was much enthusiasm, some good will, and plenty of wine. St. John's first " regulation " seems to have sat lightly, for Swift's *Journal* has a note—" Lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, and Sir A. Fontaine till two in the morning, all drunk." Then the society dwindled, probably because St. John found they were not prepared to accept his guidance without reserve ; in December 1712 Swift records that " we are doing no good." Soon afterwards the Brotherhood died a natural death.

Among these new associates Peterborough was a man of mark, and early in the autumn of 1710 gossips were busy with his name : it was said he might have been First Commissioner of the Admiralty. In November he was appointed Captain-General of the Marines, with pay at £5 a day. This of course was a bribe, but Peterborough accepted it in all innocence as a very proper though belated recognition of his services.

Immediately afterwards he was named Special Envoy to the Court of Vienna, for the purpose of settling a dispute between

the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy. This was a mission after his own heart, and needless to say he felt perfectly competent to carry it through with success. As representative of the British Government he would meet with due respect, and he had roseate visions of himself as arbiter of the destinies of Europe. With the utmost haste he set about preparations for the journey. The departure, however, was postponed, and it may be doubted whether Harley ever intended his new proselyte to leave the country at this time; he had been caught for the very special purpose of voting on the right side in the Upper Chamber, where the fight was now about to begin.

The first object of the new Cabinet was to strengthen its own position by throwing discredit on its predecessors, especially on Marlborough. Direct attack might be repulsed with loss to the attackers, for the nation gloried in the victories won upon the plains of Flanders. But the war in Spain had been a record of disaster ever since Peterborough left, and news had just arrived of Stanhope's defeat at Brihuega. An inquiry into that campaign could not offend the most patriotic Briton. Revelations of mismanagement would go hard against Godolphin, and the whole policy of the War Party would come under the fire of criticism; stray shots, if nothing worse, might hit Marlborough. It was a pretty example of political tactics: the debate might serve as a first step towards peace, perhaps even towards the Jacobite succession. Incidentally, it was expected to bind Peterborough hand and foot to the Tories.

On the very day that the Earl intended starting for Vienna the Duke of Beaufort was put up to move that he should be stopped as his evidence would be material, and Peterborough was only too ready to defer his diplomatic settlement of Europe in order to join in the fray against his enemies.

The inquiry began on January 5, 1711, and was carried on with occasional intervals till the end of the month. An abridged account of the debate may be found in the *Proceedings of the House of Lords*. As Stanhope was a prisoner in Spain the subject of Brihuega scarcely came under discussion, and as that battle had taken place after Godolphin left office the Tories had no desire to drag it forward. The main topics were the Council of War at Valencia, and the battle of Almanza.

Lord Galway, by reason of his infirmities, was allowed to remain seated while he made his statement. He said he would satisfy their Lordships' demand for information so far as his imperfect knowledge of English permitted. The only argument he relied on was that all his actions had been taken in accordance with Councils of War.

The next witness was Lord Tyrawley, who had been second-in-command at Almanza. He assumed a defiant attitude, declaring that when in the army he had kept no register and carried no pen and ink about with him but only a sword, which he had wielded as well as he could.

The House was not disposed to judge Galway with harshness. The old warrior who sat before them, disfigured with wounds, had been unfortunate on more than one occasion, but nobody doubted his courage and honesty. Tyrawley, as second-in-command, could not be held responsible, and his courage in the field entitled him to respect. Besides this, the Tories were flying at higher game.

Marlborough spoke next with some heat. "It was strange that generals who had acted to the best of their ability and had lost their limbs in the service should be examined like offenders about insignificant trifles. . . . He could not perceive the tendency of such an inquiry, but if they designed to censure persons who had acted to the best of their understanding, they would have nobody to serve them."

There had been a time when a few words like these from the great Duke would have reduced the House to silence ; when St. John, as Secretary for War, had been the first to do him reverence, when Harley had been willing to lick his boots. But times had changed, and the mere fact that Marlborough proposed to stifle the inquiry was now the chief reason that his enemies insisted on carrying it through.

Questions were then put to Peterborough, carefully framed to give him a chance to attack the late Government. He was desired "to acquaint the Committee how he was supported with men and money during the time he commanded in Spain, and what application he made for either and to whom."

He plunged into a long reply. Other Generals had been supported not only with men and money, but also with notorious

falsehoods published in their favour to excuse their repeated disgraces. He himself had not been supported either with men or money and his conduct had been traduced notwithstanding his constant success, by representations and suggestions to his prejudice. All these suggestions could be proved unfounded by the evidence before their Lordships.

There was a great deal more to the same effect, and again he went into the question of numbers to show that Godolphin had wilfully misled the nation and the Parliament. He pointed out that his advice had been for defensive action, and that Galway had refused to listen. In fact, he had always been right and everybody else had always been wrong.

He spoke several times, and the records are too tedious for reproduction, but it cannot be said that they leave an agreeable impression on the reader. He was ungenerous to Galway and bombastic about his own success, and though his facts could not be disputed they might have been left to tell their own tale without adornment. The only excuse that can be urged in his favour is that Godolphin and Marlborough were equally offensive on the other side. They insinuated that even with the troops which he admitted had been with him he might have done more; he might have been in Madrid before Galway; he might have attacked Berwick before French reinforcements arrived on the scene; his defensive policy amounted to weakness and almost to something worse. Taunts like these could not be borne in silence by a man of Peterborough's temperament, and he flung back in their faces all the arguments he could muster.

Harley and St. John must have been listening with joy. They cared nothing for their new friend's reputation, still less for his strategy, but an open attack on Godolphin and Marlborough, before a crowded house and the Queen herself, was just what they had been aiming at. Let England see that her eyes had been dazzled by the glamour of victory and had been blinded to the mismanagement and corruption of Godolphin; she had poured out blood and money to support a family clique. That was the way to prepare for peace. And that was the way for Harley and St. John to become all-powerful.

In the end a resolution was passed that "the late Ministers were justly to be blamed for contributing to all our disasters

in Spain . . . and that the Earl of Peterborough performed many eminent services, and, had his opinion at the Council of War at Valencia been followed, it might very probably have prevented the misfortunes which followed." Then followed a vote of thanks to the noble Earl, which was carried without dissent, and which he acknowledged with more becoming modesty and gratitude.

The battle was over. Lord Lansdowne says that Peterborough drove off in his carriage and stopped on the way at a poulterer's shop to select a fat chicken for his dinner. No doubt he enjoyed it. Next day he started for Vienna.



Henry St. John, First Viscount Bolingbroke.

CHAPTER XVII

ENVOY AND AMBASSADOR. 1711-1714

THE next five months were spent in a diplomatic tour through Europe. Though it did not result in any startling developments, some amusing side-lights are thrown on the characters of those concerned.

Harley, head of the Government, was already busy with secret overtures for peace. Peterborough, Special Envoy of the same Government, was loudly urging the Allies to more vigorous war. Harley flattered himself that he had found a convenient excuse to send out of the country the "brother" who might be troublesome at home. The brother regarded his mission as one of vital importance and prepared to make the most of it; he succeeded in making much more than his Chief had intended.

At Vienna he told the Emperor Joseph that the British Government would send reinforcements to Spain, and a strong offensive policy must be pursued until the Bourbons had been driven out and Charles sat firmly on his throne: a very little more perseverance on the part of the Allies would settle the matter. The Envoy felt satisfied with his own efforts, but seems to have been disturbed by communications from London, which aroused suspicions that the Cabinet was not so warlike as himself. He evidently feared that dissensions among the Ministers might cause them to lose the ground already won. But if they would not save themselves Peterborough would save them. So he went on to his old friend the Duke of Savoy. He had badgered the Emperor into some vague expressions of good will to Savoy, and no doubt he conveyed these to the Duke in the form which would be most acceptable to the recipient. By these assurances and Peterborough's persuasion Savoy was induced to lead an army into France, a move which in the opinion of Marlborough "had a very good effect at his juncture."

Just at this moment, however, there took place an event which altered the whole situation—the death of the Emperor Joseph, on April 17, 1711. As mentioned in a former chapter this smoothed the way of the British Government towards peace. It was confidently expected that the Archduke Charles would be elected to succeed his brother.

Without any instructions from Whitehall, Peterborough proceeded to rearrange the map of Europe. In accordance with a plan which he had suggested more than once, the Duke of Savoy must now be placed on the throne of Spain in order to maintain the balance of power. The first step would be to get the Archduke Charles back to Germany, so the Envoy determined to rush off to Barcelona. On his way he was met at Genoa by the Duke of Argyll, who had just been appointed to the command in Spain. The Duke had no desire for the company of one who might produce some fantastic schemes of his own or spoil the plans of Government by quarrelling with German Ministers. Apparently he had sufficient authority to prevent Peterborough from going any farther on his self-appointed mission. But the Envoy was not to be deterred—he went to Milan and there waylaid the Archduke, who was on the road to Vienna. He gave the future Emperor assurances that the rumour of the intention of England to make separate terms with France was quite unfounded.

At almost the same moment Harley's emissary was deep in consultation with Torcy, the Foreign Minister of Louis XIV.

The extraordinary part of the whole thing is that while the Envoy worked his hardest to ruin the plans of the Cabinet he was sublimely innocent of any intentional disloyalty. There was no concealment. In a letter of twenty pages to St. John he explained all he had done, and discussed ways and means, evidently with complete confidence that his proposals would meet with warm approval. St. John said that he parcelled out the whole world as if this could be accomplished with his fiat and the breath of his mouth.

Apparently Peterborough felt equally confident of a good reception from Charles—and in this he was not disappointed. No recollection of former ill-feeling marred their intercourse and they went on together to Vienna. But there despatches were

awaiting him which called a halt to further diplomacy ; though they did not command the Special Envoy to return to London they repudiated some of the engagements made on behalf of the Government and administered reproof for excess of zeal. To Peterborough's mind such folly was suicidal : he had cemented the Grand Alliance and driven Savoy to fresh energy against France : he had secured the good will of the future Emperor—could it be possible that the fruits of his labours were to be thrown away ? After three days in Vienna he dashed off to England ready to argue and remonstrate.

By this time the Tory Ministers had begun to understand their impetuous brother. St. John wrote to Marlborough, who was still commanding in Flanders, complaining of Peterborough's disobedience. " His head is extremely hot and confused with various undigested schemes ; his projects are vast, and suppose nothing less than the restoring of all troops which belong to the Spanish war to their established number of 52,000 men, besides taking 5,000 Swiss and 8,000 Imperialists into the Queen's pay. You know, my Lord, how little able we are to enter into such an increase of charge, and will therefore understand that his papers are already grown dusty upon the office shelves."

But if the Ministers were beginning to understand Peterborough he had also begun to understand them. Swift wrote to Archbishop King on July 12 :

" My Lord Peterborough has been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him, or rather he has talked a good deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he finds to be true, that there seems a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinks that his successful negotiations with the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me that Spain is yet to be had if we take the proper measures. Your Grace knows that he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he had come over without being recalled and without one servant, having scattered them in various parts of Germany. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the Ministers to make them follow his plans,

and he is such a sort of person which may give good advice, which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow."

As Stebbings says, these last words give the character of the man and the moral of his whole career. .

What passed between the Ministers and their Envoy has not come to light, but Harley succeeded better than Godolphin in avoiding trouble. The day after his arrival Peterborough had an audience from Her Majesty and received a gracious reception. For the moment there was much cordiality, but the unruly brother might be very troublesome when peace terms came to be openly discussed, so it was necessary to send him abroad again, if possible on some errand where there could be no scope for mischievous activity.

In accordance with custom, a Diet of German Electors was about to assemble at Frankfort to choose a successor to the late Emperor; it was a foregone conclusion that Charles would receive the Imperial crown and that the proceedings would be purely formal and ceremonial. So the Earl of Peterborough was nominated Ambassador Extraordinary to represent the Court of St. James. During his stay in England he had met with a severe carriage accident which nearly cost his life, but before he was fully recovered he started on the new mission. In spite of all the restrictions St. John could impose, his activity was incorrigible, and again vast projects were floated. It is said that as Charles had no male heir, Peterborough was prepared to suggest a candidate for the succession, and designated the Elector of Saxony. But without support from home his influence on the Diet was small, and he had to admit that his efforts came to nothing.

For a couple of months he wasted his time and restored his health. Then, as foreign representatives are not permitted to be present at the installation of a new Emperor, he was free to move on. He paid a short visit to Prince Eugene, who commanded the Imperial army, at Spires on the Rhine, and then returned to Frankfort to convey Her Majesty's congratulations to the Emperor Charles VI. His embassy being over he proceeded to Italy.

.

It has generally been assumed by the Earl's biographers that these missions on the Continent were arranged simply to keep him out of England, and that his various schemes and proposals came as an unpleasant surprise to the authorities at home. On the face of the evidence that has come to light he certainly acted in discord with his own Government. And yet if we remember how much Harley, St. John, and the Earl knew about each other it is hard to get away from the suspicion that they were not so innocent of each other's motives as they pretended to be. Harley had opened secret conversations with the French, which was contrary to the terms of the Grand Alliance; he wanted to lull the anxiety of Vienna and the Hague by assurances of unabated confidence and hearty co-operation. For this purpose no better emissary could be employed than Peterborough; his enthusiasm for continuing the war was ardent enough to carry conviction; he was ready to give assurances, in fact he did give them, of England's determination to complete the ruin of France. This would create the desired atmosphere in the Courts of Vienna and Savoy, while Harley was intriguing behind their backs. At the same time it would not be difficult to repudiate all the engagements entered into if such a course became preferable. It would be easy to explain that Peterborough had been appointed simply in recognition of his war services and that he had contravened all the instructions of the Government. This theory, which I admit is pure conjecture, would account for the licence given to the Special Envoy—he was intended to draw off the Allies on a false scent. Harley was quite capable of such a design.

Furthermore, Peterborough may not have been such a dupe as is supposed. Swift's letter shows that he was "mightily discontented that there seems to be a general disposition towards peace." Though he could not get Ministers to follow his plans he might commit them so far that they could not withdraw, so both sides maintained every appearance of cordiality but each was aware of the other's inclinations.

I think our friend had certainly begun to see that St. John was playing with him, for he did not show any of his usual eagerness in prosecuting the next mission with which he was entrusted, though it demanded all the diplomacy and skill that he loved to exhibit.

.

The instructions for this mission came direct from the Queen, over her own signature. It appears that her Majesty had some private information that the Prince of Saxony wanted to marry a sister of the Emperor Charles VI. Before doing so he must be received into the Church of Rome, and he was preparing to visit the Pope, Clement XI, with that object. Queen Anne was very unwilling that so important a person should be lost to Protestantism, and therefore entrusted Peterborough with the delicate task of keeping the Prince in the true faith. Such at least was the pretext on which the royal command was based.

"That you are to join the Prince of Saxony before his arrival in Rome, but in such a manner that your doing so may appear accidental. Endeavour to insinuate yourself in his good opinion, and use the strongest arguments for his continuing in the Protestant religion. If his doing so would endanger him, concert measures for bringing him into safety in our dominions, or those of some other Protestant prince or state. The nature of this service is such that we can neither enjoin you to correspond with either of our Secretaries of State, or limit the time of your return. We therefore leave it to your discretion and prudence to come back to Turin, when you shall judge your attendance on the Prince of no further use.

ANNE R."

Colonel Russell assumes that this letter was genuine, and holds it up as a proof that Queen Anne regarded the Earl as trustworthy and skilful. But though the hand was that of the Sovereign it is impossible to doubt that the letter was dictated by St. John. The worthy Queen had always showed herself a staunch Protestant, which gave an air of probability to the design, and it may have had approval when put before her; she was, however, quite incapable of initiating any deep-laid scheme. Also, the idea of Peterborough kidnapping a prince, which the letter practically suggests, is too fantastic. St. John, on the other hand, was quite willing that the Earl should commit some folly, provided that the Government could not be involved in it. This accounts for the special order that no correspondence was to be held on the subject with the Secretaries of State. Peterborough was far

too loyal and too chivalrous to implicate his royal mistress, and therefore, if he plunged into a folly and made a mess of it, the whole responsibility would rest on his own shoulders. The Ministers could repudiate him and he would walk to the scaffold alone.

It was a pretty plot, but perhaps a little too obvious. At all events the Earl did not fall into the trap. We cannot tell whether he suspected the Secretary, or whether, as Colonel Russell suggests, he thought such a mission beneath his dignity. There is no record of any reply from him on the subject—but he certainly took no steps in accordance with the Queen's letter.

St. John probably saw that his design had failed, so he made attempts to allay suspicions against himself. In May 1712 Peterborough had evidently been sending remonstrances about the peace, with some complaints of his own treatment, and the Secretary sent the following reply :

“ Do not doubt my friendship, and that I and the rest of the Ministry are exerting ourselves to promote your interests. You never passed through such a scene of confusion and difficulty as this last winter has afforded us. To these causes, and to others of a near resemblance, be pleased, my Lord, to attribute the state of darkness and uncertainty you complain of having been left in. The Queen has, from week to week, expected the moment when her affairs and the great business now in agitation would require the employment of you in a post worthy of your talents, and I believe agreeable to your wishes ; that moment is not far off.”

Then he admits knowledge of the letter about the Prince of Saxony—“ A commission which, I perceive, you do not very much relish. . . . No man loves or honours you more than I do.”

Practically the whole of 1712 was passed in Italy. It has been hinted, perhaps rightly, that love affairs occupied him—he never repudiated rumours of gallantry. Still, I feel sure that the true reason of his prolonged absence from England was discontent at the peace developments. His appearance at Westminster would have been embarrassing for himself as well as for the

Cabinet. At heart he had always been in favour of the policy of the War Party; his quarrel had been with its leaders over a purely personal matter. Those leaders were no longer in power. Godolphin had died in September 1711. Marlborough, at one time dictator of England, had been deprived of his command; he had been censured by a vote of the Commons for illegal practice in connection with army contracts, and for taking a percentage on the pay of the foreign troops in British service. In April 1712 he retired to Antwerp in disgust. The Duchess Sarah was screaming her spite against the Queen and everybody—with no one to listen. Peterborough could scarcely ask for a more complete revenge.

And now, by a strange turn of fortune's wheel, he and Marlborough were almost the only persons left who still opposed peace. If he returned to London what attitude could he take? It would be impossible for a man so well known to stand aside and do nothing when the question of peace came up for debate in Parliament. After all his violent speeches for continuing hostilities he could not vote for peace like a tame party hack who has to obey orders. Still less could he vote against it, because that would imply a break with the Ministers who had supported him in the late controversy. Had there been any hope that his vote could turn the scale or that he could force his views on Harley and St. John, he would probably have rushed into the fray once more, at whatever cost to himself. But the news from England showed that he had no chance to prevail; the nation wanted peace. Then negotiations were openly begun at Utrecht. Peterborough's big schemes had not even been discussed, and a voice crying for more soldiers and stronger measures would be a mere waste of breath. Worse still, his eloquence would only provoke amusement and ridicule in the coffee-houses, when it turned against the very men whom he had lately been praising in terms of extravagance.

So the disillusioned warrior sulked in his tent beneath Italian skies, and very likely he filled up the tedium of idleness with the Carnival of Venice. Perhaps he was already courting Anastasia Robinson, who lived with her father in the city on the sea.

The year passed away, and the peace terms were practically settled when Peterborough again made his appearance in London. Harley and St. John were now the Earl of Oxford and Viscount Bolingbroke. They were sitting at their wine with a few of the brothers when the returned exile was suddenly announced. Whatever may have been their feelings there was no lack of cordiality. Says the Dean :

“ At seven this evening as we were sitting after dinner at the Lord Treasurer’s, a servant said Lord Peterborough was at the door. The Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he had been about a year. As soon as he saw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them, but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was, and he changed places so often it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death, but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young man I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford Regiment of Horse, and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.”

The Peace of Utrecht, which closed the war as far as England was concerned, received its final signature on March 31, 1713. The Emperor Charles remained at war with France until a year later. By the principal articles Louis XIV agreed to abandon The Pretender, to acknowledge Queen Anne’s title and the Protestant Succession ; Philip V retained the throne of Spain, but lost most of the dominions. Flanders, Naples, and the Milanese went to Austria ; Sicily to the Duke of Savoy, who now became King of that island ; Sardinia to the Elector of Bavaria ; the Dutch were to garrison the barrier fortresses of Namur, Charleroi, Ypres and Nieuport ; Gibraltar and Minorca remained in the possession of England, and we received the valuable privilege of providing Spanish-America with negro slaves.

The peace was hailed with joy, but after it had become an accomplished fact the Tories got little credit out of it. The Whigs declared that more advantageous terms might have been extorted from the crippled power of France, and that the great object of the whole war, exclusion of the Bourbons from Spain, had not been carried out.

Peterborough maintained reserve. He had no part in any of the transactions and said nothing either for or against the Treaty, and there is no record that he made any further remonstrances even in the private circle of the Brothers. Had he done so we would surely have found some remark on it from Swift, who followed the fortunes of the "hang-dog" with friendly if cynical interest.

The truth is that Peterborough was fairly muzzled and there was nothing he could say. He might be "as great a Whig as could be found in the Kingdom"—and yet the Whigs were now his deadly enemies. Their leaders were Walpole, and his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend; General Stanhope, newly returned from imprisonment in Spain, had joined these two. All of them had come under the fire of the Earl's criticism, and it would be useless as well as humiliating for him to seek readmission to their ranks. Therefore he might as well make the best of things for himself in the circle of his new friends, and in this he had little difficulty. The smouldering hatred between Oxford and Bolingbroke must soon break into flame in spite of Swift's efforts to keep it under; neither of them could afford to lose friends, and both were particularly anxious to secure the good will of Peterborough, for which they were prepared to pay highly. He was welcomed, as we have seen, with open arms, and fresh honours were thrust upon him. In the spring of 1713 he received the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards, vacant by the death of Lord Rivers; in August he was given the Garter. Though the new Knight still believed that these rewards were not out of proportion to his merits he must have been aware that they would not have been granted had he raised his voice too loudly against the Cabinet.

.

Perhaps it was in order to prop up his self-esteem and to show his independence that he took the Whig side against the Government in two or three debates which were not of vital importance.

Lord Wharton, fiercest of the Whigs in the Upper Chamber, introduced a motion that friendly foreign states should be asked to eject The Pretender from their territories. He remembered that by the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, Louis XIV had acknowledged William III as king of England, yet some years later he had proclaimed The Pretender as James III. Now, by the Treaty of Utrecht, he acknowledged Queen Anne, but it seemed desirable that he should show clearer evidence of good faith. What the Whigs really wanted was to get back to the old cry "No Popery and no Pretender," and to throw suspicion on Oxford and the Tories of tampering with the Constitution. How far or how seriously Oxford and Bolingbroke were leaning towards the Jacobites must remain a mystery. Mr. Macknight, in his biography of St. John, argues that neither of the Tory leaders really wanted to see The Pretender on the throne, but only kept touch with Jacobites, as did Godolphin, Marlborough and others, simply to ensure their own safety against any possible danger. Mr. Sichel, in a later biography, declares that Bolingbroke never had any desire for the Jacobite restoration till after the death of Queen Anne. Both authors have dug deeply into the records of those days—but their conclusions do not affect Peterborough. In considering his action we must limit ourselves to the situation as far as it was known to him at the time. Oxford and Bolingbroke were suspected of Jacobite sympathies, and Peterborough must have been aware of it; perhaps the suspicion was mere calumny fostered by their rivals; perhaps there was some vague foundation for it; perhaps, as they made no real effort to win favour at Hanover, they were gradually preparing the way to gain absolute power in England with a view to declaring for The Pretender later on. But in any case they could not show their hands and they had no declared policy even among themselves. The Whigs, on the other hand, did not need to make any secret of their intentions; they wanted the Protestant Succession, they were busy in correspondence with the future George I, and were ready to accept orders from Bothmar, his representative in England. Hence Wharton's motion. Oxford could not support it without giving mortal offence to the Jacobites, and he could not oppose it without incurring fresh suspicion.

But Peterborough was ready to rush in where his leaders feared

to tread. Lord North, from the Tory benches, made an effort to show that the motion was ungracious and illogical—"Where would you have that person reside, since most, if not all, the Powers of Europe are in amity with the Queen?" Peterborough replied at once—"As The Pretender began his studies at Paris the fittest place for him to improve himself is Rome." This answer is generally quoted as a specimen of wit, but I think it was also intended as a hint to Oxford, a hint that though he had kept silence over the peace he would not be dragged into any further intrigues of which he disapproved. And Oxford took the hint; the brother could not be tamed and might be dangerous, so he was given the Garter to keep him silent and was sent to Italy to get him out of the way. It is amusing to note that other professed supporters of the Government had to be sent out of London at this time. The Duke of Shrewsbury, still one of the most popular men in England, was dispatched to Paris as Ambassador in order that he should not have a fit of conscience. Swift, foreseeing that the Brothers would soon come to blows, retired from the arena till the fight should be over; he lodged, for a guinea a week, with a country clergyman in the small village of Letcombe in Berkshire. There he wrote "Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs"—but what he really thought of was a comfortable bishopric.

The battle between Oxford and Bolingbroke was for the favour of the Queen, or rather for the favour of Mrs. Masham, who was now all-powerful; a battle for the entry to the backstairs which led to the privy apartments—from which the dashing and plausible Bolingbroke gradually ousted his less brilliant rival. But Peterborough, like Shrewsbury and Swift, took no part in the fight, whatever he may have thought about it.

.

In August 1713 he was nominated Ambassador to the Duke of Savoy, who, by the Treaty of Utrecht, had become King of Sicily, with his Capital at Palermo. There was little to be done there, but the journey would take him through Paris, which caused Bolingbroke to feel uneasy. He wrote to Mr. Secretary Bromley, in charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs dealing with France :

“ You will be so good as to observe to the Queen that it is (I humbly think) more for her Majesty’s service to tie his Lordship down by instructions to the points he shall meddle with in his passage through France than to leave him at liberty to entertain French Ministers and himself with a variety of schemes, which at best would make them imagine our councils here very uncertain, and which might perhaps start some new proposition not agreeable to the Queen or easy to evade. . . . I avoided touching on this point in my Lord Peterborough’s instructions, not knowing how far the pleasure of giving away kingdoms might transport his Lordship.”

The Ambassador took with him as secretary, Dr. Berkeley, who afterwards won fame as a scholar and philosopher. It is much to be regretted that this learned gentleman has left us no opinion about his patron ; they travelled together, so he must have had ample opportunity for studying Peterborough, and a sketch from his pen would have carried more weight than the effusions of Dr. Freind or the half sarcastic comments of Dean Swift.

They set out in November 1713, and broke the journey for a fortnight in Paris. His Lordship was presented by Torcy to Louis XIV, but did nothing to alarm the nerves of Whitehall. The next stages were through Toulon and Genoa. His full suite and equipage was coming round by sea and had not yet arrived. An Ambassador could not lower his dignity by making his official entry without the full panoply of diplomatic state, but Peterborough was as usual in a hurry though there was nothing whatever to hurry about. He sailed in a small open brig and paid the new King a private visit, then returned to the mainland, picked up his retinue, and finally made his formal entry amid the reverences of all Palermo.

But the Embassy of Sicily did not last long, for on August 1, 1714, the good Queen Anne died, and George I reigned in her stead.

Every history relates the upheaval of the political world at the time : how Oxford and Bolingbroke ended their partnership in July of that year with a short-lived triumph for the latter ; how Shrewsbury received the staff of Lord Treasurer from the hands of the dying Queen ; how the Protestant successor took undisputed possession of the throne.

The Hanoverian King represented all the principles of the Revolution, Reformed Faith and Parliamentary Government. His peaceful accession crushed the hopes which Jacobite enthusiasts and Tory intriguers had based on a return of The Pretender. Whigs were now supreme, and they retaliated with vigour for what they had suffered in the last four years. Oxford and Bolingbroke were both impeached. Bolingbroke fled in a panic, and spent ten years abroad before he succeeded in obtaining pardon. Oxford stood his ground and was arrested; he lay in the Tower for two years without trial and was then acquitted by the House of Lords.

As a matter of course all officials who had been appointed by the late Government received letters of recall, and amongst them the Ambassador to Sicily. He set out for home, bringing with him a gold watch as a token of esteem from the Court of Palermo. In Paris, Torcy entertained him at dinner; Louis XIV gave him audience and treated him "*avec beaucoup de distinction.*"

On the day after his arrival he presented himself at the levée of King George, but was received with marked coldness, and a few days later an official note informed him that he was not expected to appear again. So ended his employment in the service of the State except for his duties as a peer of the realm.*

The foregoing pages, with gibes from Bolingbroke and sarcasm from Swift, make Peterborough an insignificant, almost a pitiable, figure in the diplomatic world; a dupe of unscrupulous Tories; a meddler, desperately busy with vast projects which never came to anything; a self-important nonentity. But this was not the impression he left on the men of his day.

In the first place we see that the Brothers humoured him very much as one would play with a tame tiger—an amusing pet until it has tasted blood. Bolingbroke might jeer at his diplomacy but all the same was afraid of his claws. We can measure the importance of the man by the honours that were heaped upon him—Special Envoy to Vienna, Representative of the Queen at the Diet of Frankfort, Ambassador to Sicily, Colonel of the Horse Guards, Knight of the Garter. These were lucrative as well as

* Mr. Sichel in his biography of Bolingbroke states that Peterborough arrived in London on August 7th, six days after the Queen's death. Other accounts put his return much later. The point is not of importance.

honourable distinctions, and there were many great men hanging round Whitehall who would have been glad to get even one of them. The fact that Oxford gave them to a very half-hearted supporter proves that the Cabinet was really anxious not to lose his support, and this proves that the support was considered to carry weight in the balance of politics. It is not so easy to see how it came to be of such value. As an orator he was far inferior to Bolingbroke; his sarcasm and wit gained him renown though there is nothing left of them to convince us on this subject—in any case they cannot have rivalled Swift's genius. He had no compact body of followers to obey his orders. And yet he must have wielded power. I think there was something in his simple philosophy which made itself felt; as a friend he was loyal and generous, as an enemy open and relentless. His vanity must have been too boyish to be really offensive, it arose from *joie de vivre* and enthusiasm for his own convictions. He lived up to the standard of his own morals, not a high standard, but free from cowardice and greed, very free from hypocrisy. The cynics and plotters and self seekers might make use of him and laugh at him, but in their hearts they felt a little awe of the real man—whose morals were at least higher than those of Bolingbroke and Swift.

CHAPTER XVIII

RESTLESS LEISURE

THE chronicles of Peterborough's remaining years might be written in the form of a polite comedy—it was the famous Chesterfield who wrote of “the polite part of mankind,” so the word is permissible. There are many well-known actors to fill the cast, and the scenes could be easily set.

First the Grand Canal of Venice, with moonlight and a gondola if it pleases you ; a brisk but elderly gentleman whispering bad sonnets of his own composition. Then a marriage which must be kept secret till the end of the last act.

Next comes a peep into the opera house. The prima donna, Anastasia Robinson, is insulted by a low-bred singer, who is chastised by her champion till he craves pardon on his knees. Lord Stanhope got mixed up in this affair and was challenged to a duel. The chorus of polite ladies, in hoops, powder and patches, will have a charming scandal to discuss.

There can be an interlude in the drawing-room of Henrietta Howard at Marble Hill ; she was cultivating the vogue for polite literature so the chorus must be made up of reputed wits. Other interludes in the pump-room at Bath, also in Paris, Bologna, and Parma. By sheer force of vivacity Peterborough takes the centre of the stage.

There is material for comedy, with a touch of romance and a tag of pathos to finish with. But a biographer has no licence to write words for the play, so we must get back to such facts as can be dug out of our bookshelves.

It is profitless to search any further in the pages of History. Charles Mordaunt, the leader of Revolution, has disappeared ; the soldier of Spain has sheathed his sword for ever ; even the fiery orator who could keep the House of Lords awake now gets no more than an occasional couple of lines in the Journals.



A Coffee House.

During his travels abroad he succeeded in finding trouble once or twice—perhaps oftener if the truth were known—but there are no more attempts to give away kingdoms.

.

Mr. Sichel says that "Peterborough was fumbling with the intrigue" which led to the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. With all respect for that author's knowledge I find this hard to believe. Perhaps the idea was founded on the association of the Earl with Bolingbroke. Whatever the Tory leader may have planned or thought before Queen Anne's death he certainly threw himself into the arms of The Pretender soon afterwards. Naturally, a warm welcome awaited him; he received the Seals as Secretary of State to King James III and did his best to deserve them. He struggled vainly to enlist the sympathy and money of France in the cause of his new master; he struggled vainly to instil some method and cohesion into the motley ranks of the Jacobites. And when the rebellion fizzled out in chaos he was awarded most of the blame. The Pretender dismissed him with every mark of ignominy, and Bolingbroke became a humble suppliant for the pardon of George I. His French wife was sent over to England to plead for him; she bribed the King with brandied peaches and the King's mistress with eleven thousand pounds, after which the gracious pardon was obtained and Bolingbroke could return to England in 1723. He settled down, between bouts of drink, to write lofty discourses on the Spirit of Patriotism and other subjects which have been much admired by his friends. He died in 1751, and his epitaph, written by his own pen, records his virtues.

While the intrigue was on foot Peterborough passed through Paris "tout botté." His former character made it natural, perhaps inevitable, that he should be suspected of mixing himself up with whatever was going on. He had shown hatred of Dutch favourites in the days of King William; he had quarrelled with the German Ministers at Barcelona, therefore he would be prepared to quarrel with Bothmar and the Schulemburg and the other satellites from Hanover. He was known to be a Brother of Bolingbroke and Ormond. Perhaps the Secretary of James III appealed to him to join in the adventure. It may be possible that sheer curiosity led him to "fumble" with it, but surely he never laid hold.

There is a letter in existence from Bolingbroke to one of his lady friends in France in which are the words—"Les marches de Peterborough sont toujours mystérieuses, et comme je ne suis pas un homme à mystère je ne m'informerai pas." This is dated several years later, in 1721, and no doubt refers to some other affair, still it seems to imply that they had never come close together except in the brotherhood of the bottle.

Copious records exist of the followers of the Chevalier. His advisers were Bolingbroke, Ormond, Berwick, Mar, who all gave different advice ; in the "Madrid" villa in the Bois de Boulogne were Fanny Oglethorpe and Olive Trant ; there were many others, including Madame de Tencin, "queen of beauty," the unfrocked nun. Peterborough was too much of a personality to escape notice if he had joined even the outskirts of this wide circle.

Lord Stair, Ambassador of King George in Paris, kept a watchful eye on the conspirators ; he found no difficulty in doing this, for none of them could keep a secret even when sober. He says—"I had been very well informed of their designs," and he wrote long despatches to his Government. But there is nothing about Peterborough in them. This seems conclusive.

.

We get on firmer ground in another adventure which is dealt with very fully by Colonel Russell.

In 1717, The Pretender, having been removed from France and Lorraine, had found refuge in Urbano, near Bologna, under the protection of Pope Clement XI. Peterborough, being in bad health, had wandered into Italy on the advice of his physicians. On arriving at Bologna he was suddenly arrested by Irish officers in the service of the Vatican, and was flung into a fortress. It appears that the Pope had received information that there was a plot to assassinate the Roman Catholic claimant to the throne of England. Strict orders had been issued to lay hands on all suspicious characters, especially Englishmen, who might be found in the neighbourhood, and the innocent traveller in search of health was the victim of excess of zeal on the part of the Papal authorities.

To be arrested like a common cut-throat was an insult, to be arrested by Irish Papists made it worse, and to be arrested on account of a beggarly Stuart Pretender was more than even

Peterborough could put into words. But the indignity was just the sort of tonic required to revive his energy and restore his health. He spent a month in prison, writing volumes of letters, which still exist, exposing his wrongs and calling for reparation. As soon as release was obtained he started for home, to keep up the pressure on Government by pointing out the international importance of the Papal crime. Though George and his Ministers had little love for Peterborough they had still less for The Pretender, so they were willing enough to take up a grievance against Roman authority. Satisfaction was demanded. It is said that the British fleet in the Mediterranean was ordered to Italy to emphasise the demands, but this seems to be at least doubtful. Of course his Holiness could not correspond with a heretic monarch, but Clement wrote with his own hand to an ally of Great Britain repudiating the violent and unjust action of the Cardinal Legate at Bologna. This ended the affair and Peterborough survived it—indeed he is said to have felt much better in body and mind.

There is a story that he had a hand in the disgrace of Alberoni. This celebrated statesman was the garden boy who rose to be Minister of Philip V and virtual ruler of Spain ; he abetted The Pretender and opposed the British Government. Suddenly, in 1720, he fell from power and was recalled to his own state of Parma. But Peterborough's share in the business is too vague to be worthy of consideration. He had been in Parma and very likely discussed the situation when there, and believed that the recall was ordered on his good advice. But his valuable services received no recognition, though he wrote an account of them to Whitehall. We can leave this chapter of his career and come to matters nearer home.

The cycle of fashion has brought back to favour Queen Anne silver and Queen Anne houses ; perhaps another turn of the same wheel will bring us back to taking snuff, making puns, and writing sonnets. Literature was very fashionable ; great men lent their noble patronage ; quite a number of people had learnt to read, and they studied *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Examiner* or *Craftsman*. Those who could write and spell took care not to hide their talents. There was even money to be made out of it ; Gay cleared no less than £693 over the record run of 62 nights on his "Beggar's Opera." But Thackeray has described that

world of polite literature, Addison and Steele, Swift and Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay and others, so further description is needless except where Peterborough and his friends are concerned.

At first sight we are inclined to suspect that my Lord was merely following the fashion of the day. He had sufficient wit to hold his own at the feast of reason, sufficient wealth to become a patron, and it was pleasing to entertain and patronise such men as Locke and Dryden. To some extent that may have been the case, but I suggest that a stronger motive was his insatiable curiosity. He wanted to get inside the minds of great thinkers and see what was there ; he could not understand it all, perhaps she did not agree, but his interest was so honest and convincing that it did not seem shallow. As an instance : During one of his earlier travels he sought out the saintly Fénélon at Cambrai, and wrote an account of the visit to Locke, adding that if he had remained much longer in so pious an atmosphere he would have been made pious himself.

As in diplomacy so also in literature his unaffected interest in others drew from them an interest which seems to have been equally unaffected. This accounts for the friendship with men of very diverse natures.

It seems almost ludicrous to find the lively self-centred Peterborough by the side of a grave and calm philosopher such as Locke. They came together in the first instance as exiles in Holland, with a common love of liberty and dislike of James II ; they both returned to England with William of Orange. But there were many, Burnet, Russell, and others who passed through the Revolution in company and afterwards fell apart. Peterborough and Locke kept up their correspondence for nearly twenty years, and the philosopher was a frequent visitor at Parson's Green. Locke was not a pamphleteer like Swift, whose pen could be useful to the patron and dangerous to his enemies ; his *Treatises on Civil Government* were certainly political and strong, but they were not personal and made no appeal by satire to the taste of the public. Peterborough's affection was for the man whom he admired. Locke's affection for him, like the trust of William III, is a powerful argument against the charges of "treachery," "notorious foul-living" and so on.

Little is known of the association with Dr. Berkeley, to whom Pope attributed "every virtue under Heaven." The

future bishop was about thirty years of age when he went as secretary to the Ambassador to Sicily ; after their return he was employed for some years as travelling tutor to young Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. In 1728 he headed a missionary enterprise " to convert the savages of America to Christianity by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." This kept him out of England for seven years. Other years were spent in Ireland as Dean of Derry. There is no record of correspondence between him and Peterborough, but, again, the friendship was creditable to both of them.

Other friendships, however, may have had their root in less disinterested ground. Swift, like the youthful Monmouth, had been associated with the Whigs, with Addison, Steele, Halifax. Like Peterborough, he quarrelled with the Ministers on personal grounds, and was received by Harley and the Brothers with open arms. " I stand with the new people," he wrote to Stella " ten times better than with the old and forty times more caressed." A common hatred is a strong tie ; Swift's pen could hurt Godolphin, and his good word could be of value in smoothing differences between Harley and his wayward Ambassador. After the upheaval of 1714, Peterborough had no hope of employment and Swift had no hope of preferment to the bishopric for which he longed. With other disappointed Tories they retired to comparative obscurity and consoled their leisure with mutual admiration.

My Lord took a cottage, known as Bevis Mount, overlooking Southampton Water, for which he paid £14 a year. He adorned the garden of what he called his " Blenheim " with old flags and cannon, which he said were all the spoil he got out of Spain. From time to time he tried to persuade himself that he was a rural philosopher, and gathered round him at Bevis Mount or Parson's Green a circle of admirers. Yet though the philosophic moods were transitory they did not suffer from lack of study while they lasted. As an instance, he devoured and digested Barclay's *Apology for the Quakers*, and wrote a commentary to Pope, admitting that after a stroke given on the left he could not offer the right cheek for another blow. He was very busy annotating Burnet's History, and wished to correct what he called the Bishop's scandalous misrepresentations about Queen Anne. He firmly declared that she had never intended to bring

in The Pretender, also that Bolingbroke had nothing to do with the Jacobites till after his impeachment.

About 1728 Voltaire was one of the guests at Parson's Green for three months, in company with Pope. At the end of that century there appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" * the story of a quarrel between the young French philosopher and his host. Peterborough was arranging to bring out some literary work and entrusted Voltaire with the business of interviewing the publisher, also with a considerable sum of money for the expenses. The publisher received £10 as a first instalment, and began to print; then no more money was forthcoming, and Voltaire said that Peterborough refused to advance anything further until the book actually came out. The publisher became suspicious and went to Parson's Green to make inquiries; he found my Lord in the garden, and a few minutes' talk convinced them both that they had been swindled. While they were together Voltaire appeared at the gate. Peterborough, in a fury, drew and rushed at him, and the philosopher only saved his life by hurried flight. He concealed himself in the village for the night, escaped to London next day, and almost immediately fled abroad, leaving behind a portmanteau and his papers. Colonel Russell accepts this story as very characteristic, especially of Voltaire; Stebbings discredits it, pointing out that Voltaire, a quarter of a century after the imaginary quarrel, compared the Earl to the paladins of romance in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

As time went on some of the friendships begun in vanity, curiosity, or self-interest developed into honest affection. The closest was that with Pope. They were a quaintly assorted couple—Peterborough restless and explosive, the little poet morbid and peevish—but friends they undoubtedly were. Pope visited Bevis Mount a few months before Peterborough's death and wrote a letter about his friend's suffering. It showed more sincere feeling than anything else he ever wrote, warm affection for the sufferer and sympathy for the devoted woman who hung over the bedside.

Peterborough gave him the watch he had received from the King of Sicily, engraved with the royal arms—"You will now have something to put you every day in mind of me."

* "Gentleman's Magazine," 1797: Vol. LXVII.



Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

CHAPTER XIX

HENRIETTA HOWARD

The decorous affair of gallantry with Henrietta Howard must be treated as an interlude, though it spread itself over many years. This was pure comedy, played with enjoyment to both sides, according to the rules of the game. Peterborough had nothing to ask, but begged for it in flaming verse and prose ; the lady had nothing to give but refused it with demure coyness. They flattered each other and themselves ; they indulged a passion for composing laboured witticisms, but other passions, if any, were never even suspected by her dearest friends.

Henrietta was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, and sister of Sir John, who was afterwards created Earl of Buckingham. She was born in 1688, and when very young married Charles Howard, who succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk in 1731. He had a vile temper and no money. Apparently in hopes of finding employment at the Court of Hanover the youthful couple went over there. They prospered, and, on the accession of George I, Howard became a Groom of the Bedchamber, while his wife was taken into the household of the Prince of Wales as lady-in-waiting to the Princess.

George I, as everybody knows, had a royal row with his son and heir. The Prince, with his wife, whom the old king called *cette diable Madame la Princesse*, moved to Richmond Lodge, and Mrs. Howard went with them.

Mr. Croker afterwards edited the *Letters to and from Lady Suffolk* and refuted the scandal that she was ever the mistress of George II. Most of her contemporaries believed in it, and Horace Walpole, who claimed to know her affairs very well, had no doubts. He has left a description of her :

“ Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely

fair, with the finest light brown hair : was remarkably genteel and was always dressed with simplicity and taste. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful, and those charms she retained with little diminution till her death at the age of seventy-nine. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining. . . . She was discreet without being reserved, and having no bad qualities she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life, and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned, her friends even affecting to suppose that her connexion with the King had been confined to pure friendship. Unfortunately, his Majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to platonic love for a woman who was deaf."

Warburton gives another account without quoting the authority :

"She is made up of negatives, and has not character enough to say downright 'No.' A tall fine figure in a green taffeta dress, set off with rose-coloured ribands ; a white muslin apron trimmed with delicate lace, ruffles of the same ; a white rounded arm. A chip hat with flowers placed quite at the back of the light hair, which leaves the broad white forehead exposed. When she and her husband were staying at Hanover, they asked some people to dinner, and Mrs. Howard was obliged to cut off her hair and sell it to pay for the said dinner. . . . She is singularly young-looking. . . . She is the type of a social system whose morality is expediency and whose religion is good breeding."

It is uncertain when the acquaintance with Peterborough began, probably about 1717, but he dallied at her side, and when separated they kept up the celebrated correspondence of which some forty examples have been preserved. My Lord begged her not to show his letters to anyone, knowing very well that they would be handed round and duly admired by all her coterie. Thackeray says of them :

"When Lord Peterborough was seventy years old,* that

* The Earl was not more than sixty when the letters began. Mrs. Howard was then thirty.

indomitable youth addressed some flaming love-, or rather gallantry-letters to Mrs. Howard. Curious relics they are of the romantic manner of wooing sometimes in use in those days. It is not passion : it is not love : it is gallantry : a mixture of earnest and acting—high-flown compliments, profound bows, sighs and ogles. . . . Henrietta accepted the noble Earl's philandering, answered the queer love-letters, made a profound curtsy to Peterborough's profound bows, and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight. He wrote her charming verses in which there was truth as well as grace."

Many years earlier Peterborough's father had dabbled in rhyme and Pepys has a note—"December 22nd, 1664. Met with a copy of verses mightily commended by some of the gentlemen there, of my Lord Mordaunt's in excuse of his going to sea this late expedition with the Duke of York. But Lord ! they are sorry things ; only a lord made them."

The following are some of the lines in which even so stern a critic as Thackeray found charm :

I said to my heart between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation ?

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, though man is her aim ;
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes,
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leaping, the achings, return all again.

Oh wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season !
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she ?

This sort of thing must be done in verse—in prose it becomes what Stebbings calls the silliest superannuated philandering. Therefore one quotation will suffice :

"To bear injuries or miseries insensibly were a vain picture ; not to resent, not to feel is impossible, but when I dare venture to think she is unjust or cruel, my revenge falls upon all of her sex but herself. I hate, detest, and renounce all other creatures

in hoop petticoats, and by a strange weakness can only wish well to her who has the power and will to make me miserable. Commonly, lovers are animated by the gay look, the blooming cheeks, and the red lips of the mistress, but heavens! What do I feel"—and so forth.

Henrietta escaped from Richmond and set up her own salon of wits at Marble Hill near Twickenham. Peterborough was a constant attendant, and Mr. Sichel gives the following scene as a "historic fancy":*

"A bright chamber is alive with the flutter of fans, of scandal, of flambeaux. Pert, yet prudish, Henrietta Howard presides over the card-table, where 'Molly' Herve is the soul of frolic. The bloodless, sardonic, effeminate figure toying with the diamond skull pinned into his lace scarf is her husband. . . . There, too, is the radiant Duchess of Argyle, familiar as Mary Bellenden, all coos and dimples. . . . Philip Stanhope and Lord Scarborough are there too, something between young wits and *blasés beaux*. Lansdowne, good-breeding in gala dress, betrays no sign of being bored, but is gently jealous of his giddy wife. George Berkeley plays lasquet in the corner, while the stream of fops and fribbles, amid which Bolingbroke's wife and sister archly detain Bathurst and Peterborough from their flame, ripples boisterously. In another corner lolls the sickly Pope "coquetting a maid of honour." Bolingbroke stands by Henrietta, absorbed yet nonchalant, looking on to see how the gamesters play. . . . Swift is by Lady Betty Germaine's elbow. Dissolving views and dreams of dreams. Yet these, and things like these, were once but sober facts, not coloured figments."

This was in 1725. Bolingbroke had come back to England—by the by, according to other biographers he was rarely "nonchalant" when lovely women were near—and settled down to play country squire at Dawley, near the Uxbridge road, in Middlesex. Peterborough resumed intercourse with his Brother and was sometimes, though not often, his guest.

These were the scenes in which he passed his time between the philosophic moods.

* "Bolingbroke and His Times," Vol. II., p. 220.

The last letter to Henrietta was written in July 1735, and is very different from all the others :

“MADAM—

“I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after my health. I struggle on with doubtful success : one of my strongest motives to do so is the hope of seeing you at my cottage before I die.

“In my most uneasy moments I find amusement in a book which I therefore send ;* it is one of the most interesting I ever read. I had gathered to myself some notions of the character from pieces of history written in both extremes, but I never expected so agreeable and fair an account from a priest. In one quarter of an hour we love and hate the same person without inconstancy. One moment the Emperor is in possession of our whole heart and the philosopher fully possessed of our soul ; within four or five pages we blush for our hero and are ashamed of our philosopher.

“What courage, what presence of mind in danger ! The first and bravest man in the Roman Army ; sharing with every soldier the fatigue and danger ! The same animal hunting after fortune-tellers, looking into the entrails of beasts with vain curiosity, seeking for cunning women (as we call them) and silly men to give him an account of his destiny, and, if it can be believed, consenting to the highest inhumanities in pursuit of magical experiments.

“Yet when we come to the last scene the most prejudiced heart must be softened. With what majesty does the Emperor meet his fate ! Showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a friend of Lady Suffolk’s ought (only with juster notions of the Deity) to die.”

Three months after the date of this letter Peterborough was dead.

Henrietta’s husband became Earl of Suffolk in 1731 and soon afterwards left her a widow. She then married George Berkeley and settled down as a contented and affectionate wife.

* This was *Life of Julian the Apostate*, by the Abbé de la Bléterie.

CHAPTER XX

ANASTASIA ROBINSON

CAPTAIN WARBURTON, the first of Peterborough's biographers, compiled an account of Anastasia Robinson's origin and characteristics. Her father came of a good family in Leicestershire. He took to painting portraits and went to Venice to study his art. There his wife died, leaving him with an only daughter, Anastasia. He married again and had another daughter, Margaret, by his second wife. The two girls were brought up as Roman Catholics, and both studied music.

"Anastasia was about the middle height; her figure was graceful and even elegant. Without any pretension to beauty there was a winning softness in her face and a gentle modesty in her large blue eyes. . . . She was neither highly intellectual nor was she gifted with remarkable wit. . . . She excited admiration in many and enmity in none. . . . The purity of her life defied scandal."

Sometime in 1713 they came to England. The father suffered from a disorder in the eyes which obliged him to give up painting. To save the family from poverty Anastasia decided to devote herself to the stage; she studied under Sandoni, at that time the most eminent singing master in London. After some concerts, at which she accompanied herself on the harpsichord, she made her debut in "Creso" in January 1714. Another performance as Ismina in "Arminio" established her position as prima donna and she held it for nearly ten years. Her salary at the King's Theatre was £1,000 for the season, to which were added benefits and presents.

They moved to a house in Golden Square and gave weekly assemblies which were crowded "by all those who had any



Arastasia Robinson, second Countess of Peterborough.

pretensions to politeness and good taste." From time to time a magnificent coach would deposit at the doorstep a magnificent old gentleman with his riband and star—and the polite world wagged its head.

Little is known about the courtship. Perhaps Peterborough, while he was wandering aimlessly in Italy, found Anastasia, stranded with a half-blind father. Her charms were attractive and to him unusual; together with her poverty they made an appeal to his generous nature. Very probably he helped the family to return to England and arranged the first appearance of the debutante. He had sufficient decency to appreciate and respect her virtue—while she was grateful and submissive to his wishes. He was not so senile as to suppose that his sixty years could awaken romance in a girl of twenty—passion would have been repulsive to a girl of that age—so he played his part as a gallant and courteous old beau, and doubtless played it very well.

But if the acquaintance dated from those days in Italy, the courtship hung fire for a long time. Perhaps he shrank from taking the plunge into matrimony. It is said that he was finally conquered by her charm as Griselda in Buononcini's opera. Perhaps the hesitation was on her side: she had other wooers of more suitable age, among them a General Hamilton who could offer wealth and position. Her parents urged her to accept him. But in 1722 Peterborough proposed marriage and was accepted.

The wedding was secret. It is believed that a daughter-in-law of the former Treasurer, Lord Oxford, was the sole witness. The secret was so well kept that society continued to wag its head, and scandal hinted that there had been no wedding. The officiating parson died, and there might have been difficulty in establishing proof, so to avoid all questions they went through a second ceremony a few months before Peterborough's death. For the meantime the bridegroom went his way, the bride lived with her parents and for over a year continued her career on the stage.

The excellent Colonel Russell is desperately anxious to give his hero a moral character which the hero never claimed or desired for himself. He is much distressed over the treatment of the young wife, "an excess of vanity and want of moral courage" on the part of the noble Earl, who was ashamed to acknowledge a

professional singer as his Countess : in fact this is the one black spot on an otherwise fair escutcheon.

When whitewash is laid on too thick it is apt to come off in flakes, but if we avoid excess of zeal and make the coating thin the damned spot will not be very obvious. To begin with he married the girl, in fact he married her twice, which is more than the knight-errants of that day were in the habit of doing—so the most rigid censor of morals can have nothing to say on that score. The marriage was kept secret, apparently through selfish pride, but it does not follow that she suffered very much in consequence. Peterborough was wise enough to see that it would be cruelty to force her on his own world as his wife : in the drawing-room of Henrietta Howard she would be ridiculed, snubbed, pitied, and finally forgotten, while as queen of the stage she commanded homage from the public and envy from her own circle. It would be equally cruel to take her away and attempt a solitude for two. They had not a taste in common : bachelor habits were deeply ingrained. He enjoyed the coffee-houses, he even enjoyed the House of Lords : he could not be happy unless he were talking and he wanted an audience of more than one. Anastasia, who “was not highly intellectual,” would not have made an inspiring listener. Therefore, instead of shutting themselves up in a domestic cage and pining for liberty, it was better to remain at liberty and pine for occasional meetings.

Russell thinks he might at least have taken her away from the stage. “Notwithstanding the great homage and success which fell to the lot of a lady endowed with such great gifts, the position was entirely distasteful to her, and she only retained it as a means of supporting her family.” A pretty touch—Anastasia sighs for obscurity and consoles herself with the thought that she is keeping together a home for her infirm father. But the picture is somewhat spoilt when we remember that the home was in Golden Square, the most expensive and fashionable quarter of London : Bolingbroke had a house there in the hey-day of his extravagance. It would be ill-natured to suggest that distaste for stage life was a deliberate affectation, but it may have been an innocent and unconscious pose. Perhaps wise old Peterborough knew the girl better than she knew herself : he had blocked the road to romance but he saw that youth must have an outlet for enthusiasm.

Anastasia loved her art, and the elixir of success may have been sweeter than she cared to admit. Therefore, he let her drink of it till she was satiated. Though he was selfish enough to insist on his own liberty I cannot believe he would have refused to let her retire had she expressed any real wish to do so. I prefer to believe that she was enjoying herself very well and that he treated her with much wisdom.

In 1723 we come to the Senesino incident. The company of King's Players was at Bath, and Senesino, the tenor, had become a public favourite. One of the letters of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her sister, the Countess of Mar, is the authority :

“ Would any one believe that Miss Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress ? She has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension of accepting Lord Peterborough for a champion, who has signalised both his love and his courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the same giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second ; my Lady miscarried—the whole town divided into two parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated, and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph, in the shining Merlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a month which 'tis said he allows her.”

Through a slip in his dates Russell thought that the Lord Stanhope was Peterborough's erstwhile colleague in Spain. But our old acquaintance, James Stanhope, had died in 1721. He

lived down Brihuega and shared the triumph of the Whigs in 1714: he rose to the Prime Minister of England. The collapse of the South Sea bubble threw him into an honest rage, and historians say he died of it. The lord to whom Lady Mary refers was Philip Stanhope, afterwards better known as Earl of Chesterfield.

The prima donna retired from the stage in 1723. Perhaps the innuendoes to which the scandal gave rise had filled her with disgust. There was an additional argument in the appearance of a rival star, the Italian Cuzzoni, who threatened her supremacy as queen of the opera. Her father was dead, and her sister Margaret had married a brother of Dr. Arbuthnot. She and her step-mother were left alone.

They moved to a villa in Fulham. Anastasia frequented Parson's Green as a guest and was allowed to use its beautiful rooms for her musical parties. No doubt society marked the change in her address, and probably Lady Mary wrote another letter on the subject, but it has not come to light.

As yet Peterborough had given up neither his liberty nor his gallantry. We have seen him at Marble Hill; he visited Bolingbroke at Dawley and Pope at Twickenham; he still attended the House of Lords from time to time, his last speech seems to have been in 1727. With all the old thirst for notoriety he horrified the elegant world of Bath. Lady Hervey wrote to Henrietta Howard in June 1725—"Lord Peterborough has been here some time, though by his dress one would not have believed that he had designed to make any stay, for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue riband and star and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner." In Spain he had learnt something of cookery and it amused him to preside over his kitchen, serving up dishes for his guests. It was believed that the Beefsteak Club owed its foundation to his love of the gridiron and of unconventionality.

Though he never succeeded in winning the favour of George I, there was a reconciliation with Walpole and some of his old Whig friends. In 1722 he was appointed General of all the Marine

Forces in Great Britain ; there were no marines to command, and his duties consisted in drawing the pay—a useful addition to his income. Former animosity against Marlborough was buried in the grave ; Peterborough was one of the ten chief assistants at the funeral of the great General in 1722.

For some years he had been welcomed by the Prince of Wales at Richmond, where he spent many hours in conversation with the future Queen Caroline. When the Prince came to the throne in 1727 he might have become a favourite at Court, but by that time his health kept him more at home.

Several times he had been abroad, partly on the advice of his physicians, partly on account of his own restless disposition. From 1725 to 1727 he spent many months in Italy. He was tortured from time to time by spasms of agony from stone, and had to give up travel. Anastasia had never been his companion abroad, but at home she came to him more often, watching over his suffering. The gratitude was now on his side, real honest gratitude for tender care—a more pleasing devotion than any attempt at romantic sentimentality.

When the pain left him the indomitable old gentleman kept up his spirits by visits to old haunts, but gradually he became more and more dependent on her ministrations and could not be parted from her. She joined him at Bevis Mount.

In 1735 the physicians warned him that he must submit to an operation known as “cutting for stone.” He was seventy-seven years of age, and his strength might not be sufficient to carry him through it. He decided to make amends for former pride and put his wife in her proper place.

With characteristic love of surprise and effect he arranged the dénouement. A room in St. James' Palace was borrowed from a Mr. Pointz, tutor to Prince William. His relatives were summoned. When they had assembled the Earl suddenly led in a lady and made a speech : she had been his companion in health and his comforter in sickness, and for many years he had been indebted to her for all the happiness of life : although his heart had been hers and hers alone, although for many years they

had been married, yet from a weak and unpardonable vanity he had not openly acknowledged her as his wife. He then took the lady by the hand and presented her to his relatives as the Countess of Peterborough.

It is said that Anastasia had not been prepared for the announcement, and she very properly fainted away from emotion. He helped to carry her from the room, so both of them escaped hearing the comments of the assembly.

He then made a will leaving her Parson's Green and all his worldly goods. But to avoid any possible argument about her title they went through a second ceremony of marriage. This took place at Bristol—perhaps because he wished to give his relatives a decent excuse for not attending—and because it was near Bath, where he was to undergo the operation.

He survived the work of the surgeon, and, extraordinary as it may seem, drove off next day on the way to Bevis Mount. The physicians prescribed a warmer climate. He took a yacht and sailed with his wife for Lisbon. There the curtain fell. He would hate to have mourners attending the final scene, so we need not look on.

Anastasia, Countess of Peterborough, lived quietly, honoured and respected by all, to the ripe age of eighty-eight. I do not think we must shed tears over her wrongs. She avenged herself on posterity by burning her husband's memoirs—which I find hard to forgive.

THE END

INDEX

- ADDISON, J., 127, 270, 271
 " T., 239
 Alberoni, Minister of Philip V, 269
 Allen, Lt.-Col., 147-150
 Anjou, Duke of. *See* Philip V.
 " Duchess of. *See* Marie of Savoy
 Anne, Queen, 74, 75, 93, 97, 98, 100, 109, 125
 Arbuthnot, Doctor, 245, 270, 282
 Arcos, Duke of, 167, 170
 Argyll, Duke of, 252
 " Duchess of, 276
 Arlington, Lord, 24, 32
 Ashe, Mr. 271
 Atkyns, Lord Chancellor, 59
- BARCLAY, Sir George, 78
 Barclay, 271
 Barillon, M. de, 43
 Barrymore, Lord, 167
 Bavaria, Elector of, 103, 115, 259
 Beaufort, Duke of, 247
 Bentinck. *See* Portland
 Berkeley, Doctor, afterwards Bishop, 263, 270, 271,
 Berkeley, George, 276, 277
 Berwick, James Fitzroy, Duke of, 77, 78, 125, 126, 132, 137, chapter xii, chapter xiii, 268
 Bezenval, M. de, 214, 215
 Blaithwith, Mr. 69
 Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, Viscount. Chapter xvi, xvii, xviii, 271, 280, 282
 Bolton, Duke of, 241
 Bothmar, Baron, 261, 267
 Boufflers, Marshal, 112
 Bromley, Mr. Secretary, 262
 Buckingham, Duke of, 24, 32
 Buononcini, 279
 Burgundy, Duke of, 103, 111
 Burnet, Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, 11, 46, 49, 50, 52, 53, 89, 92, 270, 271
 Byng, Sir G., Admiral, 180
- CAREY, Elizabeth, Viscountess Mordaunt of Avalon, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17
 Carleton, Capt. (quoted), 129, 131, 132, 141, 146, 154
 Carlisle, Earl of, 80, 86
 Caroline, Queen, 283
 Cavendish, Lord, 43
 Charlemont, Lord, 133, 147, 149, 150, 174, 240
 Charles II, 11, 13, 14, chapters ii, 41, 74
 Charles II of Spain, chapter vii
 Charles, Archduke, afterwards Emperor, 103, 105, chapters viii, ix, x, xi, xii, xiii, xiv, 229, 231, 233, 236, 252, 253, 254, 259
 Charles XII of Sweden, 120, 214, 215
 Charnock, Robert, 78, 79
 Chesterfield, Philip Stanhope, Earl of, 266, 276, 281, 282
 Chevalier St. George. *See* the Pretender
 Churchill, John. *See* Marlborough
 Cifuentes, Count of, 136, 173, 179
 Clarendon, Edward Hyde, First Earl of, 12, 13, 22, 23, 24, 27
 Clarendon, Henry, Second Earl of, 55, 93
 Clement XI, Pope, 256, 268
 Cleyne, Francis, 20
 Compton, Henry, Bishop of London, 49
 Conyngham, Maj. Gen., 133, 173
 Corsana, Gen., 157, 172
 Coutenay, M., 68
 Cromwell, Oliver, 14, 23, 25, 39
 Crone, 82
 Crowe, Mr., 158
 Cutts, Lord, 116
 Cuzzoni, Signora, 282
- DANBY, Thomas Osborne, Earl of; afterwards Duke of Leeds, 25, 27, 46, 49, 59, 62, 68, 69, 85, 87
 Darmstadt, George of Hesse, Prince, 125, 126, 127, 131, 133, 136, 137, 138, 141-144, 146-152, 155, 157
 Dartmouth, Earl of, 244
 Delamere, Lord, 60
 Delavall, Capt., 186
 Delawar, Lord, 281
 Devonshire, Earl of, 49, 62, 65
 De Witt, Pensionary of Holland, 45
 Donegal, Lord, 175, 186
 Dorset, Earl of, 62
 Dubourgay, Col., 202
 Dryden, John, 15, 31, 92, 270
- EDWIN, Mr., 239
 Eleanor, wife of Emperor Leopold, 103
 Essex, Earl of, 34, 38, 39
 Evertsen, Admiral, 63
 Evelyn, John, 11, 12, 16, 17, 21, 30
 Eugene, of Savoy, Prince, 113, 115, 116, 117, 211, 214, 215, 254

- FAGEL, Gen., 172, 178
 Fénélon, 270
 Fenwick, Sir John, 76, chapter v, 91, 92
 Fenwick, Lady Mary, 85, 86
 Ferdinand III, Emperor, 103
 Feversham, Earl of, 54
 Finch, Daniel. *See* Nottingham
 Finch, Mr., 246
 Fontaine, Sir A., 246
 Frazer, Miss Carey. *See* Countess of Peterborough
 Freind, Doctor, 128, 130, 143, 169, 170, 176, 237, 263
 Friend, Sir John, 78, 79
 Fronteira, Marquis of, 221
- GALLAS, Count, 229
 Galway, Henri de Ruigny, Earl of, 129, 131, 132, 133, 135, 136, 157, 161, 172, chapters xii, xiii, xiv, 230, 233, 238, 248, 249
 Gay, John, 269, 270
 George I, 261, 263, 264, 267, 269, 273, 282
 George II, 273, 283
 Germaine, Sir John, 85, 91
 Germaine, Lady Elizabeth, 91, 276
 Gloucester, Duke of, 98
 Godfrey, Sir Edmund Berry, 27
 Godolphin, Sidney, Earl of, 60, 74, 80, 82, 83, 98, 100, 109, 134, 135, 145, 183, 193, 195, 211, 216, 228, chapters xv, xvi, 271
 Goodman, Cardell, 78, 79, 80, 81
 Gorges, Brigadier, 133
- HALIFAX, George Saville, Viscount; afterwards Marquis, 29, 34, 37, 41, 42, 54, 59
 Halifax, Charles Montague, Lord, 235, 239, 271
 Hamilton, Gen., 279
 Hamilton, Col., 133, 174
 Hampden, John, 38, 39
 Harcourt, Marquis of, 106
 Harley, Robert. *See* Oxford
 Harrach, Count, 106
 Hatton, Lord, 246
 Haversham, Lord, 238
 Hedges, Sir Charles, 109, 193, 197
 Heinsius, Pensionary of Holland, 113
 Herbert, Arthur. *See* Torrington
 Hervey, Lady, 276, 282
 Hesse Darmstadt. *See* Darmstadt
 Hewitt, Rev. Dr., 14
 Hill, Mr., 183
 Hobart, Sir, H., 273
 Hobart, Sir J.; afterwards Earl of Buckingham, 273
 Houlding, Capt. W., 17
 Howard of Effingham, Lord, 12
 Howard of Escrick, Lord, 38, 39
 Howard, Henrietta; afterwards Countess of Suffolk, chapter xix, 280, 282
 Howard, Charles; afterwards Earl of Suffolk, 273
 Huntly, Lord, 241
 Hyde, Edward. *See* Clarendon
 Hyde, Lawrence. *See* Rochester
 Hyde, Anne, 46
- JAMES II, chapters ii, iii, iv, 108, 142, 270
 James Edward, son of James II. *See* Pretender
 Jeffreys, Lord Chancellor, 43, 55, 142
 Jones, Lt.-Col, John, 162-165
 Joseph, Prince, of Bavaria, 103, 105
 Joseph, Emperor, 103, 120, 214, 225, 247, 251, 252
- KEPPEL, Arnold van; afterwards Earl of Albemarle, 83
 Killigrew, Brigadier, 162, 163
 King, Archbishop, 253
- LANGSTON, Capt. A., 18
 Lansdowne, Lord, 250, 276
 Lauderdale, Lord, 24, 32
 Lawson, Mrs. Elizabeth, 85, 86
 Leake, Sir John, Admiral, 127, 132, 133, 179-183, 185, 193, 202, 209, 221, 227, 230
 Légal, Gen. de, 172
 Leopold, Emperor, 103, 105, 106, 117, 134
 Lichtenstein, Prince, 125, 158, 168, 169, 173, 176, 178, 180, 192, 196, 227, 230
 Lincoln, Lord, 56
 Liria, Duke of (Berwick), 219
 Littleton, Capt., 152
 Locke, John, 15, 60, 92, 100, 241, 270
 Louis XIII, 103
 Louis XIV, 32, 35, 42, 44, 45, 50, 53, 63, 69, 93, 94, 95, 98, chapters vii, viii, 162, 186, 189, 222, 252, 259, 261, 263, 264
 Louis XV, 103
 Louis, Dauphin, 103
 Louis, Margrave of Baden, 114, 115
 Lowther, Sir, J., 62
 Luxemburg, Marshal, 71
- MACKNIGHT, Mr. Thomas (quoted), 261
 Mahon, Lord (quoted), 130, 131, 132, 150, 179, 242
 Mahoni, or Mahoney, Col., 170
 Maintenon, Madame de, 107, 108
 Mallory, Col., 14
 Manchester, Earl of, 239
 Mar, Earl of, 268
 Mar, Countess of, 281
 Marlborough, John Churchill, Duke of, 54, 62, 74, 75, 80, 82, 83, 89, 97-100, 109, chapter vii., 123, 132, 134, 143, 155, 183, 186, 191, 193, 195, 200,

- 221, 226, 227, 228; chapters xv, xvi, 251, 283
 Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, 74, 93, 99, 230, 234, 242, 258
 Margaret, first wife of Emperor Leopold, 103
 Maria, wife of Emperor Ferdinand VII, 103
 Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV, 103
 Marie Antoinette, Electress of Bavaria, 103
 Marie Louise, of Savoy, wife of Philip V, 106, 107, 172, 189, 200, 220
 Mary II, Queen, 35, 42, 44, 47, 55, chapters iii, iv, 77, 80
 Mary of Modena, wife of James II, 48, 54
 Masham, Mrs; afterwards Lady, 242, 243, 262
 Methuen, John, 133, 135, 136, 157, 188, 189
 Methuen, Paul, 133, 146, 156, 185
 Minas, Gen. Das, 172, 189, 190, 191, 204, 205, 206, 219, 220, 232
 Monmouth, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of. *See* Peterborough
 Monmouth, James, Duke of, 28, 29, 30, 35, 38, 41, 42, 47, 50, 52, 78, 142
 Montague, Charles, 92, 94, 95, 98
 Mordaunts, the Family of, chapter i
 Mordaunt, First Baron, 12
 " Fourth Baron, 12
 " Fifth Baron, First Earl of Peterborough, 12
 " Henry. *See* Second Earl of Peterborough
 Mordaunt, John, Viscount, of Avalon, 12, 13, 14, 275
 Mordaunt, Elizabeth, Viscountess. *See* Carey
 Mordaunt, Charles, Second Viscount, Earl of Monmouth, Third Earl of Peterborough. "The Great Earl."
 Mordaunt, Oswald, 62
 Mordaunt, Henry, Capt.; afterwards Lieut.-General, 75
 Mordaunt, John, Capt., 241
 Mordaunt, Capt., 213, 241
 Mordaunt, Lady Henrietta; afterwards Duchess of Gordon, 241
 Mordaunt, Charles, Fourth Earl of Peterborough, 241
 Mordaunt, Charles Henry, Fifth and last Earl of Peterborough, 241
 NARBOROUGH, Sir John, Admiral, 16, 31
 Nebot, Joseph, 161, 162
 " Raphael, 161, 162
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 60, 95
 Norfolk, Duke of, 85, 87
 Norfolk, Duchess of, 85, 87, 91
 North, Lord, 262
 Norwood, Mr., 18
 Nottingham, Daniel Finch, Earl of, 59, 62, 65, 69, 79, 85, 109, 238
 Noyelles, Count of, 193, 194, 196-199, 202, 205, 206, 212, 213, 216, 217, 222, 227
 OATES, Titus, 27, 28, 30
 Oglethorpe, Fanny, 268
 Orange, William, Prince of. *See* William III.
 Orange, Mary, Princess of. *See* Mary II.
 Orford, Earl of. *See* Edward Russell
 Orleans, Duke of, 217
 " Henrietta, Duchess of, 32
 Ormond, Duke of, 123, 125, 259, 268
 Orrery, Lord, 246
 Orsini, Princess, 107
 Osborne, Sir Thomas. *See* Danby
 Oxford, Robert Harley, Earl of, 235. Chapters xvi, xvii, 271, 279,
 PALMER, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, 33
 Para, Gen. de la, 173, 174, 175
 Parkyns, Sir W., 78, 79
 Parnell, Col. the Hon. J. (quoted), 130, 131, 132, 144, 151, 157, 163, 176, 182, 192, 198, 199, 206, 207, 227
 Pedro, King of Portugal, 125
 Pembroke, Earl of, 62
 Pepys, Samuel, 11, 16, 21, 31, 275
 Peter the Great, of Russia, 16
 Peterborough, First Earl of, 12
 " Second Earl of, 12, 14, 29, 34, 40, 85, 91
 Peterborough, Carey, Countess of, 17, 20, 21, 241
 Peterborough, Anastasia, Countess of. *See* Robinson
 Petit, Col., 133, 145, 174, 175
 Philip V, of Spain, Duke of Anjou, chapters vii, xi, xii, xiii, 219, 222, 259, 269
 Plymouth, Lord, 19
 Pointz, Mr., 283
 Pope, Alexander, 15, 20, 270, 272, 276, 282
 Popoli, Duchess of, 154
 Porter, George, 78, 79, 80
 Porto Carrero, Cardinal, 106
 Portsmouth, Duchess of. *See* Querouaille
 Prendergast, or Pendergrass, 79
 Pretender, James Edward, The; son of James II, 48, 108, 243, 259, 261, 262, 264, 267, 268, 271
 Price, Commodore, 180
 Pride, Colonel, 14
 QUEROUAILLE, Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth, 32, 40

- RAMOS, Don Bassett y, 161, 162, 170
 Renaud, Gen., 175
 Richards, John, Col., 128, 131, 132, 133, 146, 148, 149, 151-154, 192, 230, 231
 Rivers, Lord, 210, 211, 217, 260
 Robinson, Anastasia, Countess of Peterborough, 258, chapter xx
 Robinson, Margaret, 278, 282
 Rochester, Lawrence Hyde, Earl of, 34, 37, 85, 93, 238
 Roden, Lord, 13
 Romney, Earl of, 82
 Rooke, Sir G., Admiral, 126
 Rumbold, Richard, 39
 Russell, Edward, Earl of Orford, Admiral, 52, 53, 62, 65, 71, 72, 74, 80, 81, 84, 86, 99, 270
 Russell, Col. F. (quoted), 131, 132, 256, 257, 268, 279, 280, 281
 Russell, William, 38, 39, 40, 42
 Russell, Col., 174
 Ruyter, Admiral, de, 16, 24, 32

 SACHEVERELL, Rev. Dr., 243, 244
 Sancroft, Archbishop, 48
 Sandoni, 278
 Santa Cruz, Marquis of, 200
 Savoy, Victor Amadeus, Duke of; afterwards King of Sicily, 120, 126, 134, 135, 144, 156, 183, 202, 205, 211, 212, 214, 247, 251, 252, 253, 259, 262, 263, 272
 Saxony, Elector of, 254
 " Prince of, 256, 257
 Scarborough, Lord, 276
 Schomberg, Count, 52
 Schomberg, Gen., 240
 Schulemburg, Melusina, 267
 Scratenbach, Gen., 133, 145, 161
 Senesino, 281
 Shaftesbury, A. Ashley Cooper, Earl of, 24-30, 32-35, 37, 38
 Shannon, Lord, 133, 155
 Shovel, Sir Cloudesly, Admiral, 16, 17, 31, 133, 143, 146, 210
 Shrewsbury, Duke of, 56, 59, 74, 80, 86, 262, 263
 Sichel, Mr. Walter (quoted), 261, 264, 267, 276
 Sicily, King of. *See* Savoy
 Sidney, Algernon, 38, 39, 40, 42
 Slingsby, Sir H., 14
 Smith, Matthew, 82
 Somers, John; afterwards Lord, 90, 92, 94, 95, 98, 99, 235
 Sophia, Electress of Hanover, 215, 243
 Southwell, Col., 147, 149
 St. Amant, Brigadier, 133, 145
 Stanhope, James, Gen.; afterwards Earl of, 123, 130-133, 145-156, 169, 181, 182, chapters xii, xiii, xiv, 229, 230, 247, 260, 281, 282
 Stanhope, Philip; afterwards Earl of Chesterfield, 266, 276, 281, 282
 Staremberg, Marshal, 222, 223, 224
 Stebbings, Mr. W. (quoted), 88, 132, 228, 233, 241, 254, 275
 Steele, Richard, 270, 271
 St. John. *See* Bolingbroke
 St. Pierre, Col., 129, 131, 145, 147, 151, 152, 154, 163, 169, 179, 192
 Suffolk, Lady. *See* Henrietta Howard
 Sunderland, Robert, Earl of, 34
 Sunderland, Second Earl of, 235, 236, 238, 244
 Swift, Dean, 11, 15, 20, 130, 132, 245, 246, 253, 255, 259, 260, 262-265, 270, 271, 276
 Symons, Mrs., 86

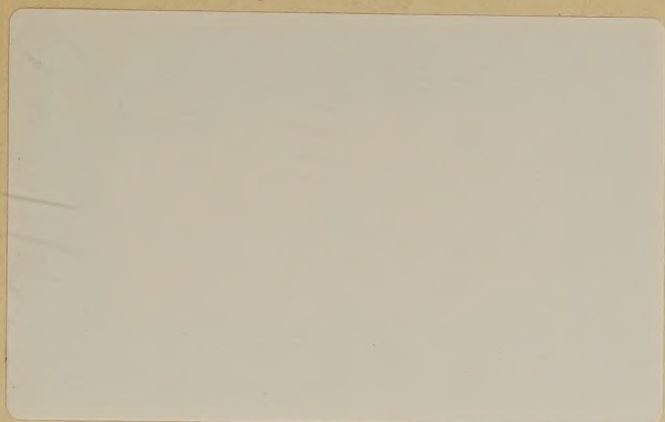
 TALLARD, Marshal, 115, 116, 117
 Tencin, Madame de, 268
 Teonge, Rev. Henry, 16-19
 Tessé, Marshal, 126, 127, 132, 165, 172-178, 182, 186, 188, 189
 Torcy, M. de, 252, 263, 264
 Torres, Count de Las, 162-169
 Torrington, Arthur Herbert, Earl of, 15, 16, 19, 29, 49, 51, 63-67, 71
 Toulouse, Count of, 172, 178, 182, 185, 187
 Tourville, Admiral, 63, 67, 72, 78
 Townshend, Lord, 260
 Trant, Olive, 268
 Tromp, Admiral Van, 16
 Tyrawley, Lord, 248
 Tyrconnel, Earl of, 51, 61, 63

 UHLFELDT, Gen. von, 158, 174, 175

 VAUBAN, Marshal, 139
 Velasco, Don Francisco, 136, 139, 141-145, 147, 148, 152, 153, 155, 158
 Vendôme, Marshal, 222, 223, 224
 Villars, Marshal, 112, 119
 Villeroi, Marshal, 113, 118, 119
 Villiers, Elizabeth; afterwards Countess of Orkney, 46, 73, 97
 Voltaire, 272

 WALKER, Commodore, 180
 Walpole, Robert, 260, 282
 Walpole, Horace, 273
 Walters, Lucy, 28, 42
 Warburton, Capt. (quoted), 274, 278
 Wharton, Thomas, Lord, 86, 261
 Wildman, Major, 65, 68, 69
 William III, 11, 35, 44, 47-50, chapters iv, v, vi, vii, 123, 142, 261, 267, 270
 Will's Coffee House, 31, 42
 Wills, Col., 133, 168, 173
 Wolfeld. *See* Uhlfeld
 Wratislaw, Count, 214

 YORK, Duke of. *See* James II



8.2



KS-559-446

